

GRAD  
828  
F459t  
1749a  
v.2

THE HISTORY OF TOM  
JONES, A FOUNDLING  
Volume 2

H. Fielding, Esq.

*Published on demand by*

UNIVERSITY MICROFILMS

*University Microfilms Limited, High Wycomb, England  
A Xerox Company, Ann Arbor, Michigan, U.S.A.*





10.0 42F30



THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
TOM JONES,  
A  
FOUNDLING.

x 708182  
D P 13664

---

VOL. II.

---

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

---

— *Mores hominum multorum vidit* —

---

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, over-against  
*Catharine-street in the Strand.*

M D C C X L I X .

Grad  
828  
F459t  
1749a  
v.2

३००  
१.५  
३५०३

~~635.c.14~~

6.71.c.7

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
 LIBRARY  
 540 EAST 58TH STREET  
 CHICAGO, ILL. 60637  
 TEL. 773-9365



38

35

1. 12. 65.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
DO hereby certify that  
the within and foregoing is a true and correct  
copy of the original as the same appears  
on the records of the Department of the Interior  
at Washington, D. C.  
this 10th day of March, 1900.  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
BUREAU OF LANDS  
J. M. WILSON, Commissioner



---

---

THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.

---

BOOK IV.

*Containing the Time of a Year:*

CHAP. I.

*Containing five Pages of Paper.*

AS Truth distinguishes our Writings from those idle Romances which are filled with Monsters, the Productions, not of Nature, but of distempered Brains; and which have been therefore recommended by an eminent Critic to the sole Use of the Pastry-cook: So, on the other hand, we

VOL II.

B

would

would avoid any Resemblance to that Kind of History which a celebrated Poet seems to think is no less calculated for the Emolument of the Brewer, as the reading it should be always attended with a Tankard of good Ale.

While—History with her Comrade Ale,  
Sooths the sad Series of her serious Tale.

For as this is the Liquor of modern Historians, nay, perhaps their Muse, if we may believe the Opinion of *Bentley*, who attributes Inspiration to Ale, it ought likewise to be the Potation of their Readers; since every Book ought to be read with the same Spirit, and in the same Manner, as it is writ. Thus the famous Author of *Hurlothrumbo* told a learned Bishop, that the Reason his Lordship could not taste the Excellence of his Piece, was, that he did not read it with a Fiddle in his Hand; which Instrument he himself had always had in his own, when he composed it.

That our Work, therefore, might be in no Danger of being likened to the Labours of these Historians, we have taken every Occasion of interspersing through the whole sundry Similes, Descriptions, and other kind

kind of poetical Embellishments. These are, indeed, designed to supply the Place of the said Ale, and to refresh the Mind, whenever those Slumbers which in a long Work are apt to invade the Reader as well as the Writer, shall begin to creep upon him. Without Interruptions of this Kind, the best Narrative of plain Matter of Fact must overpower every Reader; for nothing but the everlasting Watchfulness, which *Homer* hath ascribed to *Jove* himself, can be Proof against a News Paper of many Volumes.

We shall leave to the Reader to determine with what Judgment we have chosen the several Occasions for inserting these ornamental Parts of our Work. Surely it will be allowed that none could be more proper than the present; where we are about to introduce a considerable Character on the Scene; no less, indeed, than the Heroine of this Heroic, Historical, Prosaic Poem. Here, therefore, we have thought proper to prepare the Mind of the Reader for her Reception, by filling it with every pleasing Image, which we can draw from the Face of Nature. And for this Method we plead many Precedents. First, this is an Art well known to, and much practised

B 2

by,

by, our Tragic Poets ; who seldom fail to prepare their Audience for the Reception of their principal Characters.

Thus the Heroe is always introduced with a Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, in order to rouse a martial Spirit in the Audience, and to accommodate their Ears to Bombast and Fusian, which Mr. *Lock's* blind Man would not have grossly erred in likening to the Sound of a Trumpet. Again, when Lovers are coming forth, soft Music often conducts them on the Stage, either to sooth the Audience with all the Softness of the tender Passion, or to lull and prepare them for that gentle Slumber in which they will most probably be composed by the ensuing Scene.

And not only the Poets, but the Masters of these Poets, the Managers of Playhouses, seem to be in this Secret ; for, besides the afore said Kettle Drums, &c. which denote the Heroe's Approach, he is generally ushered on the Stage by a large Troop of half a dozen Scene-shifters ; and how necessary these are imagined to his Appearance, may be concluded from the following Theatrical Story.

King

King *Pyrrbus* was at Dinner at an Ale-house bordering on the Theatre, when he was summoned to go on the Stage. The Heroe, being unwilling to quit his Shoulder of Mutton, and as unwilling to draw on himself the Indignation of Mr. *Wilks*, (his Brother Manager) for making the Audience wait, had bribed these his Harbingers to be out of the Way. While Mr. *Wilks*, therefore, was thundering out, 'Where are the Carpenters to walk on before King *Pyrrbus*,' that Monarch very quietly eat his Mutton, and the Audience, however impatient, were obliged to entertain themselves with Music in his Absence.

To be plain, I much question whether the Politician, who hath generally a good Nose, hath not scented out somewhat of the Utility of this Practice. I am convinced that awful Magistrate my Lord Mayor contracts a good deal of that Reverence which attends him through the Year, by the several Pageants which precede his Pomp. Nay, I must confess, that even I myself, who am not remarkably liable to be captivated with Show, have yielded not a little to the Impressions of much preceding State. When I have seen a Man strutting in a Procession, after others whose Business hath

been only to walk before him, I have conceived a higher Notion of his Dignity, than I have felt on seeing him in a common Situation. But there is one Instance which comes exactly up to my Purpose. This is the Custom of sending on a Basket-woman, who is to precede the Pomp at a Coronation, and to strew the Stage with Flowers, before the great Personages begin their Procession. The Antients would certainly have invoked the Goddess *Flora* for this Purpose, and it would have been no Difficulty for their Priests or Politicians to have persuaded the People of the real Presence of the Deity, though a plain Mortal had personated her; and performed her Office. But we have no such Design of imposing on our Reader, and therefore those who object to the Heathen Theology, may, if they please, change our Goddess into the above-mentioned Basket-woman. Our Intention, in short, is to introduce our Heroine with the utmost Solemnity in our Power, with an Elevation of Style, and all other Circumstances proper to raise the Veneration of our Reader. Indeed we would, for certain Causes, advise those of our Male Readers who have any Hearts, to read no farther, were we not well assured, that how amiable soever the Picture of our Heroine will appear, as it is really a Copy  
from

from Nature, many of our fair Country-women will be found worthy to satisfy any Passion, and to answer any Idea of Female Perfection, which our Pencil will be able to raise.

And now, without any further Preface, we proceed to our next Chapter.

## CH A P. II.

*A short Hint of what we can do in the Sublime, and a Description of Miss Sophia Western.*

**H**ushed be every ruder Breath. May the Heathen Ruler of the Winds confine in iron Chains the boisterous Limbs of noisy *Boreas*, and the sharp-pointed Nose of bitter-biting *Eurus*. Do thou, sweet *Zephyrus*, rising from thy fragrant Bed, mount the western Sky, and lead on those delicious Gales, the Charms of which call forth the lovely *Flora* from her Chamber, perfumed with pearly Dews, when on the first of *June*, her Birth-day, the blooming Maid, in loose Attire, gently trips it over the verdant Mead, where every Flower rises to do her Homage, 'till the whole



Field becomes enamelled, and Colours contend with Sweets which shall ravish her most.

So charming may she now appear; and you the feather'd Choristers of Nature, whose sweetest Notes not even *Handel* can excel, tune your melodious Throats, to celebrate her Appearance. From Love proceeds your Music, and to Love it returns. Awaken therefore that gentle Passion in every Swain: for lo! adorned with all the Charms in which Nature can array her; bedecked with Beauty, Youth, Sprightliness, Innocence, Modesty, and Tenderness, breathing Sweetness from her rosy Lips, and darting Brightness from her sparkling Eyes, the lovely *Sophia* comes.

Reader, perhaps thou hast seen the Statue of the *Venus de Medicis*. Perhaps too, thou hast seen the Gallery of Beauties at *Hampton-Court*. Thou may'st remember *each bright Churchill of the Gallaxy*, and all the Toasts of the *Kit-Cat*. Or if their Reign was before thy Times, at least thou hast seen their Daughters, the no less dazzling Beauties of the present Age; whose Names, should we here insert, we apprehend they would fill the whole Volume.

Now if thou hast seen all these, be not afraid of the rude Answer which Lord *Rockester* once gave to a Man, who had seen many Things. No. If thou hast seen all these without knowing what Beauty is; thou hast no Eyes; if without feeling its Power, thou hast no Heart.

Yet is it possible, my Friend; that thou mayest have seen all these without being able to form an exact Idea of *Sophia*: for she did not exactly resemble any of them. She was most like the Picture of Lady *Ranelagh*; and I have heard more still to the famous Dutchess of *Mazarine*; but most of all, she resembled one whose Image never can depart from my Breast, and whom, if thou dost remember, thou hast then, my Friend, an adequate Idea of *Sophia*.

But lest this should not have been thy Fortune, we will endeavour with our utmost Skill to describe this Paragon, though we are sensible that our highest Abilities are very inadequate to the Task.

*Sophia* then, the only Daughter of Mr-  
*Western*, was a middle-sized Woman; but  
 rather inclining to tall. Her Shape was not  
 only exact, but extremely delicate; and  
 the nice Proportion of her Arms promised  
 the truest Symmetry in her Limbs. Her  
 Hair, which was black, was so luxuriant,  
 that it reached her Middle, before she cut  
 it, to comply with the modern Fashion; and  
 it was now curled so gracefully in her Neck,  
 that few would believe it to be her own.  
 If Envy could find any Part of her Face  
 which demanded less Commendation than  
 the rest, it might possibly think her Fore-  
 head might have been higher without Pre-  
 judice to her. Her Eye-brows were full,  
 even, and arched beyond the Power of  
 Art to imitate. Her black Eyes had a  
 Lustre in them, which all her Softness could  
 not extinguish. Her Nose was exactly re-  
 gular, and her Mouth, in which were two  
 Rows of Ivory, exactly answered Sir *John*  
*Suckling's* Description in those Lines:

*Her Lips were red, and one was thin;  
 Compar'd to that was next her Chin.  
 Some Bee had stung it newly.*

Her Cheeks, were of the oval Kind; and  
 in her right she had a Dimple which the  
 least

least Smile discovered. Her Chin had certainly its Share in forming the Beauty of her Face; but it was difficult to say it was either large or small, tho' perhaps it was rather of the former Kind. Her Complexion had rather more of the Lilly than of the Rose; but when Exercise, or Modesty, encreased her natural Colour, no Vermilion could equal it. Then one might indeed cry out with the celebrated Dr. *Donne*.

— Her pure and eloquent Blood  
Spoke in her Cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one might almost say her Body thought.

Her Neck was long and finely turned; and here, if I was not afraid of offending her Delicacy, I might justly say, the highest Beauties of the famous *Venus de Medicis* were outdone. Here was Whiteness which no Lillies, Ivory, nor Alabaster could match. The finest Cambric might indeed be supposed from Envy to cover that Bosom, which was much whiter than itself,— It was indeed,

*Nitor splendens Pario marmore purius.*

“ A Gloss shining beyond the purest Bright-  
ness of *Parian* Marble.”

Such was the Outside of *Sophia*; nor was this beautiful Frame disgraced by an Inhabitant unworthy of it. Her Mind was every way equal to her Person; nay, the latter borrowed some Charms from the former: For when she smiled, the Sweetness of her Temper diffused that Glory over her Countenance, which no Regularity of Features can give. But as there are no Perfections of the Mind which do not discover themselves, in that perfect Intimacy, to which we intend to introduce our Reader, with this charming young Creature; so it is needless to mention them here: Nay, it is a Kind of tacit Affront to our Reader's Understanding, and may also rob him of that Pleasure which he will receive in forming his own Judgment of her Character.

It may however, be proper to say, that whatever mental Accomplishments she had derived from Nature, they were somewhat improved and cultivated by Art: for she had been educated under the Care of an Aunt, who was a Lady of great Discretion, and was thoroughly acquainted with the World, having lived in her Youth about the Court, whence she had retired some Years since in-

to the Country. By her Conversation and Instructions, *Sophia* was perfectly well-bred, though perhaps she wanted a little of that Ease in her Behaviour, which is to be acquired only by Habit, and living within what is called the polite Circle. But this, to say the Truth, is often too dearly purchased; and though it hath Charms so inexpressible, that the *French*, perhaps, among other Qualities, mean to express this, when they declare they know not what it is, yet its Absence is well compensated by Innocence; nor can good Sense, and a natural Gentility ever stand in need of it.

### CHAP. III.

*Wherein the History goes back to commemorate a trifling Incident that happened some Years since; but which, trifling as it was, had some future Consequences.*

**T**HE amiable *Sophia* was now in her eighteenth Year, when she is introduced into this History. Her Father, as hath been said, was fonder of her than of any other human Creature. To her, therefore, *Tom Jones* applied, in order to engage

gage her Interest on the Behalf of his Friend the Game-keeper.

But before we proceed to this Business, a short Recapitulation of some previous Matters may be necessary.

Though the different Tempers of Mr. *Allworthy*, and of Mr. *Western* did not admit of a very intimate Correspondence, yet they lived upon what is called a decent Footing together; by which Means the young People of both Families had been acquainted from their Infancy; and as they were all near of the same Age, had been frequent Play-mates together.

The Gaiety of *Tom's* Temper suited better with *Sophia*, than the grave and sober Disposition of Master *Bliss*. And the Preference which she gave the former of these, would often appear so plainly, that a Lad of a more passionate Turn than Master *Bliss* was, might have shewn some Displeasure at it.

As he did not, however, outwardly express any such Disgust, it would be an ill Office in us to pay a Visit to the inmost Recesses of his Mind, as some scandalous People search into the most secret Affairs of their



their Friends, and often pry into their Closets and Cupboards, only to discover their Poverty and Meanness to the World.

However, as Persons who suspect they have given others Cause of Offence, are apt to conclude they are offended; so *Sophia* imputed an Action of Master *Blifil*, to his Anger, which the superior Sagacity of *Tbwackum* and *Square* discerned to have arisen from a much better Principle.

*Tom Jones*, when very young, had presented *Sophia* with a little Bird, which he had taken from the Nest, had nursed up, and taught to sing.

Of this Bird, *Sophia*, then about thirteen Years old, was so extremely fond, that her chief Business was to feed and tend it, and her chief Pleasure to play with it. By these Means little *Tommy*, for so the Bird was called, was become so tame, that it would feed out of the Hand of its Mistress, would perch upon her Finger, and lie contented in her Bosom, where it seemed almost sensible of its own Happiness; tho' she always kept a small String about its Leg, nor would ever trust it with the Liberty of flying away.

One

One Day, when Mr. *Allworthy* and his whole Family, dined at Mr. *Western's*, Master *Bliffl*, being in the Garden with little *Sophia*, and observing the extreme Fondness that she shewed for her little Bird, desired her to trust it for a Moment in his Hands. *Sophia* presently complied with the young Gentleman's Request, and after some previous Caution, delivered him her Bird ; of which he was no sooner in Possession, than he slit the String from its Leg, and tossed it into the Air.

The foolish Animal no sooner perceived itself at Liberty, than forgetting all the Favours it had received from *Sophia*, it flew directly from her, and perched on a Bough at some Distance.

*Sophia*, seeing her Bird gone, screamed out so loud, that *Tom Jones*, who was at a little Distance, immediately ran to her Assistance:

He was no sooner informed of what had happened, than he cursed *Bliffl* for a pitiful, malicious Rascal, and then immediately stripping off his Coat, he applied himself to climbing

climbing the Tree to which the Bird escaped.

*Tom* had almost recovered his little Name-fake, when the Branch, on which it was perched, and that hung over a Canal, broke, and the poor Lad plumped over Head and Ears into the Warer.

*Sophia's* Concern now changed its Object. And as she apprehended the Boy's Life was in Danger, she screamed ten times louder than before; and indeed Master *Blifil* himself now seconded her with all the Vociferation in his Power.

The Company, who were sitting in a Room next the Garden, were instantly alarmed, and came all forth; but just as they reached the Canal, *Tom*, (for the Water was luckily pretty shallow in that Part) arrived safely on shore.

*Thwackum* fell violently on poor *Tom*, who stood dropping and shivering before him, when Mr. *Allworthy* desired him to have Patience, and turning to Master *Blifil*, said, Pray, Child, what is the Reason of all this Disturbance?

Master

Master *Blifl* answered, ‘ Indeed, Uncle,  
‘ I am very sorry for what I have done ;  
‘ I have been unhappily the Occasion of it  
‘ all. I had Miss *Sophia*’s Bird in my  
‘ Hand, and thinking the poor Creature  
‘ languished for Liberty, I own, I could  
‘ not forbear giving it what it desired : for  
‘ I always thought there was something  
‘ very cruel in confining any Thing. It  
‘ seemed to me against the Law of Nature,  
‘ by which every Thing hath a Right to  
‘ Liberty ; nay, it is even unchristian ; for  
‘ it is not doing what we would be done by :  
‘ But if I had imagined Miss *Sophia* would  
‘ have been so much concerned at it, I am  
‘ sure I would never have done it ; nay, if  
‘ I had known what would have happened  
‘ to the Bird itself : for when Master *Jones*,  
‘ who climbed up that Tree after it, fell  
‘ into the Water, the Bird took a second  
‘ Flight, and presently a nasty Hawk car-  
‘ ried it away.

Poor *Sophia*, who now first heard of her  
little *Tommy*’s Fate ; for her Concern for  
*Jones* had prevented her perceiving it when  
it happened, shed a Shower of Tears. These  
Mr. *Allworthy* endeavoured to assuage, pro-  
mising

## Ch. 4.      a FOUNDLING.      79

missing her a much finer Bird; but she declared she would never have another. Her Father chid her for crying so for a foolish Bird; but could not help telling young *Bliss*, if he was a Son of his, his Backside should be well flea'd.

*Sophia* now returned to her Chamber, the two young Gentlemen were sent home, and the rest of the Company returned to their Bottle; where a Conversation ensued on the Subject of the Bird, so curious, that we think it deserves a Chapter by itself.

## C H A P. IV.

*Containing such very deep and grave Matters; that some Readers, perhaps, may not relish it.*

**S**QUARE had no sooner lighted his Pipe, than addressing himself to *Allworthy*, he thus began: 'Sir, I cannot help congratulating you on your Nephew; who, at an Age when few Lads have any Ideas but of sensible Objects, is arrived at a Capacity of distinguishing Right from Wrong. To confine any thing, seems to me against the Law of Nature, by which every

' every thing hath a Right to Liberty.  
 ' These were his Words ; and the Impres-  
 ' sion they have made on me is never to be  
 ' eradicated. Can any Man have a higher  
 ' Notion of the Rule of Right, and the  
 ' Eternal Fitness of Things. I cannot help  
 ' promising myself from such a Dawn, that  
 ' the Meridian of this Youth will be equal  
 ' to that of either the elder or the younger  
 ' *Brutus.*'

Here *Thwackum* hastily interrupted, and  
 spilling some of his Wine, and swallowing  
 the rest with great Eagerness, answered,  
 ' From another Expression he made use of,  
 ' I hope he will resemble much better Men.  
 ' The Law of Nature is a Jargon of  
 ' Words, which means nothing. I know  
 ' not of any such Law, nor of any Right  
 ' which can be derived from it. To do as  
 ' we would be done by, is indeed a Chri-  
 ' stian Motive, as the Boy well expressed  
 ' himself, and I am glad to find my In-  
 ' structions have born so good Fruit.'

' If Vanity was a thing fit (says *Square*)  
 ' I might indulge some on the same Oc-  
 ' casion ; for whence he can only have  
 ' learnt his Notions of Right or Wrong, I  
 ' think is pretty apparent. If there be no  
 ' Law

‘ Law of Nature, there is no Right nor  
 ‘ Wrong.’

‘ How! (says the Parson) do you then  
 ‘ banish Revelation? Am I talking with a  
 ‘ Deist or an Atheist?’

‘ Drink about, (says *Western*) Pox of  
 ‘ your Laws of Nature. I don’t know  
 ‘ what you mean either of you, by Right  
 ‘ and Wrong. To take away my Girl’s  
 ‘ Bird was wrong in my Opinion; and my  
 ‘ Neighbour *Allworthy* may do as he pleases;  
 ‘ but to encourage Boys in such Practices,  
 ‘ is to breed them up to the Gallows.’

*Allworthy* answered, ‘ that he was sorry  
 ‘ for what his Nephew had done; but could  
 ‘ not consent to punish him, as he acted ra-  
 ‘ ther from a generous than unworthy Mo-  
 ‘ tive.’ He said, ‘ if the Boy had stolen the  
 ‘ Bird, none would have been more ready to  
 ‘ vote for a severe Chastisement than himself;  
 ‘ but it was plain that was not his Design:’  
 And, indeed, it was as apparent to him, that  
 he could have no other View but what he had  
 himself confessed. (For as to that malicious  
 Purpose which *Sophia* suspected, it never  
 once entered into the Head of Mr. *Allwor-  
 thy*). He, at length, concluded with again  
 blaming



blaming the Action as inconsiderate, and which, he said, was only pardonable in a Child.

*Square* had delivered his Opinion so openly, that if he was now silent, he must submit to have his Judgment censured. He said, therefore, with some Warmth, 'that Mr. *Allworthy* had too much Respect to the dirty Consideration of Property. That in passing our Judgments on great and mighty Actions, all private Regards should be laid aside; for by adhering to those narrow Rules, the younger *Brutus* had been condemned of Ingratitude, and the elder of Parricide.'

'And if they had been hanged too for those Crimes,' cried *Tbwackum*, 'they would have had no more than their Deserts. A couple of heathenish Villains! Heaven be praised, we have no *Brutus's* now-a-days. I wish, Mr. *Square*, you would desist from filling the Minds of my Pupils with such Antichristian Stuff: For the Consequence must be, while they are under my Care, its being well scourged out of them again. There is your Disciple *Tom* almost spoiled already. I overheard him the other Day disputing with

‘ with Master *Blifil*, that there was no  
 ‘ Merit in Faith without Works. I know  
 ‘ that is one of your Tenets, and I suppose  
 ‘ he had it from you.’

‘ Don’t accuse me of spoiling him,’ says  
*Square*, ‘ who taught him to laugh at what-  
 ‘ ever is virtuous and decent, and fit and  
 ‘ right in the Nature of Things? He is  
 ‘ your own Scholar, and I disclaim him.  
 ‘ No, no, Master *Blifil* is my Boy. Young  
 ‘ as he is, that Lad’s Notions of moral  
 ‘ Rectitude I defy you ever to eradicate.’

*Thwackum* put on a contemptuous Sneer  
 at this, and replied, ‘ Ay, ay, I will ven-  
 ‘ ture him with you. He is too well  
 ‘ grounded for all your philosophical Cant  
 ‘ to hurt. No, no, I have taken Care to  
 ‘ instil such Principles into him.—

‘ And I have instilled Principles into  
 ‘ him too,’ cries *Square*. ‘ What but the  
 ‘ sublime Idea of Virtue could inspire a hu-  
 ‘ man Mind with the generous Thought of  
 ‘ giving Liberty. And I repeat to you  
 ‘ again, if it was a fit thing to be proud, I  
 ‘ might claim the Honour of having in-  
 ‘ fused that Idea—

I

‘ And

‘ And if Pride was not forbidden,’ said *Thwackum*, ‘ I might boast of having taught him that Duty which he himself assigned as his Motive.’

‘ So between you both,’ says the Squire, ‘ the young Gentleman hath been taught to rob my Daughter of her Bird. I find I must take Care of my Partridge Mew. I shall have some virtuous, religious Man or other set all my Partridges at Liberty.’ Then slapping a Gentleman of the Law, who was present, on the Back. He cried out, ‘ What say you to this, Mr. Counsellor? Is not this against Law?’

The Lawyer, with great Gravity, delivered himself as follows :

‘ If the Case be put of a Partridge, there can be no Doubt but an Action would lie : For though this be *feræ Naturæ*, yet being reclaimed, Property vests ; but being the Case of a Singing Bird, though reclaimed, as it is a Thing of base Nature, it must be considered as *nullius in Bonis*. In this Case, therefore, I conceive the Plaintiff must be nonsuited ; and

‘ I

‘ I should disadvised the bringing any such  
‘ Action.’

‘ Well, (says the Squire) if it be *nullus Bonus*, let us drink about, and talk a little of the State of the Nation, or some such Discourse that we all understand ; for I am sure I don’t understand a Word of this. It may be Learning and Sense for aught I know ; but you shall never persuade me into it. Pox ! you have neither of you mentioned a Word of that poor Lad who deserves to be commended. To venture breaking his Neck to oblige my Girl, was a generous spirited Action ; I have Learning enough to see that. D—n me, here’s *Tom’s* Health, I shall love the Boy for it the longest Day I have to live.’

Thus was this Debate interrupted ; but it would probably have been soon resumed, had not Mr. *Allworthy* presently called for his Coach, and carried off the two Combata-  
tants.

Such was the Conclusion of this Adventure of the Bird, and the Dialogue occasioned by it, which we could not help recounting to our Reader, though it happened

VOL. II. C some

*The HISTORY of* Book IV.  
some Years before that Stage, or Period of  
Time, at which our History is now arrived.

## CHAP. V.

*Containing Matter accommodated to every  
Taste.*

**P***ARVA leves capiunt Animos,* ‘ Small  
‘ Things affect light Minds,’ was the  
Sentiment of a great Master of the Passion  
of Love. And certain it is, that from this  
Day *Sophia* began to have some little Kind-  
ness for *Tom Jones*, and no little Aversion  
for his Companion.

Many Accidents from time to time im-  
proved both these Passions in her Breast ;  
which, without our recounting, the Reader  
may well conclude, from what we have be-  
fore hinted of the different Tempers of these  
Lads, and how much the one suited with  
her own Inclinations more than the other.  
To say the Truth, *Sophia*, when very  
young, discerned that *Tom*, though an idle,  
thoughtless, rattling Rascal, was no-body’s  
Enemy but his own ; and that Master  
*Bliffl*, though a prudent, discreet, sober  
young Gentleman, was at the same Time  
strongly

strongly attached to the Interest only of one single Person ; and who that single Person was, the Reader will be able to divine without any Assistance of ours.

These two Characters are not always received in the World with the different Regard which seems severally due to either ; and which one would imagine Mankind, from Self-interest, should shew towards them. But perhaps there may be a political Reason for it : In finding one of a truly benevolent Disposition, Men may very reasonably suppose, they have found a Treasure, and be desirous of keeping it, like all other good Things, to themselves. Hence they may imagine, that to trumpet forth the Praises of such a Person, would, in the vulgar Phrase, be crying *Roast-meat* ; and calling in Partakers of what they intend to apply solely to their own Use. If this Reason doth not satisfy the Reader, I know no other Means of accounting for the little Respect which I have commonly seen paid to a Character which really doth great Honour to Human Nature, and is productive of the highest Good to Society. But it was otherwise with *Sophia*. She honoured *Tom Jones*, and scorned Master *Bliffl*, almost as

*Sophia* had been absent upwards of three Years with her Aunt; during all which Time she had seldom seen either of these young Gentlemen. She dined, however, once together with her Aunt, at Mr. *Allworthy's*. This was a few Days after the Adventure of the Partridge, before commemorated. *Sophia* heard the whole Story at Table, where she said nothing; nor indeed could her Aunt get many Words from her, as she returned home; but her Maid, when undressing her, happening to say, 'Well, Miss, I suppose you have seen 'young Master *Blifil* to Day.' She answered with much Passion, 'I hate the Name of 'Master *Blifil*, as I do whatever is base and 'treacherous; and I wonder Mr. *Allworthy* 'would suffer that old barbarous Schoolmaster 'to punish a poor Boy so cruelly for what 'was only the Effect of his Good-nature.' She then recounted the Story to her Maid, and concluded with Saying—'Don't you 'think he is a Boy of a noble Spirit?'

This young Lady was now returned to her Father; who gave her the Command of his House, and placed her at the upper  
 End

End of his Table, where *Tom* (who from his great Love of Hunting was become a great Favourite of the Squire) often dined. Young Men of open, generous Dispositions are naturally inclined to Gallantry, which, if they have good Understandings, as was in reality *Tom's* Case, exerts itself in an obliging, complaisant Behaviour to all Women in general. This greatly distinguished *Tom* from the boisterous Brutality of mere Country Squires on the one hand; and from the solemn, and somewhat sullen, Deportment of Master *Bliss* on the other: And he began now, at Nineteen, to have the Name of a pretty Fellow among all the Women in the Neighbourhood.

*Tom* behaved to *Sophia* with no Particularity, unless, perhaps, by shewing her a higher Respect than he paid to any other. This Distinction her Beauty, Fortune, Sense, and amiable Carriage, seemed to demand; but as to Design upon her Person he had none; for which we shall at present suffer the Reader to condemn him of Stupidity; but perhaps we shall be able indifferently well to account for it hereafter.

*Sophia*, with the highest Degree of Innocence and Modesty, had a remarkable



Sprightliness in her Temper. This was so greatly encreased whenever she was in Company with *Tom*, that, had he not been very young and thoughtless, he must have observed it; or had not Mr. *Western's* Thoughts been generally either in the Field, the Stable, or the Dog-kennel, it might have, perhaps, created some Jealousy in him; but so far was the good Gentleman from entertaining any such Suspicions, that he gave *Tom* every Opportunity with his Daughter which any Lover could have wished. And these *Tom* innocently improved to better Advantage, by following only the Dictates of his natural Gallantry and Good-nature, than he might, perhaps, have done, had he had the deepest Designs on the young Lady.

But, indeed, it can occasion little Wonder, that this Matter escaped the Observation of others, since poor *Sophia* herself never remarked it, and her Heart was irretrievably lost before she suspected it was in Danger.

Matters were in this Situation, when *Tom* one Afternoon finding *Sophia* alone, began, after a short Apology, with a very serious Face, to acquaint her, that he had a

Favour

Favour to ask of her, which he hoped her Goodness would comply with.

Though neither the young Man's Behaviour, nor indeed his Manner of opening this Business, were such as could give her any just Cause of suspecting he intended to make Love to her; yet, whether Nature whispered something into her Ear, or from what Cause it arose I will not determine, certain it is, some Idea of that Kind must have intruded itself; for her Colour forsook her Cheeks, her Limbs trembled, and her Tongue would have faltered, had *Tom* stopped for an Answer: But he soon relieved her from her Perplexity, by proceeding to inform her of his Request, which was to solicit her Interest on Behalf of the Game-keeper, whose own Ruin, and that of a large Family, must be, he said, the Consequence of Mr. *Western's* pursuing his Action against him.

*Sophia* presently recovered her Confusion, and with a Smile full of Sweetness, said, 'Is this the mighty Favour you asked with so much Gravity. I will do it with all my Heart. I really pity the poor Fellow, and no longer ago than Yesterday sent a small Matter to his Wife.' This small Matter was one of her Gowns, some

Linnen, and ten Shillings in Money, of which *Tom* had heard, and it had, in reality, put this Solicitation into his Head.

Our Youth, now emboldened with his Success, resolved to push the Matter farther; and ventured even to beg her Recommendation of him to her Father's Service; protesting that he thought him one of the honestest Fellows in the Country, and extremely well qualified for the Place of a Game-keeper, which luckily then happened to be vacant.

*Sophia* answered; ' Well, I will undertake this too; but I cannot promise you as much Success as in the former Part, which I assure you I will not quit my Father without obtaining. However, I will do what I can for the poor Fellow, for I sincerely look upon him and his Family as Objects of great Compassion.'—And now, Mr. *Jones*, I must ask you a Favour.——

' A Favour, Madam, (cries *Tom*) if you knew the Pleasure you have given me in the Hopes of receiving a Command from you, you would think by mentioning it you must confer the greatest Favour on me; for

‘for by this dear Hand I would sacrifice  
 ‘my Life to oblige you.’

He then snatched her Hand, and eagerly kissed it, which was the first Time his Lips had ever touched her. The Blood, which before had forsaken her Cheeks, now made her sufficient Amends, by rushing all over her Face and Neck with such Violence, that they became all of a scarlet Colour. She now first felt a Sensation to which she had been before a Stranger, and which, when she had Leisure to reflect on it, began to acquaint her with some Secrets, which the Reader, if he doth not already guess them, will know in due Time.

*Sophia*, as soon as she could speak (which was not instantly) informed him, that the Favour she had to desire of him, was not to lead her Father through so many Dangers in Hunting; for that, from what she had heard, she was terribly frightened every Time they went out together, and expected some Day or other to see her Father brought Home with broken Limbs. She therefore begged him, for her Sake, to be more cautious; and, as he well knew Mr. *Western* would follow him, not to ride so

C 5      madly,

madly, nor to take those dangerous Leaps for the future.

*Tom* faithfully promised to obey her Commands; and after thanking her for her kind Compliance with his Request, took his Leave, and departed highly charmed with his Success.

Poor *Sophia* was charmed too; but in a very different Way. Her Sensations, however, the Reader's Heart (if he or she have any) will better represent than I can, if I had as many Mouths as ever Poet wished for, to eat, I suppose, those many Dainties with which he was so plentifully provided.

It was *Mr. Western's* Custom every Afternoon, as soon as he was drunk, to hear his Daughter play on the Harpsichord: for he was a great Lover of Music, and perhaps, had he lived in Town, might have passed for a Connoisseur: for he always accepted against the finest Compositions of *Mr. Handel*. He never relished any Music but what was light and airy; and indeed his most favourite Tunes, were *Old Sir Simon the King*, *St. George he was for England*, *Bobbing Joan*, and some others.

His

His Daughter, though she was a perfect Mistress of Music, and would never willingly have played any but *Handel's*, was so devoted to her Father's Pleasure, that she learnt all those Tunes to oblige him. However, she would now and then endeavour to lead him into her own Taste, and when he required the Repetition of his Ballads, would answer with a 'Nay, dear Sir,' and would often beg him to suffer her to play something else.

This Evening, however, when the Gentleman was retired from his Bottle, she played all his Favourites three Times over, without any Solicitation. This so pleased the good Squire, that he started from his Couch, gave his Daughter a Kiss, and swore her Hand was greatly improved. She took this Opportunity to execute her Promise to *Tom*, in which she succeeded so well, that the Squire declared, if she would give him t'other Bout of old *Sir Simon*, he would give the Game-keeper his Deputation the next Morning. *Sir Simon* was played again and again, till the Charms of the Music soothed *Mr. Western* to sleep. In the Morning *Sophia* did not fail to remind him of his Engagement, and his Attorney

was immediately sent for, ordered to stop any further Proceedings in the Action, and to make out the Deputation.

*Tom's* Success in this Affair soon began to ring over the Country, and various were the Censures past upon it. Some greatly applauding it as an Act of good Nature, others sneering, and saying, 'No Wonder that one idle Fellow should love another.' Young *Bliss* was greatly enraged at it. He had long hated *Black George* in the same Proportion as *Jones* delighted in him; not from any Offence which he had ever received, but from his great Love to Religion and Virtue: For *Black George* had the Reputation of a loose kind of a Fellow. *Bliss* therefore represented this as flying in Mr. *Allworthy's* Face; and declared with great Concern, that it was impossible to find any other Motive for doing Good to such a Wretch.

*Tbwickum* and *Square* likewise sung to the same Tune: They were now (especially the latter) become greatly jealous of young *Jones* with the Widow: For he now approached the Age of Twenty, was really a fine young Fellow; and that Lady, by her

her Encouragements to him, seemed daily more and more to think him so.

*Allworthy* was not, however, moved with their Malice. He declared himself very well satisfied with what *Jones* had done. He said, the Perseverance and Integrity of his Friendship was highly commendable, and he wished he could see more frequent Instances of that Virtue.

But Fortune, who seldom greatly relishes such Sparks as my Friend *Tom*, perhaps, because they do not pay more ardent Addresses to her, gave now a very different Turn to all his Actions, and shewed them to Mr. *Allworthy* in a Light far less agreeable than that Gentleman's Goodness had hitherto seen them in.

CHAP.



## C H A P. VI.

*An Apology for the Insensibility of Mr. Jones, to all the Charms of the lovely Sophia ; in which possibly we may, in a considerable Degree, lower his Character in the Estimation of those Men of Wit and Gallantry, who approve the Heroes in most of our modern Comedies.*

THERE are two Sorts of People, who I am afraid, have already conceived some Contempt for my Heroe, on Account of his Behaviour to *Sophia*. The former of these will blame his Prudence in neglecting an Opportunity to possess himself of Mr. *Western's* Fortune ; and the latter will no less despise him for his Backwardness to so fine a Girl, who seemed ready to fly into his Arms, if he would open them to receive her.

Now, though I shall not perhaps be able absolutely to acquit him of either of these Charges ; (for Want of Prudence admits of no Excuse ; and what I shall produce against the latter Charge, will, I apprehend, be scarce satisfactory ;) yet as Evidence may some-

sometimes be offered in Mitigation, I shall set forth the plain Matter of Fact, and leave the whole to the Reader's Determination.

Mr. Jones had Somewhat about him, which, though I think Writers are not thoroughly agreed in its Name, doth certainly inhabit some human Breasts; whose Use is not so properly to distinguish Right from Wrong, as to prompt and incite them to the former, and to restrain and withhold them from the latter,

This Somewhat may be indeed resembled to the famous Trunk-maker in the Play-house: for whenever the Person who is possessed of it doth what is right, no ravished or friendly Spectator is so eager, or so loud in his Applause; on the contrary, when he doth wrong, no Critic is so apt to hiss and explode him.

To give a higher Idea of the Principle I mean, as well as one more familiar to the present Age; it may be considered as sitting on its Throne in the Mind, like the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR of this Kingdom in his Court; where it presides, governs, directs, judges, acquits and condemns according to Merit and Justice; with a Knowledge which nothing escapes,

escapes, a Penetration which nothing can deceive, and an Integrity which nothing can corrupt.

This active Principle may perhaps be said to constitute the most essential Barrier between us, and our Neighbours the Brutes ; for if there be some in the human Shape, who are not under any such Dominion, I chuse rather to consider them as Deserters from us to our Neighbours ; among whom they will have the Fate of Deserters, and not be placed in the first Rank.

Our Heroe, whether he derived it from *Tbwackum* or *Square* I will not determine, was very strongly under the Guidance of this Principle : for though he did not always act rightly, yet he never did otherwise without feeling and suffering for it. It was this which taught him, that to repay the Civilities and little Friendships of Hospitality by robbing the House where you have received them, is to be the basest and meanest of Thieves. He did not think the Baseness of this Offence lessened by the Height of the Injury committed ; on the contrary, if to steal another's Plate deserved Death and Infamy, it seemed to him difficult to assign a Punishment adequate to the rob-

Ch. 6.     a FOUNDLING.     41

robbing a Man of his whole Fortune, and of his Child into the Bargain.

This Principle therefore prevented him from any Thought of making his Fortune by such Means (for this, as I have said, is an active Principle, and doth not content itself with Knowledge or Belief only.) Had he been greatly enamoured of *Sophia*, he possibly might have thought otherwise; but give me Leave to say, there is great Difference between running away with a Man's Daughter from the Motive of Love, and doing the same Thing from the Motive of Theft.

Now though this young Gentleman was not insensible of the Charms of *Sophia*; tho' he greatly liked her Beauty, and esteemed all her other Qualifications, she had made, however, no deep Impression on his Heart; For which, as it renders him liable to the Charge of Stupidity, or at least of Want of Taste, we shall now proceed to account.

The Truth then is, his Heart was in the Possession of another Woman. Here I question not, but the Reader will be surprized at our long Taciturnity as to this Matter; and at no less Loss to divine who this

this Woman was ; since we have hitherto not dropt a Hint of any one likely to be a Rival to *Sophia* : For as to Mrs. *Blifl*, though we have been obliged to mention some Suspicions of her Affection for *Tom*, we have not hitherto given the least Latitude for imagining that he had any for her ; and, indeed, I am sorry to say it, but the Youth of both Sexes are too apt to be deficient in their Gratitude, for that Regard with which Persons more advanced in Years are sometimes so kind to honour them.

That the Reader may be no longer in Suspence, he will be pleased to remember, that we have often mentioned the Family of *George Seagrim*, commonly called *Black George*, the Game-keeper, which consisted at present of a Wife and five Children.

The second of these Children was a Daughter, whose Name was *Molly*, and who was esteemed one of the handsomest Girls in the whole Country.

*Congreve* well says, *There is in true Beauty something which vulgar Souls cannot admire* ; so can no Dirt or Rags hide this Something from those Souls which are not of the vulgar Stamp.

The

The Beauty of this Girl made, however, no Impression on *Tom*, till she grew towards the Age of Sixteen, when *Tom*, who was near three Years older, began first to cast the Eyes of Affection upon her. And this Affection he had fixed on the Girl, long before he could bring himself to attempt the Possession of her Person : for tho' his Constitution urged him greatly to this, his Principles no less forcibly restrained him. To debauch a young Woman, however low her Condition was, appeared to him a very heinous Crime ; and the Good-will he bore the Father, with the Compassion he had for his Family, very strongly corroborated all such sober Reflections ; so that he once resolved to get the better of his Inclinations, and he actually abstained three whole Months without ever going to *Seagrim's* House, or seeing his Daughter.

Now though *Molly* was, as we have said, generally thought a very fine Girl, and in reality she was so, yet her Beauty was not of the most amiable Kind. It had indeed very little of Feminine in it, and would at least have become a Man as well as a Woman ; for, to say the Truth, Youth and

44      *The HISTORY of*      Book IV.  
and florid Health had a very considerable  
Share in the Composition.

Nor was her Mind more effeminate than her Person. As this was tall and robust, so was that bold and forward. So little had she of Modesty, that *Jones* had more Regard for her Virtue than she herself. And as most probably she liked *Tom* as well as he liked her, so when she perceived his Backwardness, she herself grew proportionably forward; and when she saw he had entirely deserted the House, she found Means of throwing herself in his Way, and behaved in such a Manner, that the Youth must have had very much, or very little of the Heroe, if her Endeavours had proved unsuccessful. In a Word, she soon triumphed over all the virtuous Resolutions of *Jones*: For though she behaved at last with all decent Reluctance, yet I rather chuse to attribute the Triumph to her, Since, in Fact, it was her Design which succeeded.

In the Conduct of this Matter, *Molly* so well played her Part, that *Jones* attributed the Conquest entirely to himself, and considered the young Woman as one who had yielded to the violent Attacks of his Passion. He likewise imputed her yielding, to the  
ungo-

ungovernable Force of her Love towards him; and this the Reader will allow to have been a very natural and probable Supposition, as we have more than once mentioned the uncommon Comeliness of his Person: And indeed he was one of the handsomest young Fellows in the World.

As there are some Minds whose Affections, like Master *Bliss*'s, are solely placed on one single Person, whose Interest and indulgence alone they consider on every Occasion; regarding the Good and Ill of all others as merely indifferent, any farther than as they contribute to the Pleasure or Advantage of that Person: So there is a different Temper of Mind which borrows a Degree of Virtue even from Self-love; such can never receive any kind of Satisfaction from another, without loving the Creature to whom that Satisfaction is owing, and without making its Well-being in some sort necessary to their own Ease.

Of this latter Species was our Heroe. He considered this poor Girl as one whose Happiness or Misery he had caused to be dependent on himself. Her Beauty was still the Object of Desire, though greater Beauty, or a fresher Object, might have been more.

i

so;



so; but the little Abatement which Fruition had occasioned to this, was highly overballanced by the Considerations of the Affection which she visibly bore him, and of the Situation into which he had brought her. The former of these created Gratitude, the latter Compassion; and both together with his Desire for her Person, raised in him a Passion, which might, without any great Violence to the Word, be called *Love*; though, perhaps, it was at first not very judiciously placed.

This then was the true Reason of that Insensibility which he had shewn of the Charms of *Sophia*, and of that Behaviour in her, which might have been reasonably enough interpreted as an Encouragement to his Addresses: For as he could not think of abandoning his *Molly*, poor and destitute as she was, so no more could he entertain a Notion of betraying such a Creature as *Sophia*. And surely, had he given the least Encouragement to any Passion for that young Lady, he must have been absolutely guilty of one or other of those Crimes; either of which would, in my Opinion, have very justly subjected him to that Fate, which at his first Introduction into this History, I mentioned to have been generally predicted to his certain Destiny.

C H A P

## C H A P. VII.

*Being the shortest Chapter in this Book.*

**H**ER Mother first perceived the Alteration in the Shape of *Molly*, and in order to hide it from her Neighbours, she foolishly clothed her in that Sack which *Sophia* had sent her. Though indeed that young Lady had little Apprehension, that the poor Woman would have been weak enough to let any of her Daughters wear it in that Form.

*Molly* was charmed with the first Opportunity she had ever had of shewing her Beauty to Advantage ; for though she could very well bear to contemplate herself in the Glass, even when drest in Rags ; and though she had in that Dress conquered the Heart of *Jones*, and perhaps of some others ; yet she thought the Addition of Finery would much improve her Charms, and extend her Conquests.

*Molly*, therefore, having dressed herself out in this Sack, with a new-laced Cap, and some other Ornaments which *Tom* had given her, repairs to Church with her Fan in her  
Hand

Hand the very next *Sunday*. The Great are deceived, if they imagine they have appropriated Ambition and Vanity to themselves. These noble Qualities flourish as notably in a Country Church, and Church-yard, as in the Drawing-Room, or in the Closet. Schemes have indeed been laid in the Vestry, which would hardly disgrace the Conclave. Here is a Ministry, and here is an Opposition. Here are Plots and Circumventions, Parties and Factions, equal to those which are to be found in Courts.

Nor are the Women here less practised in the highest Feminine Arts than their fair Superiors in Quality and Fortune. Here are Prudes and Coquettes. Here are Dressing and Ogling, Falshood, Envy, Malice, Scandal; in short, every Thing which is common to the most splendid Assembly, or politest Circle. Let those of high Life, therefore, no longer despise the Ignorance of their Inferiors; nor the Vulgar any longer rail at the Vices of their Betters.

*Molly* had seated herself some time before she was known by her Neighbours; and a Whisper ran through the whole Congregation, ‘Who is she?’ But when she was discovered, such sneering, gigling, tittering, and laughing, ensued

ensued among the Women, that Mr. *Allworthy* was obliged to exert his Authority to preserve any Decency among them.

## C H A P. VIII.

*A Battle sung by the Muse in the Homerican Stile, and which none but the classical Reader can taste.*

**M**R. *Western* had an Estate in this Parish; and as his House stood at little greater Distance from this Church than from his own, he very often came to divine Service here; and both he and the charming *Sophia* happened to be present at this Time.

*Sophia* was much pleased with the Beauty of the Girl, whom she pitied for her Simplicity, in having dressed herself in that Manner, as she saw the Envy which it had occasioned among her Equals. She no sooner came home, than she sent for the Game-keeper, and ordered him to bring his Daughter to her; saying, She would provide for her in the Family, and might possibly place the Girl about her own Person, when her own Maid, who was now going away, had left her.

Poor *Seagrim* was thunderstruck at this; for he was no Stranger to the Fault in the Shape of his Daughter. He answered, in a stammering Voice, ' That he was afraid ' *Molly* would be too awkward to wait on ' her Ladyship, as she had never been at ' Service.' ' No matter for that,' says *Sophia*, ' she will soon improve. I am ' pleased with the Girl, and am resolved to ' try her.'

*Black George* now repaired to his Wife; on whose prudent Council he depended to extricate him out of this Dilemma; but when he came thither, he found his House in some Confusion. So great Envy had this Sack occasioned, that when Mr. *Allworthy* and the other Gentry were gone from Church, the Rage, which had hitherto been confined, burst into an Uproar, and, having vented itself at first in opprobrious Words, Laughs, Hisses, and Gestures, betook itself at last to certain missile Weapons; which, though from their plastic Nature they threatened neither the Loss of Life or of Limb, were however sufficiently dreadful to a well-dressed Lady. *Molly* had too much Spirit to bear this Treatment tamely. Having therefore——But hold, as we  
# are

Ch. 8.      a FOUNDLING.      51

are diffident of our own Abilities, let us here invite a superior Power to our Assistance.

Ye Muses then, whoever ye are, who love to sing Battles, and principally thou, who whilecom didst recount the Slaughter in those Fields where *Hudibras* and *Trulla* fought, if thou wert not starved with thy Friend *Butler*, assist me on this great Occasion. All things are not in the Power of all.

As a vast Herd of Cows in a rich Farmer's Yard, if, while they are milked, they hear their Calves at a Distance, lamenting the Robbery which is then committing, roar and bellow : So roared forth the *Somersetshire* Mob an Hallaloo, made up of almost as many Squawls, Screams, and other different Sounds, as there were Persons, or indeed Passions, among them : Some were inspired by Rage, others alarmed by Fear, and others had nothing in their Heads but the Love of Fun ; but chiefly Envy, the Sister of *Satan*, and his constant Companion, rushed among the Crowd, and blew up the Fury of the Women ; who no sooner came up to *Molly*, than they pelted her with Dirt and Rubbish.

*Molly*, having endeavoured in vain to make a handsome Retreat, faced about; and laying hold of ragged *Bess*, who advanced in the Front of the Enemy, she at one Blow felled her to the Ground. The whole Army of the Enemy (though near a hundred in Number) seeing the Fate of their General, gave back many Paces, and retired behind a new-dug Grave; for the Church-yard was the Field of Battle, where there was to be a Funeral that very Evening. *Molly* pursued her Victory, and catching up a Skull which lay on the Side of the Grave, discharged it with such Fury, that having hit a Taylor on the Head, the two Skulls sent equally forth a hollow Sound at their Meeting, and the Taylor took presently measure of his Length on the Ground, where the Skulls lay side by side, and it was doubtful which was the most valuable of the two. *Molly* then taking a Thigh Bone in her Hand, fell in among the flying Ranks, and dealing her Blows with great Liberality on either Side, overthrew the Carcass of many a mighty Heroe and Heroine.

Recount, O Muse, the Names of those who fell on this fatal Day. First *Jemmy Tweed!*

*Tweedle* felt on his hinder Head the direful Bone. Him the pleasant Banks of sweetly winding *Stower* had nourished, where he first learnt the vocal Art, with which, wandering up and down at Wakes and Fairs, he cheered the rural Nymphs and Swains, when upon the Green they interweave the sprightly Dance ; while he himself stood fiddling and jumping to his own Music. How little now avails his Fiddle ? He thumps the verdant Floor with his Carcass. Next old *Eckepole*, the Sow-gelder, received a Blow in his Forehead from our Amazonian Heroine, and immediately fell to the Ground. He was a swinging fat Fellow, and fell with almost as much Noise as a House. His Tobacco-box dropt at the same Time from his Pocket, which *Molly* took up as lawful Spoils. Then *Kate* of the Mill tumbled unfortunately over a Tombstone, which catching hold of her ungartered Stocking, inverted the Order of Nature, and gave her Heels the Superiority to her Head. *Betty Pippin*, with young *Roger* her Lover, fell both to the Ground. Where, O perverse Fate, she salutes the Earth, and he the Sky. *Tom Freckle*, the Smith's Son, was the next Victim to her Rage. He was an ingenious Workman, and made excellent Pattins ; nay the very-



Pattin with which he was knocked down was his own Workmanship. Had he been at that Time singing Psalms in the Church, he would have avoided a broken Head. Miss *Crow*, the Daughter of a Farmer; *John Giddish*, himself a Farmer; *Nan Slouch*, *Eslibar Codling*, *Will Spray*, *Tom Bennet*; the three Misses *Potter*, whose Father keeps the Sign of the *Red Lion*. *Betty Chambermaid*, *Jack Ostler*, and many others of inferior Note, lay rolling among the Graves.

Not that the strenuous Arm of *Molly* reached all these; for many of them in their Flight overthrew each other.

But now Fortune, fearing she had acted out of Character, and had inclined too long to the same Side, especially as it was the right Side, hastily turned about: For now *Goody Brown*, whom *Zekiel Brown* caresses in his Arms; nor he alone, but half the Parish besides; so famous was she in the Fields of *Venus*; nor indeed less in those of *Mars*. The Trophies of both these, her Husband always bore about on his Head and Face; for if ever human Head did by its Horns display the amorous Glories of a Wife,

*Zekiel's*

*Zekiel's* did; nor did his well-scratched Face less denote her Talents (or rather Talons) of a different Kind.

No longer bore this Amazon the shameful Flight of her Party. She stopt short, and calling aloud to all who fled, spoke as follows: 'Ye *Somersetshire* Men, or rather 'ye *Somersetshire* Women, are ye not 'ashamed, thus to fly from a single Woman; but if no other will oppose her, I 'myself and *Joan Top* here will have the 'Honour of the Victory.' Having thus said, she flew at *Molly Seagrim*, and easily wrenched the Thigh Bone from her Hand, at the same Time clawing off her Cap from her Head. Then laying hold of the Hair of *Molly*, with her Left Hand, she attacked her so furiously in the Face with the Right, that the Blood soon began to trickle from her Nose. *Molly* was not idle this while. She soon removed the Clout from the Head of *Goody Brown*, and then fastening on her Hair with one Hand, with the other she caused the same bloody Stream to issue forth from the Nostrils of the Enemy.

When each of the Combatants had bore off sufficient Spoils of Hair from the Head of her Antagonist, the next Rage was

against their Garments. In this Attack they exerted so much Violence, that in a very few Minutes, they were both naked to the middle.

It is lucky for the Women, that the Seat of Fisticuff-War is not the same with them as among Men ; but though they may seem a little to deviate from their Sex, when they go forth to Battle, yet I have observed they never so far forget it, as to assail the Bosoms of each other ; where a few Blows would be fatal to most of them. This, I know, some derive from their being of a more bloody Inclination than the Males. On which Account they apply to the Nose, as to the Part whence Blood may most easily be drawn ; but this seems a far-fetched, as well as ill-natured Supposition.

Goody *Brown* had great Advantage of *Molly* in this Particular ; for the former had indeed no Breasts, her Bosom (if it may be so called) as well in Colour as in many other Properties, exactly resembling an antique Piece of Parchment, upon which any one might have drummed a considerable while, without doing her any great Damage.

*Molly,*

*Molly*, beside her present unhappy Condition, was differently formed in those Parts, and might, perhaps, have tempted the Envy of *Brown* to give her a fatal Blow, had not the lucky Arrival of *Tom Jones* at this Instant put an immediate End to the bloody Scene.

This Accident was luckily owing to Mr. *Square*; for he, Master *Blifil*, and *Jones*, had mounted their Horses, after Church, to take the Air, and had ridden about a Quarter of a Mile, when *Square*, changing his Mind, (not idly, but for a Reason which we shall unfold as soon as we have Leisure) desired the young Gentlemen to ride with him another Way than they had at first purposed. This Motion being complied with, brought them of Necessity back again to the Church-yard.

Master *Blifil*, who rode first, seeing such a Mob assembled, and two Women in the Posture in which we left the Combatants, stopt his Horse to enquire what was the Matter. A Country Fellow, scratching his Head, answered him ; ‘ I don’t know ‘ Measter un’t I ; an’t please your Honour, ‘ here hath been a Vight, I think, between  
D 5 ‘ Goody

‘ *Goody Brown* and *Mol Seagrim*.’ ‘ Who, who, cries *Tom*? ’ but without waiting for an Answer, having discovered the Features of his *Molly* through all the Discomposure in which they now were, he hastily alighted, turned his Horse loose, and leaping over the Wall, ran to her. She now, first bursting into Tears, told him how barbarously she had been treated. Upon which, forgetting the Sex of *Goody Brown*, or perhaps not knowing it, in his Rage ; for, in reality, she had no feminine Appearance, but a Petticoat, which he might not observe, he gave her a Lash or two with his Horfewhip ; and then flying at the Mob, who were all accused by *Molly*, he dealt his Blows so profusely on all Sides, that unless I would again invoke the Muse, (which the good-natured Reader may think a little too hard upon her, as she hath so lately been violently sweated) it would be impossible for me to recount the Horfewhipping of that Day.

Having scoured the whole Coast of the Enemy, as well as any of *Homer*’s Heroes ever did, or as *Don Quixotte*, or any Knight Errand in the World could have done, he returned to *Molly*, whom he found in a Condition, which must give both me and  
my

my Reader Pain, was it to be described here. *Tom* raved like a Madman, beat his Breast, tore his Hair, stamped on the Ground, and vowed the utmost Vengeance on all who had been concerned. He then pulled off his Coat, and buttoned it round her, put his Hat upon her Head, wiped the Blood from her Face as well as he could with his Handkerchief, and called out to the Servant to ride as fast as possible for a Side-saddle, or a Pillion, that he might carry her safe home.

Master *Bliss* objected to the sending away the Servant, as they had only one with them; but as *Square* seconded the Order of *Jones*, he was obliged to comply.

The Servant returned in a very short Time with the Pillion, and *Molly*, having collected her Rags as well as she could, was placed behind him. In which Manner she was carried home, *Square*, *Bliss*, and *Jones*, attending.

Here *Jones*, having received his Coat, given her a sly Kiss, and whispered her that he would return in the Evening, quitted his *Molly*, and rode on after his Companions.

## C H A P. IX.

*Containing Matters of no very peaceable Colour.*

**M**OLLY had no sooner apparelled herself in her accustomed Rags, than her Sisters began to fall violently upon her; particularly her elder Sister, who told her she was well enough served. ‘How had she the Assurance to wear a Gown which young Madam *Western* had given to Mother! If one of us was to wear it, I think,’ says she, ‘I myself have the best Right; but I warrant you think it belongs to your Beauty. I suppose you think yourself more handsomer than any of us.’ ‘Hand her down the Bit of Glass from over the Cupboard,’ cries another, ‘I’d wash the Blood from my Face before I talked of my Beauty.’ ‘You’d better have minded what the Parson says,’ cries the eldest, ‘and not a harkened after Men’s Voke.’ ‘Indeed, Child, and so she had,’ says the Mother sobbing, ‘she hath brought a Disgrace upon us all. She’s the wurst of the Vamily that ever was a Whore.’ ‘You need not upbraid me with that, Mother,’

‘ther,’ cries *Molly*, ‘you yourself was brought to-bed of Sister there within a Week after you was married.’ ‘Yes, Hussy,’ answered the enraged Mother, ‘so I was, and what was the mighty Matter of that? I was made an honest Woman then; and if you was to be made an honest Woman, I should not be angry; but you must have to do with a Gentleman, you nasty Slut, you will have a Bastard, Hussy, you will; and that I defy any one to say of me.’

In this Situation *Black George* found his Family, when he came home for the Purpose before mentioned. As his Wife and three Daughters were all of them talking together, and most of them crying, it was some time before he could get an Opportunity of being heard; but as soon as such an Interval occurred, he acquainted the Company with what *Sophia* had said to him.

*Goody Seagrim* then began to revile her Daughter afresh. ‘Here,’ says she, ‘you have brought us into a fine Quandary indeed. What will Madam say to that big Belly? Oh that ever I should live to see this Day.’

*Molly*



*Molly* answered with great Spirit, ‘ And what is this mighty Place which you have gbt for me, Father ?’ (for he had not well understood the Phrase used by *Sophia* of being about her Person) ‘ I suppose it is to be under the Cook ; but I shan’t wash Dishes for any Body. My Gentleman will provide better for me. See what he hath given me this Afternoon ; he hath promised I shall never want Money ; and you shan’t want Money neither, Mother, if you will hold your Tongue, and know when you are well.’ And so saying, she pulled out several Guineas, and gave her Mother one of them.

The good Woman no sooner felt the Gold within her Palm, than her Temper began (such is the Efficacy of that *Panacea*) to be mollified. ‘ Why Husband,’ says she, ‘ would any but such a Blockhead as you not have enquired what Place this was before he had accepted it ! Perhaps, as *Molly* says, it may be in the Kitchen, and truly I don’t care my Daughter should be a Scullion Wench : For poor as I am, I am a Gentlewoman. And thof I was obliged, as my Father, who was

' was a Clergyman died worse than no-  
 ' thing, and so could not give me a Shil-  
 ' ling of *Potion*, to undervalue myself, by  
 ' marrying a poor Man, yet I would have  
 ' you to know, I have a Spirit above all  
 ' *them* Things. Marry come up, it would  
 ' better become Madam *Western* to look at  
 ' Home, and remember who her own  
 ' Grandfather was. Some of my Family,  
 ' for ought I know, might ride in their  
 ' Coaches, when the Grandfathers of some  
 ' Voke walked a-voot. I warrant she fan-  
 ' cies she did a mighty Matter, when she  
 ' sent us that old *Gownd*; some of my Fa-  
 ' mily would not have picked up such  
 ' Rags in the Street; but poor People are  
 ' always trampled upon.—The Parish need  
 ' not have been in such a Fluster with  
 ' *Molly*. — You might have told them,  
 ' Child, your Grandmother wore better  
 ' Things new out of the Shop.

' Well but, consider,' cried *George*,  
 ' What Answer shall I make to Madam?'  
 ' I don't know what Answer,' says she,  
 ' You are always bringing your Family  
 ' into one Quandary or other. Do you  
 ' remember when you shot the Partridge,  
 ' the Occasion of all our Misfortunes? Did  
 ' not I advise you never to go into Squire  
 ' *Western's*

‘ *Western’s* Manor? Did not I tell you  
 ‘ many a good Year ago what would come  
 ‘ of it? but you would have your own  
 ‘ headstrong Ways; yes, you would, you  
 ‘ Villain—

*Black George* was, in the main, a peace-  
 able kind of Fellow, and nothing *choleric*,  
*nor rash*, yet did he bear about him some-  
 thing of what the Antients called the *Irafi-*  
*cible*, and which his Wife, if she had been  
 endowed with much *Wisdom*, would have  
*feared*. He had long experienced, that  
 when the Storm grew very high Argu-  
 ments were but Wind, which served rather  
 to increase than to abate it. He was there-  
 fore seldom unprovided with a small Switch,  
 a Remedy of wonderful Force, as he had  
 often essayed, and which the Word Vil-  
 lain served as a Hint for his apply-  
 ing.

No sooner, therefore, had this Symptom  
 appeared, than he had immediate Recourse  
 to the said Remedy, which though, as it  
 is usual in all very efficacious Medicines,  
 it at first seemed to heighten and inflame  
 the Disease, soon produced a total Calm,  
 and restored the Patient to perfect Ease and  
 Tranquility.

This

This is, however, a kind of Horse-medicine, which requires a very robust Constitution to digest, and is therefore only proper for the Vulgar, unless in one single Instance, *viz.* where Superiority of Birth breaks out; in which Case, we should not think it very improperly applied by any Husband whatever, if the Application was not, in itself so base, that, like certain Applications of the Physical Kind which need not be mentioned, it so much degrades and contaminates the Hand employed in it, that no Gentleman should endure the Thought of any Thing so low and detestable.

The whole Family were soon reduced to a State of perfect Quiet: For the Virtue of this Medicine, like that of Electricity, is often communicated through one Person to many others, who are not touched by the Instrument. To say the Truth, as they both operate by Friction, it may be doubted whether there is not something analogous between them, of which Mr. *Freke* would do well to enquire before he publishes the next Edition of his Book.

A

A Council was now called, in which, after many Debates, *Molly* still persisting that she would not go to Service, it was at length resolved, that *Goody Seagrim* herself should wait on *Miss Western*, and endeavour to procure the Place for her elder Daughter, who declared great Readiness to accept it; but Fortune, who seems to have been an Enemy of this little Family, afterwards put a Stop to her Promotion.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY.

THE SECOND PART OF THE HISTORY.

CH A P. X.

A Story told by Mr. Supple, the Curate. The Penetration of Squire Western. His great Love for his Daughter, and the Return to it made by her.

THE next Morning *Tom Jones* hunted with Mr. *Western*, and was at his Return invited by that Gentleman to Dinner.

The lovely *Sophia* shone forth that Day with more Gaiety and Sprightliness than usual. Her Battery was certainly levelled at our Heroe; though, I believe, she herself scarce yet knew her own Intention

bu

but if she had any Design of charming him; she now succeeded.

Mr. *Supple*, the Curate of Mr. *Allworthy's* Parish, made one of the Company. He was a good-natured worthy Man; but chiefly remarkable for his great Taciturnity at Table, though his Mouth was never shut at it. In short, he had one of the best Appetites in the World. However, the Cloth was no sooner taken away, than he always made sufficient Amends for his Silence: For he was a very hearty Fellow; and his Conversation was often entertaining, never offensive.

At his first Arrival, which was immediately before the Entrance of the Roast-beef; he had given an Intimation that he had brought some News with him, and was beginning to tell; that he came that Moment from Mr. *Allworthy's*; when the Sight of the Roast-beef struck him dumb; permitting him only to say Grace, and to declare he must pay his Respect to the Baronet: For so he called the Sirloin.

When Dinner was over, being reminded by *Sophia* of his News, he began as follows, 'I believe, Lady, your Ladyship  
& observ-

' observed a young Woman at Church  
 ' yesterday at Even-song, who was drest in  
 ' one of your outlandish Garments ; I think  
 ' I have seen your Ladyship in such a one.  
 ' However, in the Country, such Dresses  
 ' are

*Rara avis in Terris, nigroq; simillima Cygno,*

' That is, Madam, as much as to say,

' A rare Bird upon the Earth, and very  
 ' like a black Swan:

' The Verse is in *Juvenal*: but to return  
 ' to what I was relating. I was saying  
 ' such Garments are rare Sights in the  
 ' Country; and perchance too, it was  
 ' thought the more rare, Respect being had  
 ' to the Person who wore it, who, they  
 ' tell me, is the Daughter of *Black George*,  
 ' your Worship's Game-keeper, whose  
 ' Sufferings I should have opined, might  
 ' have taught him more Wit than to dress  
 ' forth his Wenches in such gaudy Appa-  
 ' rel. She created so much Confusion in  
 ' the Congregation, that if Squire *All-*  
 ' *worthy* had not silenced it, it would have  
 ' interrupted the Service: For I was once  
 ' about to stop in the Middle of the first

' Lesson

Ch. 10. *a* FOUNDLING. 69

‘ Lesson. Howbeit, nevertheless, after  
 ‘ Prayer was over, and I was departed  
 ‘ home, this occasioned a Battle in the  
 ‘ Church-yard, where, amongst other Mis-  
 ‘ chief, the Head of a travelling Fidler  
 ‘ was very much braken. This Morning  
 ‘ the Fidler came to Squire *Allworthy* for  
 ‘ a Warrant, and the Wench was brought  
 ‘ before him. The Squire was inclined to  
 ‘ have compounded Matters; when, lo!  
 ‘ on a sudden, the Wench appeared (I ask  
 ‘ your Ladyship Pardon) to be, as it  
 ‘ were at the Eve of bringing forth a Ba-  
 ‘ stard. The Squire demanded of her who  
 ‘ was the Father; but she pertinaciously  
 ‘ refused to make any Response. So that  
 ‘ he was about to make her *Mittimus* to  
 ‘ *Bridewel*, when I departed.

‘ And is a Wench having a Bastard all  
 ‘ your News, Doctor?” cries *Western*. ‘ I  
 ‘ thought it might have been some public  
 ‘ Matter, something about the Nation.

‘ I am afraid it is too common, indeed,”  
 ‘ answered the Parson, ‘ but I thought the  
 ‘ whole Story all together deserved com-  
 ‘ memorating. As to National Matters,  
 ‘ your Worship knows them best. My  
 ‘ Con-



‘ Concerns extend no farther than my own  
‘ Parish.’

‘ Why ay,’ says the Squire, ‘ I believe  
‘ I do know a little of that Matter, as  
‘ you say ; but come, *Tommy*, drink about,  
‘ the Bottle stands with you.

*Tom* begged to be excused, for that he  
had particular Business ; and getting up  
from Table, escaped the Clutches of the  
Squire who was rising to stop him, and  
went off with very little Ceremony.

The Squire gave him a good Curse at  
his Departure ; and then turning to the  
Parson, he cried out, ‘ I smoke it, I smoke  
‘ it. *Tom* is certainly the Father of this  
‘ Bastard.’ ‘ Zooks, Parson, you remem-  
‘ ber how he recommended the Veather  
‘ o’her to me — d—n un, what a fly  
‘ B—ch ’tis. Ay, ay, as sure as Two  
‘ pence, *Tom* is the Veather of the Bastard.

‘ I should be very sorry for that,’ say  
‘ the Parson. ‘ Why sorry, cries the Squire  
‘ Where is the mighty Matter o’t ? What  
‘ I suppose, dost pretend that thee ha  
‘ never got a Bastard ? Pox ! more goo  
‘ Luck’s thine : for I warrant hast a don  
‘ therefore many’s the good Time and osten  
‘ You

Ch. 10. a FOUNDLING. 71

‘ Your Worship is pleased to be jocular,’  
answered the Parson, ‘ but I do not only  
‘ animadvert on the Sinfulness of the Ac-  
‘ tion, though that surely is to be greatly  
‘ deprecated ; but I fear his Unrighteous-  
‘ ness may injure him with Mr. *Allworthy*.  
‘ And truly I must say, though he hath  
‘ the Character of being a little wild, I  
‘ never saw any Harm in the young Man ;  
‘ nor can I say I have heard any, save  
‘ what your Worship now mentions. I  
‘ wish, indeed he was a little more regular  
‘ in his Responses at Church ; but alto-  
‘ gether he seems

‘ *Ingenui cultus puer ingenuiq; pudoris.*

‘ That is a classical Line, young  
‘ Lady, and being rendered into *Eng-  
‘ lish*, is, A Lad of an ingenuous Coun-  
‘ tenance and of an ingenuous Modesty :  
‘ For this was a Virtue in great Re-  
‘ pute both among the *Latins* and *Greeks*.  
‘ I must say the young Gentleman (for so  
‘ I think I may call him, notwithstanding  
‘ his Birth) appears to me a very modest,  
‘ civil Lad, and I should be sorry that he  
‘ should do himself any Injury in Squire  
‘ *Allworthy*’s Opinion.’

‘ Poogh !’ says the Squire, ‘ Injury  
‘ with *Allworthy* ! Why *Allworthy* loves a  
‘ Wench

‘ Wench himself. Doth not all the Coun-  
 ‘ try know whose Son *Tom* is? You must  
 ‘ talk to another Person in that Manner. I  
 ‘ remember *Allworthy* at College.

‘ I thought,’ said the Parson, ‘ he had  
 ‘ never been at the University.

‘ Yes, yes, he was,’ says the Squire,  
 ‘ and many a Wench have we two had  
 ‘ together. As errant a Whoremaster as  
 ‘ any within five Miles o’un. No, no. It  
 ‘ will do’n no Harm with he, assure your  
 ‘ self; nor with any Body else. Ask *So-*  
 ‘ *phy* there—You have not the worse Opi-  
 ‘ nion of a young Fellow for getting a  
 ‘ Bastard, have you, Girl? No, no, the  
 ‘ Women will like un the better for’t.’

This was a cruel Question to poor *Sophia*.  
 She had observed *Tom*’s Colour change at  
 the Parson’s Story; and that, with his  
 hasty and abrupt Departure, gave her suf-  
 ficient Reason to think her Father’s Suspi-  
 cion not groundless. Her Heart now, at  
 once, discovered the great Secret to her  
 which it had been so long disclosing but  
 little and little; and she found herself high-  
 ly interested in this Matter. In such  
 Situation, her Father’s malapert Question  
 rushing

rushing suddenly upon her, produced some Symptoms which might have alarmed a suspicious Heart ; but to do the Squire Justice, that was not his Fault. When she rose therefore from her Chair, and told him, a Hint from him was always sufficient to make her withdraw, he suffered her to leave the Room ; and then with great Gravity of Countenance remarked, ‘ that it was better to see a Daughter over-modest, than over-forward ;’ a Sentiment which was highly applauded by the Parson.

There now ensued between the Squire and the Parson, a most excellent political Discourse, framed out of News-papers, and political Pamphlets ; in which they made a Libation of four Bottles of Wine to the Good of their Country ; and then, the Squire being fast asleep, the Parson lighted his Pipe, mounted his Horse, and rode home.

When the Squire had finished his Half-hour’s Nap, he summoned his Daughter to her Harpsichord ; but she begged to be excused that Evening, on Account of a violent Head-ach. This Remission was presently granted : For indeed she seldom had Occasion to ask him twice, as he loved

her with such ardent Affection, that by gratifying her, he commonly conveyed the highest Gratification to himself. She was really what he frequently called her, his little Darling; and she well deserved to be so: For she returned all his Affection in the most ample Manner. She had preserved the most inviolable Duty to him in all Things; and this her Love made not only easy, but so delightful, that when one of her Companions laughed at her for placing so much Merit in such scrupulous Obedience, as that young Lady called it, *Sophia* answered, ‘ You mistake me, Madam, if you think I value myself upon this Account: For besides that I am barely discharging my Duty, I am likewise pleasing myself. I can truly say, I have no Delight equal to that of contributing to my Father’s Happiness; and if I value myself, my Dear, it is on having this Power, and not on executing it.’

This was a Satisfaction, however, which poor *Sophia* was incapable of tasting this Evening. She therefore not only desired to be excused from her Attendance at the Harpsichord, but likewise begged that he would suffer her to absent herself from Supper. To this Request likewise the Squire agreed,

agreed, though not without some Reluctance; for he scarce ever permitted her to be out of his Sight, unless when he was engaged with his Horses, Dogs, or Bottle. Nevertheless he yielded to the Desire of his Daughter, though the poor Man was, at the same Time, obliged to avoid his own Company, (if I may so express myself) by sending for a neighbouring Farmer to sit with him.

THE narrow Escape of Molly Seagrim, with some Observations for which we have been forced to dive pretty deep into Nature.

**T**OM JONES had ridden one of Mr. Western's Horses that Morning in the Chaise: so that having no Horse of his own in the Squire's Stable, he was obliged to go home on Foot. This he did so expeditiously, that he ran upwards of three Miles within the half Hour.

Just as he arrived at Mr. Allworthby's outward Gate, he met the Constable and Company, with Molly in their Possession, whom they were conducting to that House where

the inferior Sort of People may learn one good Lesson, *viz.* Respect and Deference to their Superiors. Since it must shew them the wide Distinction Fortune intends between those Persons who are to be corrected for their Faults, and those who are not; which Lesson, if they do not learn, I am afraid, they very rarely learn any other good Lesson, or improve their Morals, at the House of Correction.

A Lawyer may, perhaps, think Mr. *Allworthy* exceeded his Authority a little in this Instance. And, to say the Truth, I question, as here was no regular Information before him, whether his Conduct was strictly regular. However, as his Intention was truly upright, he ought to be excused in *Foro Conscientie*, since so many arbitrary Acts are daily committed by Magistrates, who have not this Excuse to plead for themselves.

*Tom* was no sooner informed by the Constable, whither they were proceeding, (indeed he pretty well guessed it of himself) than he caught *Molly* in his Arms, and embracing her tenderly before them all, swore he would murder the first Man who offered to lay hold of her. He bid her dry her

Eyes,





‘to doubt whether the breaking the Laws  
 ‘of God and Man, the corrupting and  
 ‘ruining a poor Girl, be Guilt? I own,  
 ‘indeed, it doth lie principally upon you,  
 ‘and so heavy it is, that you ought to ex-  
 ‘pect it should crush you.’

‘Whatever may be my Fate, says *Tom*,  
 ‘let me succeed in my Intercessions for the  
 ‘poor Girl. I confess I have corrupted  
 ‘her; but whether she shall be ruined de-  
 ‘pends on you. For Heaven’s Sake, Sir,  
 ‘revoke your Warrant, and do not send  
 ‘her to a Place which must unavoidably  
 ‘prove her Destruction.’

*Allworthy* bid him immediately call a Ser-  
 vant. *Tom* answered, there was no Occa-  
 sion; for he had luckily met them at the  
 Gate, and relying upon his Goodness, had  
 brought them all back into his Hall, where  
 they now waited his final Resolution, which,  
 upon his Knees, he besought him might be  
 in favour of the Girl; that she might be  
 permitted to go home to her Parents, and  
 not be exposed to a greater Degree of Shame  
 and Scorn than must necessarily fall upon  
 her. ‘I know, said he, that is too much. I know  
 ‘I am the wicked Occasion of it. I will en-  
 ‘deavour to make Amends, if possible; and  
 ‘if

‘if you shall have hereafter the Goodness to  
‘forgive me, I hope I shall deserve it.’

*Allworthy* hesitated some Time, and at last said, ‘Well, I will discharge my Mitimus.—You may send the Constable to me.’ He was instantly called, discharged, and so was the Girl.

It will be believed, that Mr. *Allworthy* failed not to read *Tom* a very severe Lecture on this Occasion; but it is unnecessary to insert it here, as we have faithfully transcribed what he said to *Jenny Jones* in the first Book, most of which may be applied to the Men, equally with the Women. So sensible an Effect had these Reproofs on the young Man, who was no hardened Sinner, that he retired to his own Room, where he passed the Evening alone in much melancholy Contemplation.

*Allworthy* was sufficiently offended by this Transgression of *Jones*; for notwithstanding the Assertions of Mr. *Western*, it is certain this worthy Man had never indulged himself in any loose Pleasures with Women, and greatly condemned the Vice of Incontinence in others. Indeed, there is much Reason to imagine, that there was not the

least Truth in what Mr. *Western* affirmed, especially as he laid the Scene of those Impurities at the University, where Mr. *Allworthy* had never been. In fact, the good Squire was a little too apt to indulge that Kind of Pleasantry which is generally called *Rodomontade*; but which may, with as much Propriety, be expressed by a much shorter Word; and, perhaps, we too often supply the Use of this little Monosyllable by others; since very much of what frequently passes in the World for Wit and Humour, should, in the strictest Purity of Language, receive that short Appellation, which, in Conformity to the well-bred Laws of Custom, I here suppress.

But whatever Detestation Mr. *Allworthy* had to this or to any other Vice, he was not so blinded by it, but that he could discern any Virtue in the guilty Person, as clearly, indeed, as if there had been no Mixture of Vice in the same Character. While he was angry, therefore, with the Incontinence of *Jones*, he was no less pleased with the Honour and Honesty of his Self-accusation. He began now to form in his Mind the same Opinion of this young Fellow which we hope our Reader may have conceived. And in ballancing his Faults with his Perfections,

fections, the latter seemed rather to preponderate.

It was to no Purpose, therefore, that *Thwackum*, who was immediately charged by Mr. *Blifl* with the Story, unbended all his Rancour against poor *Tom*. *Allworthy* gave a patient Hearing to these Invectives, and then answered coldly; ‘ That young Men of *Tom*’s Complexion were too generally addicted to this Vice; but he believed That Youth was sincerely affected with what he had said to him on the Occasion, and he hoped he would not transgress again.’ So that, as the Days of whipping were at an End, the Tutor had no other Vent but his own Mouth for his Gall, the usual poor Resource of impotent Revenge.

But *Square*, who was a less violent, was a much more artful Man; and as he hated *Jones* more, perhaps, than *Thwackum* himself, so he contrived to do him more Mischief in the Mind of Mr. *Allworthy*.

The Reader must remember the several little Incidents of the Partridge, the Horse, and the Bible, which were recounted in the second Book. By all which *Jones* had rather

ther improved than injured the Affection which Mr. *Allworthy* was inclined to entertain for him. The same, I believe, must have happened to him with every other Person who hath any Idea of Friendship, Generosity, and Greatness of Spirit; that is to say, who hath any Traces of Goodness in his Mind.

*Square* himself was not unacquainted with the true Impression which those several Instances of Goodness had made on the excellent Heart of *Allworthy*; for the Philosopher very well knew what Virtue was, though he was not always, perhaps, steady in its Pursuit; but as for *Tbwackum*, from what Reason I will not determine, no such Thoughts ever entered into his Head. He saw *Jones* in a bad Light, and he imagined *Allworthy* saw him in the same, but that he was resolved, from Pride and Stubbornness of Spirit, not to give up the Boy whom he had once cherished, since, by so doing, he must tacitly acknowledge that his former Opinion of him had been wrong.

*Square* therefore embraced this Opportunity of injuring *Jones* in the tenderest Part, by giving a very bad Turn to all these before-mentioned Occurrences. 'I am sorry, Sir,

‘ Sir,’ said he, ‘ to own I have been de-  
 ‘ ceived as well as yourself. I could not,  
 ‘ I confess, help being pleased with what I  
 ‘ ascribed to the Motive of Friendship,  
 ‘ though it was carried to an Excess, and  
 ‘ all Excess is faulty, and vicious; but in  
 ‘ this I made Allowance for Youth. Lit-  
 ‘ tle did I suspect that the Sacrifice of  
 ‘ Truth, which we both imagined to have  
 ‘ been made to Friendship, was, in reality,  
 ‘ a Prostitution of it to a depraved and de-  
 ‘ bauched Appetite. You now plainly see  
 ‘ whence all the seeming Generosity of this  
 ‘ young Man to the Family of the Game-  
 ‘ keeper proceeded. He supported the Fa-  
 ‘ ther in order to corrupt the Daughter, and  
 ‘ preserved the Family from starving, to  
 ‘ bring one of them to Shame and Ruin.  
 ‘ This is Friendship! this is Generosity!  
 ‘ As Sir *Richard Steele* says, Gluttons who  
 ‘ give high Prices for Delicacies, are very  
 ‘ worthy to be called generous. In short,  
 ‘ I am resolved, from this Instance, never  
 ‘ to give Way to the Weakness of Human  
 ‘ Nature more, nor to think any thing Vir-  
 ‘ tue which doth not exactly quadrate with  
 ‘ the unerring Rule of Right.’

The Goodness of *Allworthy* had prevented  
 those Considerations from occurring to him-  
 self;

self; yet were they too plausible to be absolutely and hastily rejected, when laid before his Eyes by another. Indeed what *Square* had said sunk very deeply into his Mind, and the Uneasiness which it there created was very visible to the other; though the good Man would not acknowledge this, but made a very slight Answer, and forcibly drove off the Discourse to some other Subject. It was well, perhaps, for poor *Tom*, that no such Suggestions had been made before he was pardoned; for they certainly stamped in the Mind of *Allworthy* the first bad Impression concerning *Jones*.

## C H A P. XII.

*Containing much clearer Matters; but which flow from the same Fountain with those in the preceding Chapter.*

THE Reader will be pleased, I believe, to return with me to *Sophia*. She passed the Night, after we saw her last, in no very agreeable Manner. Sleep befriended her but little, and Dreams less. In the Morning, when Mrs. *Honour* her Maid attended her, at the usual Hour, she was found already up and drest.

Persons

Persons who live two or three Miles Distance in the Country are considered as next Door Neighbours, and Transactions at the one House fly with incredible Celerity to the other. Mrs. Honour, therefore, had heard the whole Story of *Molly's* Shame; which she, being of a very communicative Temper, had no sooner entered the Apartment of her Mistress, than she began to relate in the following Manner:

‘ La Ma’am, what doth your La’ship think? the Girl that your La’ship saw at Church on *Sunday*, whom you thought so handsome; though you would not have thought her so handsome neither, if you had seen her nearer; but to be sure she hath been carried before the Justice for being big with Child. She seemed to me to look like a confident Slut; and to be sure she hath laid the Child to young Mr. Jones. And all the Parish says Mr. *Allworthy* is so angry with young Mr. Jones, that he won’t see him. To be sure, one can’t help pitying the poor young Man, and yet he doth not deserve much Pity neither, for demeaning himself with such Kind of Trumpery. Yet he is so pretty a Gentleman, I should be  
forry



' sorry to have him turned out of Doors.  
 ' I dares to swear the Wench was as wil-  
 ' ling as he ; for she was always a forward  
 ' Kind of Body. And when Wenches are  
 ' so coming, young Men are not so much  
 ' to be blamed neither ; for to be sure they  
 ' do no more than what is natural. Indeed  
 ' it is beneath them to meddle with such  
 ' dirty Draggel-tails, and whatever happens  
 ' to them, it is good enough for them.  
 ' And yet to be sure the vile Baggages are  
 ' most in Fault. I wishes, with all my  
 ' Heart, they were well to be whipped a-  
 ' the Cart's Tail ; for it is Pity they should  
 ' be the Ruin of a pretty young Gentle-  
 ' man ; and no body can deny but that  
 ' Mr. Jones is one of the most handsomest  
 ' young Men that ever——

She was running on thus, when *Sophia*,  
 with a more peevish Voice than she had  
 ever spoken to her in before, cried, ' Prithce  
 ' why do'st thou trouble me with all this  
 ' Stuff? What Concern have I in what  
 ' Mr. Jones doth? I suppose you are all  
 ' alike. And you seem to me to be angry,  
 ' it was not your own Case.'

' I, Ma'am ! ' answered Mrs. Honour,  
 ' I am sorry your Ladyship should have  
 ' such

‘ such an Opinion of me. I am sure nobody can say any such thing of me. All the young Fellows in the World may go to the *Divil*, for me. Because I said he was a handsome Man ! Every body says it as well as I—To be sure, I never thought as it was any Harm to say a young Man was handsome ; but to be sure I shall never think him so any more now ; for handsome is that handsome does. . . A Beggar Wench !—

‘ Stop thy Torrent of Impertinence,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ and see whether my Father wants me at Breakfast.’

Mrs. *Honour* then flung out of the Room, muttering much to herself——of which——‘ Marry come up, I assure you,’ was all that could be plainly distinguished.

Whether Mrs. *Honour* really deserved that Suspicion, of which her Mistress gave her a Hint, is a Matter which we cannot indulge our Reader’s Curiosity by resolving. We will however make him Amends, in disclosing what passed in the Mind of *Sophia*.

The

The Reader will be pleased to recollect, that a secret Affection for Mr. *Jones* had insensibly stolen into the Bosom of this young Lady. That it had there grown to a pretty great Height before she herself had discovered it. When she first began to perceive its Symptoms, the Sensations were so sweet and pleasing, that she had not Resolution sufficient to check or repel them; and thus she went on cherishing a Passion of which she never once considered the Consequences.

This Incident relating to *Molly*, first opened her Eyes. She now first perceived the Weakness of which she had been guilty; and though it caused the utmost Perturbation in her Mind, yet it had the Effect of other nauseous Physic, and for the Time expelled her Distemper. Its Operation indeed was most wonderfully quick; and in the short Interval, while her Maid was absent, so entirely removed all Symptoms, that when Mrs. *Honour* returned with a Summons from her Father, she was become perfectly easy, and had brought herself to a thorough Indifference for Mr. *Jones*.

The Diseases of the Mind do in almost every Particular imitate those of the Body.  
For

Ch. 12.    a FOUNDLING.    89

For which Reason, we hope, That learned Faculty, for whom we have so profound a Respect, will pardon us the violent Hands we have been necessitated to lay on several Words and Phrases, which of Right belong to them, and without which our Descriptions must have been often unintelligible.

Now there is no one Circumstance in which the Distempers of the Mind bear a more exact Analogy to those which are called Bodily, than that Aptness which both have to a Relapse. This is plain, in the violent Diseases of Ambition and Avarice. I have known Ambition, when cured at Court by frequent Disappointments, (which are the only Physic for it,) to break out again in a Contest for Foreman of the Grand Jury at an Assizes; and have heard of a Man who had so far conquered Avarice, as to give away many a Sixpence, that comforted himself, at last, on his Death-bed, by making a crafty and advantageous Bargain concerning his ensuing Funeral, with an Undertaker who had married his only Child.

In the Affair of Love, which out of strict Conformity with the Stoic Philosophy, we shall here treat as a Disease, this Proneness to relapse is no less conspicuous. Thus it hap-

happened to poor *Sophia* ; upon whom, the very next Time she saw young *Jones*, all the former Symptoms returned, and from that Time cold and hot Fits alternately seized her Heart.

The Situation of this young Lady was now very different from what it had ever been before. That Passion, which had formerly been so exquisitely delicious, became now a Scorpion in her Bosom. She resisted it therefore with her utmost Force, and summoned every Argument her Reason (which was surprizingly strong for her Age) could suggest, to subdue and expel it. In this she so far succeeded, that she began to hope from Time and Absence a perfect Cure. She resolved therefore to avoid *Tom Jones*, as much as possible ; for which Purpose she began to conceive a Design of visiting her Aunt, to which she made no Doubt of obtaining her Father's Consent.

But Fortune, who had other Designs in her Head, put an immediate Stop to any such Proceeding, by introducing an Accident, which will be related in the next Chapter.

C H A P

## C H A P. XIII.

*A dreadful Accident which befel Sophia.  
The gallant Behaviour of Jones, and the  
more dreadful Consequence of that Beha-  
viour to the young Lady; with a short  
Digression in Favour of the Female Sex.*

MR. Western grew every Day fonder and fonder of Sophia, insomuch that his beloved Dogs themselves almost gave Place to her in his Affections; but as he could not prevail on himself to abandon these, he contrived very cunningly to enjoy their Company, together with that of his Daughter, by insisting on her riding a hunting with him.

Sophia, to whom her Father's Word was a Law, readily complied with his Desires, though she had not the least Delight in a Sport, which was of too rough and masculine a Nature to suit with her Disposition. She had, however, another Motive, beside her Obedience, to accompany the old Gentleman in the Chace; for by her Presence she hoped in some Measure to restrain his Impetuosity, and to prevent him from so fre-

frequently exposing his Neck to the utmost Hazard.

The strongest Objection was that which would have formerly been an Inducement to her, namely, the frequent Meeting with young *Jones*, whom she had determined to avoid ; but as the End of the hunting Season now approached, she hoped, by a short Absence with her Aunt, to reason herself entirely out of her unfortunate Passion ; and had not any Doubt of being able to meet him in the Field the subsequent Season without the least Danger,

On the second Day of her Hunting, as she was returning from the Chase, and was arrived within a little Distance from Mr. *Western's* House, her Horse, whose mettlesome Spirit required a better Rider, fell suddenly to prancing and capering, in such a Manner, that she was in the most eminent Peril of falling. *Tom Jones*, who was at a little Distance behind, saw this, and immediately galloped up to her Assistance. As soon as he came up, he immediately leapt from his own Horse, and caught hold of her's by the Bridle. The unruly Beast presently reared himself an End on his hind Legs,

and

and threw his lovely Burthen from his Back,  
and *Jones* caught her in his Arms.

She was so affected with the Fright, that she was not immediately able to satisfy *Jones*, who was very solicitous to know whether she had received any Hurt. She soon after, however, recovered her Spirits, assured him she was safe, and thanked him for the Care he had taken of her. *Jones* answered, ‘ If I have preserved you, Ma-  
‘ dam, I am sufficiently repaid ; for I pro-  
‘ mise you, I would have secured you  
‘ from the least Harm, at the Expence of  
‘ a much greater Misfortune to myself,  
‘ than I have suffered on this Occasion.

‘ What Misfortune,’ replied *Sophia*,  
‘ eagerly, ‘ I hope you have come to no  
‘ Mischief?’

‘ Be not concerned, Madam,’ answered  
*Jones*, ‘ Heaven be praised, you have es-  
‘ caped so well, considering the Danger  
‘ you was in. If I have broke my Arm,  
‘ I consider it as a Trifle, in Comparison  
‘ of what I feared upon your Account.

*Sophia* then screamed out, ‘ Broke your  
‘ Arm ! Heaven forbid.

‘ I’m



‘I am afraid I have, Madam,’ says *Jones*,  
‘but I beg you will suffer me first to take  
‘Care of you. I have a Right-hand yet  
‘at your Service, to help you into the  
‘next Field, where we have but a very  
‘little Walk to your Father’s House.’

*Sophia* seeing his left Arm dangling by his Side, while he was using the other to lead her, no longer doubted of the Truth. She now grew much paler than her Fears for herself had made her before. All her Limbs were seized with a Trembling, in-somuch that *Jones* could scarce support her; and as her Thoughts were in no less Agitation, she could not refrain from giving *Jones* a Look so full of Tenderness, that it almost argued a stronger Sensation in her Mind, than even Gratitude and Pity united can raise in the gentlest female Bosom, without the Assistance of a third more powerful Passion.

*Mr. Western*, who was advanced at some Distance when this Accident happened, was now returned, as were the rest of the Horsemen. *Sophia* immediately acquainted them with what had befallen *Jones*, and begged them to take Care of him. Upon which, *West-ern*,

*ern*, who had been much alarmed by meeting his Daughter's Horse without its Rider, and was now overjoyed to find her unhurt, cried out, ' I am glad it is no worie, if *Tom* hath broken his Arm, we will get a Joiner to mend un again.'

The Squire alighted from his Horse, and proceeded to his House on foot, with his Daughter and *Jones*. An impartial Spectator, who had met them on the Way, would, on viewing their several Countenances, have concluded *Sophia* alone to have been the Object of Compassion ; For as to *Jones*, he exulted in having probably saved the Life of the young Lady, at the Price only of a broken Bone ; and Mr. *Western*, though he was not unconcerned at the Accident which had befallen *Jones*, was, however, delighted in a much higher Degree with the fortunate Escape of his Daughter.

The Generosity of *Sophia*'s Temper construed this Behaviour of *Jones* into great Bravery ; and it made a deep Impression on her Heart : For certain it is, that there is no one Quality which so generally recommends Men to Women as this ; proceeding, if we believe the common Opinion, from that natural

tural Timidity of the Sex ; which is, says Mr. *Osborne*, so great, that a Woman is ' the most cowardly of all the Creatures ' God ever made.' A Sentiment more remarkable for its Bluntness, than for its Truth. *Aristotle*, in his Politics, doth them, I believe, more Justice, when he says, ' The Modesty and Fortitude of ' Men differ from those Virtues in ' Women ; for the Fortitude which be- ' comes a Woman, would be Cowardice ' in a Man ; and the Modesty which be- ' comes a Man, would be Pertness in a ' Woman.' Nor is there, perhaps, more of Truth in the Opinion of those who derive the Partiality which Women are inclined to shew to the Brave, from this Excess of their Fear. Mr. *Bayle* (I think, in his Article of *Helen*) imputes this, and with greater Probability, to their violent Love of Glory ; for the Truth of which, we have the Authority of him, who, of all others, saw farthest into human Nature ; and who introduces the Heroine of his *Odyssey*, the great Pattern of matrimonial Love and Constancy, assigning the Glory of her Husband as the only Source of her Affection towards him. \*

\* The *English* Reader will not find this in the Poem : For the Sentiment is entirely left out in the Translation.

I

How-

However this be, certain it is that the Accident operated very strongly on *Sophia*; and, indeed, after much Enquiry into the Matter, I am inclined to believe, that at this very Time, the charming *Sophia* made no less Impression on the Heart of *Jones*; to say Truth, he had for some Time become sensible of the irresistible Power of her Charms.

#### C H A P. XIV.

*The Arrival of a Surgeon. His Operations; and a long Dialogue between Sophia and her Maid.*

**W**HEN they arrived in Mr. *Western's* Hall, *Sophia*, who had totter'd along with much Difficulty, sunk down in a Chair; but by the Assistance of Hartshorn and Water, she was prevented from fainting away, and had pretty well recovered her Spirits, when the Surgeon, who was sent for to *Jones*, appeared. Mr. *Western*, who imputed these Symptoms in his Daughter to her Fall, advised her to be presently blooded by way of Prevention.

In this Opinion he was seconded by the Surgeon, who gave so many Reasons for bleeding, and quoted so many Cases where Persons had miscarried for want of it, that the Squire became very importunate, and indeed insisted peremptorily that his Daughter should be blooded.

*Sophia* soon yielded to the Commands of her Father, though entirely contrary to her own Inclinations: For she suspected, I believe, less Danger from the Fright, than either the Squire or the Surgeon. She then stretched out her beautiful Arm, and the Operator began to prepare for his Work.

While the Servants were busied in providing Materials; the Surgeon, who imputed the Backwardness which had appeared in *Sophia* to her Fears, began to comfort her with Assurances that there was not the least Danger; for no Accident, he said, could ever happen in Bleeding, but from the monstrous Ignorance of Pretenders to Surgery, which he pretty plainly insinuated was not at present to be apprehended. *Sophia* declared she was not under the least Apprehension; adding, if you open an Artery,

I pro-

I promise you I'll forgive you ; ' Will  
 ' you,' cries *Western*, ' D—n me, if I  
 ' will ; if he does thee the least Mischief,  
 ' d—n me, if I don't ha' the Heart's Blood  
 ' o'un out.' The Surgeon assented to  
 bleed her upon these Conditions, and then  
 proceeded to his Operation, which he per-  
 formed with as much Dexterity as he had  
 promised ; and with as much Quickness :  
 For he took but little Blood from her, say-  
 ing, it was much safer to bleed again and  
 again, than to take away too much at  
 once.

*Sophia*, when her Arm was bound up,  
 retired : For she was not willing (nor was  
 it, perhaps, strictly decent) to be present  
 at the Operation on *Jones*. Indeed one  
 Objection which she had to Bleeding, (tho'  
 she did not make it) was the Delay which it  
 would occasion to dressing the broken Bone :  
 For *Western*, when *Sophia* was concerned, had  
 no Consideration, but for her ; and as for  
*Jones* himself, he ' sat like Patience on a  
 ' Monument smiling at Grief.' To say the  
 Truth, when he saw the Blood springing  
 from the lovely Arm of *Sophia*, he scarce  
 thought of what had happened to himself.

The Surgeon now ordered his Patient to be stript to his Shirt, and then entirely baring the Arm, he began to stretch and examine it, in such a Manner, that the Tortures he put him to, caused *Jones* to make several wry Faces; which the Surgeon observing, greatly wondered at, crying, 'What is the Matter, Sir? I am sure it is impossible I should hurt you.' And then holding forth the broken Arm, he began a long and very learned Lecture of Anatomy, in which simple and double Fractures were most accurately considered, and the several Ways in which *Jones* might have broken his Arm were discussed, with proper Annotations, shewing how many of these would have been better, and how many worse than the present Case.

Having at length finish'd his laboured Harangue, with which the Audience, tho' it had greatly raised their Attention and Admiration, were not much edified, as they really understood not a single Syllable of all he had said, he proceeded to Business, which he was more expeditious in finishing, than he had been in beginning.

*Jones* was then ordered into a Bed, which Mr. *Western* compelled him to accept

cept at his own House, and Sentence of Water-Gruel was passed upon him.

Among the good Company which had attended in the Hall during the Bone-setting, Mrs. *Honour* was one; who being summoned to her Mistress as soon as it was over, and asked by her how the young Gentleman did, presently launched into extravagant Praises on the *Magnimity*, as she called it, of his Behaviour, which, she said, 'was so charming in so pretty a Creature.' She then burst forth into much warmer Encomiums on the Beauty of his Person; enumerating many Particulars, and ending with the Whiteness of his Skin.

This Discourse had an Effect on *Sophia's* Countenance, which would not perhaps have escaped the Observance of the sagacious Waiting-woman, had she once looked her Mistress in the Face, all the Time she was speaking; but as a Looking-glass, which was most commodiously placed opposite to her, gave her an Opportunity of surveying those Features, in which, of all others, she took most Delight, so she had not once removed her Eyes from that amiable Object during her whole Speech.



Mrs. *Honour* was so entirely wrapped up in the Subject on which she exercised her Tongue, and the Object before her Eyes, that she gave her Mistress Time to conquer her Confusion ; which having done, she smiled on her Maid, and told her, ‘ She was certainly in Love with this young Fellow.’ ‘ I in Love,’ Madam ! answers she, ‘ upon my Word, Ma’am, I assure you, Ma’am, upon my Soul, Ma’am, I am not.’ ‘ Why if you was,’ cries her Mistress, ‘ I see no Reason that you should be ashamed of it ; for he is certainly a pretty Fellow—Yes, Ma’am, answered the other ‘ That he is, the most handsomest Man I ever saw in my Life. Yes, to be sure, that he is, and, as your Ladyship says, I don’t know why I should be ashamed of loving him, though he is my Betters. To be sure gentle Folks are but Flesh and Blood no more than us Servants. Besides, as for Mr. *Jones*, thof Squire *Allworthby* hath made a Gentleman of him, he was not so good as myself by Birth : For thof I am a poor Body, I am an honest Person’s Child, and my Father and Mother were married, which is more than some People can say, as high as they hold their Heads.

‘ Marry,

' Marry, come up! I assure you, my dirty  
 ' Cousin! thof his Skin be fo white, and  
 ' to be fure, it is the moft whiteft that  
 ' ever was feen, I am a Christian as well as  
 ' he, and no-body can fay that I am bafe  
 ' born, my grand-father was a Clérgy-  
 ' man \*, and would have been very angry,  
 ' I believe, to have thought any of his Fa-  
 ' mily fhould have taken up with *Molly*  
 ' *Seagrim's* dirty Leavings.

Perhaps *Sophia* might have fuffered her  
 Maid to run on in this Manner, from wanting  
 fufficient Spirits to flop her Tongue, which  
 the Reader may probably conjecture was  
 no very eafy Task : For, certainly  
 there were fome Paflages in her Speech,  
 which were far from being agreeable to the  
 Lady. However, ſhe now checked the  
 Torrent, as there feemed no End of its  
 Flowing. ' I wonder,' ſays ſhe, ' at your  
 ' Affurance in daring to talk thus of one  
 ' of my Father's Friends. As to the  
 ' Wench, I order you never to mention  
 her name.

\* This is the ſecond Perſon of low Condition whom  
 we have recorded in this Hiſtory, to have ſprung from  
 the Clergy. It is to be hoped ſuch Inſtances will, in  
 future Ages, when ſome Proviſion is made for the  
 Families of the inferior Clergy, appear ſtranger than  
 they can be thought at preſent.

‘her Name to me. And, with Regard  
‘to the young Gentleman’s Birth, those  
‘who can say nothing more to his Dis-  
‘advantage, may as well be silent on that  
‘Head, as I desire you will be for the fu-  
‘ture.’

‘I am sorry, I have offended your  
‘Ladyship,’ answered Mrs. Honour, ‘I  
‘am sure I hate *Molly Seagrim* as much as  
‘your Ladyship can, and as for abusing  
‘Squire Jones, I can call all the Servants  
‘in the House to witness, that when-  
‘ever any Talk hath been about Bastards,  
‘I have always taken his Part : For which  
‘of you,’ says I to the Footmen, ‘would  
‘not be a Bastard, if he could, to be made  
‘a Gentleman of? and,’ says I, ‘I am  
‘sure he is a very fine Gentleman; and  
‘he hath one of the whitest Hands in the  
‘World : For to be sure so he hath;’  
‘and’ says I, ‘one of the sweetest temperd-  
‘est, best naturedest Men in the World  
‘he is,’ and says I, ‘all the Servants and  
‘Neighbours all round the Country loves  
‘him. And, to be sure, I could tell your  
‘Ladyship something, but that I am afraid  
‘it would offend you.’—‘What could  
‘you tell me, Honour,’ says Sophia. ‘Nay,  
‘Ma’am, to be sure he meant nothing by  
‘it,

' it, therefore I would not have your  
 ' Ladyship be offended.' — ' Prithee tell  
 ' me,' says *Sophia*, — ' I will know it this  
 ' Instant.' ' Why, Ma'am,' answered Mrs.  
*Honour*, ' he came into the Room, one  
 ' Day last Week when I was at Work,  
 ' and there lay your Ladyship's Muff on a  
 ' Chair, and to be sure he put his Hands  
 ' into it, that very Muff your Ladyship  
 ' gave me but yesterday ; La,' says I,  
 ' Mr. Jones, you will stretch my Lady's  
 ' Muff and spoil it ; but he still kept his  
 ' Hands in it, and then he kissed it — to  
 ' be sure, I hardly ever saw such a Kiss in  
 ' my Life as he gave it.' — ' I suppose he  
 ' did not know it was mine,' reply'd *So-*  
*phia*. ' Your Ladyship shall hear, Ma'am :  
 ' He kissed it again and again, and said it  
 ' was the prettiest Muff in the World.'  
 ' La! Sir,' says I, ' you have seen it a  
 ' hundred Times,' — ' Yes, Mrs. *Honour*,  
 cry'd he ; ' but who can see any thing  
 ' beautiful in the Presence of your Lady  
 ' but herself : Nay, that's not all neither,  
 ' but I hope your Ladyship won't be offend-  
 ' ed, for to be sure he meant nothing : One  
 ' Day as your Ladyship was playing on  
 ' the Harpsicord to my Master, Mr. Jones  
 ' was sitting in the next Room, and me-  
 ' thought he looked melancholy. La!

says I, ‘ Mr. Jones, what’s the Matter ?  
 ‘ A Penny for your Thoughts,’ says I ;  
 ‘ Why, Huffy,’ says he, starting up from  
 a Dream, ‘ what can I be thinking of  
 ‘ when that Angel your Mistress is play-  
 ‘ ing ?’ And then squeezing me by the  
 Hand — ‘ Oh ! Mrs. Honour,’ says he,  
 ‘ how happy will that Man be !’ — and  
 ‘ then he sighed ; upon my Troth, his  
 ‘ Breath is as sweet as a Nosegay — but  
 ‘ to be sure he meant no Harm by it. So  
 ‘ I hope your Ladyship will not mention a  
 ‘ Word : For he gave me a Crown never  
 ‘ to mention it, and made me swear upon  
 ‘ a Book, but I believe, indeed, it was  
 ‘ not the Bible.’

Till something of a more beautiful Red  
 than Vermilion be found out, I shall say  
 nothing of *Sophia’s* Colour on this Occa-  
 sion. ‘ Ho—nour,’ says she, ‘ I — if you  
 ‘ will not mention this any more to me, —  
 ‘ nor to any Body else, I will not betray  
 ‘ you — I mean I will not be angry ; but  
 ‘ I am afraid of your Tongue. Why,  
 ‘ my Girl, will you give it such Liber-  
 ‘ ties ?’ ‘ Nay, Ma’am,’ answered she,  
 ‘ to be sure, I would sooner cut out my  
 ‘ Tongue than offend your Ladyship — to  
 ‘ be sure, I shall never mention a Word  
 ‘ that

‘ that your Ladyship would not have me.’  
 ‘ — Why I would not have you mention  
 ‘ this any more,’ said *Sophia*, ‘ for it may  
 ‘ come to my Father’s Ears, and he would  
 ‘ be angry with Mr. *Jones*, tho’ I really  
 ‘ believe, as you say, he meant nothing.  
 ‘ I should be very angry myself if I ima-  
 ‘ gined’ — ‘ Nay, Ma’am,’ says *Honour*,  
 ‘ I protest I believe he meant nothing. I  
 ‘ thought he talked as if he was out of his  
 ‘ Senses; nay, he said he believed he was  
 ‘ beside himself when he had spoken the  
 ‘ Words. Ay, Sir,’ says I, ‘ I believe so  
 ‘ too.’ ‘ Yes,’ says he, ‘ *Honour*, — but I  
 ‘ ask your Ladyship’s Pardon; I could tear  
 ‘ my Tongue out for offending you.’ ‘ Go  
 ‘ on,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ you may mention any  
 ‘ thing you have not told me before.’  
 ‘ Yes,’ *Honour*,’ says he, (this was some  
 time afterwards when he gave me the  
 Crown) ‘ I am neither such a Coxcomb,  
 ‘ or such a Villain as to think of her, in  
 ‘ any other *Delight*, but as my Goddess;  
 ‘ as such I will always worship and adore  
 ‘ her while I have Breath. This was all,  
 ‘ Ma’am, I will be sworn, to the best of  
 ‘ my Remembrance; I was in a Passion  
 ‘ with him, myself, till I found he meant  
 ‘ no Harm.’ ‘ Indeed,’ *Honour*,’ says *Sophia*,  
 ‘ I believe you have a real Affection

‘ for me ; I was provoked the other Day  
‘ when I gave you Warning ; but if you  
‘ have a Desire to stay with me, you  
‘ shall.’ ‘ To be sure, Ma’am,’ answered  
Mrs. Honour, ‘ I shall never desire to part  
‘ with your Ladyship. To be sure, I  
‘ almost cried my Eyes out when you gave  
‘ me Warning. It would be very ungrate-  
‘ ful in me, to desire to leave your Lady-  
‘ ship ; because as why, I should never get  
‘ so good a Place again. I am sure I would  
‘ live and die with your Ladyship — for,  
‘ as poor Mr. Jones said, happy is the  
‘ Man——

Here the Dinner-bell interrupted a Conversation which had wrought such an Effect on *Sophia*, that she was, perhaps, more obliged to her bleeding in the Morning, than she, at the time, had apprehended she should be. As to the present Situation of her Mind, I shall adhere to a Rule of *Horace*, by not attempting to describe it, from Despair of Success. Most of my Readers will suggest it easily to themselves, and the few who cannot, would not understand the Picture, or at least would deny it to be natural, if ever so well drawn.

THE

---

THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.

---

## BOOK V.

*Containing a Portion of Time, somewhat  
longer than Half a Year.*

## CHAP. I.

*Of THE SERIOUS in writing ; and for  
what Purpose it is introduced.*

**P**ERADVENTURE there may be no Parts  
in this prodigious Work, which will  
give the Reader less Pleasure in the perusing,  
than those which have given the Author  
the greatest Pains in composing. Among  
these probably may be reckoned those ini-  
tial



tial Essays which we have prefixed to the historical Matter contained in every Book; and which we have determined to be essentially necessary to this kind of Writing, of which we have set ourselves at the Head.

For this our Determination we do not hold ourselves strictly bound to assign any Reason; it being abundantly sufficient that we have laid it down as a Rule necessary to be observed in all Profai-comi-epic Writing. Who ever demanded the Reasons of that nice Unity of Time or Place which is now established to be so essential to dramatick Poetry? What Critick hath been ever asked why a Play may not contain two Days as well as one, or why the Audience (provided they travel like Electors, without any Expence) may not be wasted Fifty Miles as well as five! Hath any Commentator well accounted for the Limitation which an ancient Critic hath set to the Drama, which he will have contain neither more nor less than five Acts; or hath any one living attempted to explain, what the modern Judges of our Theatres mean by that Word *low*; by which they have happily succeeded in banishing all Humour from the Stage, and have made the Theatre

as dull as a Drawing-Room? Upon all these Occasions, the World seems to have embraced a Maxim of our Law, viz. *Cuius in Arte sua perito credendum est*: For it seems, perhaps, difficult to conceive that any one should have had enough of Impudence, to lay down dogmatical Rules in any Art or Science without the least Foundation. In such Cases, therefore, we are apt to conclude there are sound and good Reasons at the Bottom, tho' we are unfortunately not able to see so far.

Now, in Reality, the World have paid too great a Compliment to Critics, and have imagined them Men of much greater Profundity than they really are. From this Complaisance, the Critics have been emboldened to assume a Dictatorial Power, and have so far succeeded that they are now become the Masters, and have the Assurance to give Laws to those Authors, from whose Predecessors they originally received them.

The Critic, rightly considered, is no more than the Clerk, whose Office is to transcribe the Rules and Laws laid down by those great Judges, whose vast Strength of Genius hath placed them in the Light of Legislators.

Legislators in the several Sciences over which they presided. This Office was all which the Critics of old aspired to, nor did they ever dare to advance a Sentence, without supporting it by the Authority of the Judge from whence it was borrowed.

But in Process of Time, and in Ages of Ignorance, the Clerk began to invade the Power and assume the Dignity of his Master. The Laws of Writing were no longer founded on the Practice of the Author, but on the Dictates of the Critic. The Clerk became the Legislator, and those very peremptorily gave Laws, whose Business it was, at first, only to transcribe them.

Hence arose an obvious, and, perhaps, an unavoidable Error: For these Critics being Men of shallow Capacities, very easily mistook mere Form for Substance. They acted as a Judge would, who should adhere to the lifeless Letter of Law, and reject the Spirit. Little Circumstances which were, perhaps, accidental in a great Author, were, by these Critics, considered to constitute his chief Merit, and transmitted as Essentials to be observed by all his Successors. To these Encroachments, Time and Ignorance, the

the two great Supporters of Imposture, gave Authority ; and thus, many Rules for good Writing have been established, which have not the least Foundation in Truth or Nature, and which commonly serve for no other Purpose than to curb and restrain Genius, in the same Manner ; as it would have restrained the Dancing-master, had the many excellent Treatises on that Art, laid it down as an essential Rule, that every Man must dance in Chains.

To, avoid, therefore, all Imputation of laying down a Rule for Posterity, founded only on the Authority of *ipse dixit* ; for which, to say the Truth, we have not the profoundest Veneration ; we shall here wave the Privilege above contended for, and proceed to lay before the Reader, the Reasons which have induced us, to intersperse these several digressive Essays, in the Course of this Work.

And here we shall of Necessity be led to open a new Vein of Knowledge, which, if it hath been discovered, hath not, to our Remembrance, been wrought on by any antient or modern Writer. This Vein is no other than that of Contrast, which runs through all the Works of the Creation,

Creation, and may probably have a large Share in constituting in us the Idea of all Beauty, as well natural as artificial: For what demonstrates the Beauty and Excellence of any thing, but its Reverse? Thus the Beauty of Day, and that of Summer, is set off by the Horrors of Night and Winter. And I believe, if it was possible for a Man to have seen only the two former, he would have a very imperfect Idea of their Beauty.

But to avoid too serious an Air: Can it be doubted, but that the finest Woman in the World would lose all Benefit of her Charms, in the Eye of a Man who had never seen one of another Cast? The Ladies themselves seem so sensible of this; that they are all industrious to procure Foils; nay, they will become Foils to themselves; for I have observed, (at *Bath* particularly,) that they endeavour to appear as ugly as possible in the Morning, in order to set off that Beauty which they intend to shew you in the Evening.

Most Artists have this Secret in Practice, tho' some, perhaps, have not much studied the Theory. The Jeweller knows that the finest Brilliant requires a Foil; and the

the Painter, by the Contrast of his Figures, often acquires great Applause.

A great Genius among us, will illustrate this Matter fully. I cannot, indeed, range him under any general Head of common Artists, as he hath a Title to be placed among those

*Inventas, qui vitam excoluere per Artes.*

Who by invented Arts have Life improv'd.

I mean here the Inventor of that most exquisite Entertainment, called the *English* Pantomime.

This Entertainment consisted of two Parts, which the Inventor distinguished by the Names of *the Serious* and *the Comic*. The Serious exhibited a certain Number of Heathen Gods and Heroes, who were certainly the worst and dullest Company into which an Audience was ever introduced; and (which was a Secret known to few) were actually intended so to be, in order to contrast the *Comic* Part of the Entertainment, and to display the Tricks of Harlequin to the better Advantage.

This

This was, perhaps, no very civil Use of such Personages; but the Contrivance was nevertheless ingenious enough, and had its Effect. And this will now plainly appear, if instead of *Serious* and *Comic*, we supply the Words *Duller* and *Dullest*; for the *Comic* was certainly duller than any thing before shewn on the Stage, and could only be set off by that superlative Degree of Dulness, which composed the *Serious*. So intolerably serious, indeed, were these Gods and Heroes, that Harlequin (tho' the *English* Gentleman of that Name is not at all related to the *French* Family, for he is of a much more serious Disposition) was always welcome on the Stage, as he relieved the Audience from worse Company.

Judicious Writers have always practised this Art of Contrast, with great Success. I have been surprized that *Horace* should cavil at this Art in *Homer*; but indeed he contradicts himself in the very next Line.

*Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus,  
Verum Operi longo fas est obripere Somnum.*

I grieve if e'er great *Homer* chance to sleep,  
Yet Slumbers on long Works have right to  
creep.

For we are not here to understand, as, perhaps, some have, that an Author actually falls asleep while he is writing. It is true that Readers are too apt to be so overtaken ; but if the Work was as long as any of *Oldmixon*, the Author himself is too well entertained to be subject to the least Drowsiness. He is, as Mr. *Pope* observes,

*Sleepless himself to give his Readers Sleep.*

To say the Truth, these soporific Parts are so many Scenes of *Serious* artfully interwoven, in order to contrast and set off the rest; and this is the true Meaning of a late facetious Writer, who told the Public, that whenever he was dull, they might be assured there was a Design in it.

In this Light then, or rather in this  
Darkness, I would have the Reader to  
consider these initial Effays. And after this  
Warning, if he shall be of Opinion, that  
he can find enough of Serious in other  
Parts



118      *The HISTORY of*      Book V.  
Parts of this History, he may pass over these, in which we profess to be laboriously dull, and begin the following Books, at the second Chapter.

## C H A P. II.

*In which Mr. Jones receives many friendly Visits during his Confinement; with some fine Touches of the Passion of Love, scarce visible to the naked Eye.*

**T**OM JONES had many Visitors during his Confinement, tho' some, perhaps, were not very agreeable to him. Mr. *Allworthy* saw him almost every Day; but tho' he pitied *Tom's* Sufferings, and greatly approved the gallant Behaviour which had occasioned them, yet he thought this was a favourable Opportunity to bring him to a sober Sense of his indiscreet Conduct; and that wholesome Advice for that Purpose, could never be applied at a more proper Season than at the present; when the Mind was softened by Pain and Sickness, and alarmed by Danger; and when its Attention was unembarrassed with those turbulent Passions, which engage us in the Pursuit of Pleasure.

At

At all Seasons, therefore, when the good Man was alone with the Youth, especially when the latter was totally at Ease, he took Occasion to remind him of his former Miscarriages, but in the mildest and tenderest Manner, and only in order to introduce the Caution, which he prescribed for his future Behaviour; ‘on which alone’ he assured him, ‘would depend his own ‘Felicity, and the Kindness which he ‘might yet promise himself to receive at ‘the Hands of his Father by Adoption ‘unless he should hereafter forfeit his Good ‘Opinion : For as to what had past,’ he said, ‘it should be all forgotten and forgiven. He, therefore, advised him to ‘make a good Use of this Accident, that ‘so in the End it might prove a Visitation ‘for his own Good.’

*Thwackum* was likewise pretty assiduous in his Visits; and he too considered a sick Bed to be a convenient Scene for Lectures. His Stile, however, was more severe than Mr. *Alworthby*’s : He told his Pupil, ‘that he ought to look on his broken ‘Limb as a Judgment from Heaven on ‘his Sins. That it would become him ‘to be daily on his Knees, pouring forth ‘Thanksgivings

' Thanksgivings that he had broken his Arm  
 ' only, and not his Neck ; which latter,'  
 he said, ' was very probably reserved  
 ' for some future Occasion, and that perhaps,  
 ' not very remote. For his Part,' he said,  
 ' he had often wondered some Judgment  
 ' had not overtaken him before ; but it  
 ' might be perceived by this, that divine  
 ' Punishments, tho' slow, are always sure.'  
 Hence likewise he advised him ' to fore-  
 ' see, with equal Certainty, the greater  
 ' Evils which were yet behind, and which  
 ' were as sure as this, of overtaking him  
 ' in his State of Reprobacy. These are,'  
 said he, ' to be averted only by such a  
 ' thorough and sincere Repentance, as is  
 ' not to be expected or hoped for, from one  
 ' so abandoned in his Youth, and whose  
 ' Mind, I am afraid, is totally corrupted.  
 ' It is my Duty, however, to exhort you  
 ' to this Repentance, tho' I too well know  
 ' all Exhortations will be vain and fruitless.  
 ' But *liberavi Animam meam*. I can accuse my  
 ' own Conscience of no Neglect ; tho' it is,  
 ' at the same time, with the utmost Con-  
 ' cern, I see you travelling on to certain  
 ' Misery in this World, and to as certain  
 ' Damnation in the next.

and I am persuaded, that you will find  
 and I am persuaded, that you will find  
 and I am persuaded, that you will find

Square

*Square* talked in a very different Strain, He said, 'such Accidents as a broken Bone were below the Consideration of a wise Man. That it was abundantly sufficient to reconcile the Mind to any of these Mischances, to reflect that they are liable to befall the wisest of Mankind, and are undoubtedly for the Good of the whole.' He said, 'it was a mere Abuse of Words, to call those Things Evils, in which there was no moral Unfitness ; that Pain, which was the worst Consequence of such Accidents, was the most contemptible thing in the World ;' with more of the like Sentences, extracted out of the Second Book of *Tully's Tusculan Questions*, and from the Great Lord *Shaftesbury*. In pronouncing these he was one Day so eager, that he unfortunately bit his Tongue ; and in such a Manner, that it not only put an End to his Discourse, but created much Emotion in him, and caused him to utter an Oath or two : But what was worst of all, this Accident gave *Thwackum*, who was present, and who held all such Doctrine to be heathenish and atheistical, an Opportunity to clap a Judgment on his Back. Now this was done with so malicious a Sneer, that it totally unhinged (if I may so say) the Temper of the Philosopher,

plier, which the Bite of his Tongue had somewhat ruffled; and as he was disabled from venting his Wrath at his Lips, he had possibly found a more violent Method of revenging himself, had not the Surgeon, who was then luckily in the Room, contrary to his own Interest, interposed, and preserved the Peace.

Mr. *Bliss* visited his Friend *Jones* but seldom, and never alone. This worthy young Man, however, professed much Regard for him, and as great Concern at his Misfortune; but cautiously avoided any Intimacy, lest, as he frequently hinted, it might contaminate the Sobriety of his own Character: For which Purpose, he had constantly in his Mouth that Proverb in which *Solomon* speaks against Evil Communication. Not that he was so bitter as *Thwackum*; for he always expressed some Hopes of *Tom's* Reformation; 'which,' he said, 'the unparalleled Goodness shewn by his Uncle on this Occasion, must certainly effect, in one not absolutely abandoned;' but concluded, 'if Mr. *Jones* ever offends hereafter, I shall not be able to say a Syllable in his Favour.'

As

As to Squire *Western*, he was seldom out of the Sick Room ; unless when he was engaged either in the Field, or over his Bottle. Nay, he would sometimes retire hither to take his Beer, and it was not without Difficulty, that he was prevented from forcing *Jones* to take his Beer too : For no Quack ever held his Nostrum to be a more general *Panacea*, than he did this ; which, he said, had more Virtues in it than was in all the Physic in an Apothecary's Shop. He was, however, by much Entreaty, prevailed on to forbear the Application of this Medicine ; but from serenading his Patient every Hunting Morning with the Horn under his Window, it was impossible to withhold him ; nor did he ever lay aside that Hollow, with which he entered into all Companies, when he visited *Jones*, without any Regard to the sick Person's being at that Time either awake or asleep.

This boisterous Behaviour, as it meant no Harm, so happily it effected none, and was abundantly compensated to *Jones*, as soon as he was able to sit up, by the Company of *Sophia*, whom the Squire then brought to visit him ; nor was it, indeed,

long before *Jones* was able to attend her to the Harpsichord, where she would kindly condescend, for Hours together, to charm him with the most delicious Music, unless when the Squire thought proper to interrupt her, by insisting on *Old Sir Simon*, or some other of his favourite Pieces.

Notwithstanding the nicest Guard which *Sophia* endeavoured to set on her Behaviour, she could not avoid letting some Appearances now and then slip forth: For Love may again be likened to a Disease in this, that when it is denied a Vent in one Part, it will certainly break out in another. What her Lips therefore concealed, her Eyes, her Blushes, and many little involuntary Actions, betrayed.

One Day when *Sophia* was playing on the Harpsichord, and *Jones* was attending, the Squire came into the Room, crying, ‘ There, ‘ *Tom*, I have had a Battle for thee below ‘ Stairs with thick Parson *Thwackum*.—He ‘ hath been a telling *Allworthy*, before my ‘ Face, that the broken Bone was a Judgment ‘ upon thee. D---n it, says I, how ‘ can that be? Did not he come by it in Defence of a young Woman? A Judgment ‘ indeed! Pox, if he never doth any thing ‘ worse,

‘ worse, he will go to Heaven sooner than  
 ‘ all the Parsons in the Country. He hath  
 ‘ more reason to glory in it, than to be  
 ‘ ashamed of it.’ ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ says  
*Jones*, ‘ I have no Reason for either ; but  
 ‘ if it preserved Miss *Western*, I shall always  
 ‘ think it the happiest Accident of my Life.’  
 ‘ —And to gu,’ said the Squire, ‘ to zet  
 ‘ *Allworthby* against thee vor it.---D--n ’un,  
 ‘ if the Parson had unt had his Petticuoats  
 ‘ on, I should ha lent un a Flick ; for I  
 ‘ love thee dearly, my Boy, and d---n  
 ‘ me if there is any thing in my Power  
 ‘ which I won’t do for thee. Sha’t take  
 ‘ thy Choice of all the Horses in my Stable  
 ‘ to-morrow Morning, except only the  
 ‘ *Chevalier* and Miss *Slouch*.’ *Jones* thanked  
 him, but declined accepting the Offer.—  
 ‘ Nay,’ added the Squire, ‘ Shat ha the sorrel  
 ‘ Mare that *Sopby* rode. She cost me fifty  
 ‘ Guineas, and comes six Years old this Grass.  
 ‘ If she had cost me a thousand,’ cries *Jones*  
 passionately, ‘ I would have given her to the  
 ‘ Dogs.’ Pooh ! pooh !’ answered *Western*,  
 ‘ what because she broke thy Arm. Shouldst  
 ‘ forget and forgive. I thought hadst been  
 ‘ more a Man than to bear Malice against  
 ‘ a dumb Creature.’—Here *Sophia* inter-  
 posed, and put an End to the Conversation,



by desiring her Father's Leave to play to him; a Request which he never refused.

The Countenance of *Sophia* had undergone more than one Change during the foregoing Speeches; and probably she imputed the passionate Resentment which *Jones* had expressed against the Marc to a different Motive from that from which her Father had derived it. Her Spirits were at this Time in a visible Flutter; and she played so intolerably ill, that had not *Western* soon fallen asleep, he must have remarked it. *Jones*, however, who was sufficiently awake, and was not without an Ear any more than without Eyes, made some Observations; which being joined to all which the Reader may remember to have passed formerly, gave him pretty strong Assurances, when he came to reflect on the whole, that all was not well in the tender Bosom of *Sophia*. An Opinion which many young Gentlemen will, I doubt not, extremely wonder at his not having been well confirmed in long ago. To confess the Truth, he had rather too much Diffidence in himself, and was not forward enough in seeing the Advances of a young Lady; a Misfortune which can only be cured by that early Town Education, which is at present so generally in Fashion.

When

When these Thoughts had fully taken Possession of *Jones*, they occasioned a Perturbation in his Mind, which, in a Constitution less pure and firm than his, might have been, at such a Season, attended with very dangerous Consequences. He was truly sensible of the great Worth of *Sophia*. He extremely liked her Person, no less admired her Accomplishments, and tenderly loved her Goodness. In Reality, as he had never once entertained any Thought of possessing her, nor had ever given the least voluntary Indulgence to his Inclinations, he had a much stronger Passion for her than he himself was acquainted with. His Heart now brought forth the full Secret, at the same Time that it assured him the adorable Object returned his Affection.

### CHAP. III.

*Which all, who have no Heart, will think to contain much ado about nothing.*

THE Reader will perhaps imagine, the Sensations which now arose in *Jones* to have been so sweet and delicious, that they would rather tend to produce a cheerful

cheerful Serenity in the Mind, than any of those dangerous Effects which we have mentioned ; but in fact, Sensations of this Kind, however delicious, are, at their first Recognition, of a very tumultuous Nature, and have very little of the Opiate in them. They were, moreover, in the present Case, embittered with certain Circumstances, which being mixed with sweeter Ingredients, tended altogether to compose a Draught that might be termed *bitter-sweet* ; than which, as nothing can be more disagreeable to the Palate, so nothing, in the metaphorical Sense, can be so injurious to the Mind.

For first, though he had sufficient Foundation to flatter himself on what he had observed in *Sophia*, he was not yet free from Doubt of misconstruing Compassion, or, at best, Esteem, into a warmer Regard. He was far from a sanguine Assurance that *Sophia* had any such Affection towards him, as might promise his Inclinations that Harvest, which, if they were encouraged and nursed, they would finally grow up to require. Besides, if he could hope to find no Bar to his Happiness from the Daughter, he thought himself certain of meeting an effectual Bar in the Father ; who, though he was a Country Squire in his Diversions

wa

was perfectly a Man of the World in whatever regarded his Fortune; had the most violent Affection for this only Daughter, and had often signified, in his Cups, the Pleasure he proposed in seeing her married to one of the richest Men in the County. *Jones* was not so vain and senseless a Coxcomb as to expect, from any Regard which *Western* had professed for him, that he would ever be induced to lay aside these Views of advancing his Daughter. He well knew that Fortune is generally the principal, if not the sole Consideration, which operates on the best of Parents in these Matters: For Friendship makes us warmly espouse the Interest of others; but is very cold to the Gratification of their Passions. Indeed, to feel the Happiness which may result from this, it is necessary we should possess the Passion ourselves. As he had therefore no Hopes of obtaining her Father's Consent, so he thought to endeavour to succeed without it, and by such Means to frustrate the Great Point of *Mr. Western's* Life, was to make a very ill Use of his Hospitality, and a very ungrateful Return to the many little Favours received (however roughly) at his Hands. If he saw such a Consequence with Horror and Disdain, how much more was he shocked,

with what regarded Mr. *Allworthy*; to whom, as he had more than filial Obligations, so had he for him more than filial Piety. He knew the Nature of that good Man to be so averse to any Baseness or Treachery, that the least Attempt of such a Kind would make the guilty Person for ever odious to his Eyes, and the Name of that Person a detestable Sound in his Ears. The Appearance of such unsurmountable Difficulties was sufficient to have inspired him with Despair, however ardent his Wishes had been; but even these were controlled by Compassion for another Woman. The Idea of lovely *Molly* now intruded itself before him. He had sworn eternal Constancy in her Arms, and she had as often vowed never to outlive his deserting her. He now saw her in all the most shocking Postures of Death; nay, he considered all the Miseries of Prostitution to which she would be liable, and of which he would be doubly the Occasion; first by seducing, and then by deserting her; for he well knew the Hatred which all her Neighbours, and even her own Sisters, bore her, and how ready they would all be to tear her to Pieces. Indeed he had exposed her to more Envy than Shame, or rather to the latter by Means of the former: For many Women abused her for being a Whore,

### Ch. 3.     a FOUNDLING.     131

Whore, while they envied her her Lover and her Finery, and would have been themselves glad to have purchased these at the same Rate. The Ruin, therefore, of the poor Girl must, he foresaw, unavoidably attend his deserting her; and this Thought flung him to the Soul. Poverty and Distress seemed to him to give none a Right of aggravating those Misfortunes. The Meanness of her Condition did not represent her Misery as of little Consequence in his Eyes, nor did it appear to justify, or even to palliate, his Guilt, in bringing that Misery upon her. But why do I mention Justification; his own Heart would not suffer him to destroy a human Creature, who, he thought, loved him, and had to that Love sacrificed her Innocence. His own good Heart pleaded her Cause; not as a cold venal Advocate; but as one interested in the Event, and which must itself deeply share in all the Agonies its Owner brought on another.

When this cunning Advocate had sufficiently raised the Pity of Jones, by painting poor Molly in all the Circumstances of Wretchedness; it artfully called in the Assistance of another Passion, and represented the Girl in all the amiable Colours of Youth,

Youth, Health, and Beauty; as one greatly the Object of Desire, and much the more so, at least to a good Mind, from being, at the same time, the Object of Compassion.

Amidst these Thoughts, poor *Jones* passed a long sleepless Night, and in the Morning the Result of the whole was to abide by *Molly*, and to think no more of *Sophia*.

In this virtuous Resolution he continued all the next Day till the Evening, cherishing the Idea of *Molly*, and driving *Sophia* from his Thoughts; but in the fatal Evening, a very trifling Accident set all his Passions again on Float, and worked so total a Change in his Mind, that we think it decent to communicate it in a fresh Chapter.

#### CH A P. IV.

*A little Chapter, in which is contained a little Incident.*

**A**MONG other Visitants, who paid their Compliments to the young Gentleman in his Confinement, Mrs. Honour was one. The Reader, perhaps, when he reflects on some Expressions which have formerly

merly dropt from her, may conceive that she herself had a very particular Affection for Mr. Jones; but, in reality, it was no such thing. Tom was a handsome young Fellow; and for that Species of Men Mrs. Honour had some Regard; but this was perfectly indiscriminate: For having been crossed in the Love which she bore a certain Nobleman's Footman, who had basely deserted her after a Promise of Marriage, she had so securely kept together the broken Remains of her Heart, that no Man had ever since been able to possess himself of any single Fragment. She viewed all handsome Men with that equal Regard and Benevolence, which a sober and virtuous Mind bears to all the Good.---She might, indeed, be called a Lover of Men, as *Socrates* was a Lover of Mankind, preferring one to another for corporeal, as he for mental Qualifications; but never carrying this Preference so far as to cause any Perturbation in the philosophical Serenity of her Temper.

The Day after Mr. Jones had had that Conflict with himself, which we have seen in the preceding Chapter, Mrs. Honour came into his Room, and finding him alone, began in the following Manner: ‘La, Sir, where do you think I have been? I warrants  
you,



‘ you, you would not guess in fifty Years;  
‘ but if you did guess, to be sure, I  
‘ must not tell you neither.’ ‘ Nay, if it  
‘ be something which you must not tell me,’  
said *Jones*, ‘ I shall have the Curiosity to  
‘ enquire, and I know you will not be  
‘ so barbarous to refuse me.’ ‘ I don’t  
‘ know,’ cries she, ‘ why I should refuse  
‘ you neither, for that Matter; for to be  
‘ sure you won’t mention it any more. And  
‘ for that Matter, if you knew where I had  
‘ been, unless you knew what I had been  
‘ about, it would not signify much. Nay,  
‘ I don’t see why it should be kept a Secret,  
‘ for my Part; for to be sure she is the  
‘ best Lady in the World.’ Upon this,  
*Jones* began to beg earnestly to be let into  
this Secret, and faithfully promised not to  
divulge it. She then proceeded thus. ‘ Why,  
‘ you must know, Sir, my young Lady  
‘ sent me to enquire after *Molly Seagrim*,  
‘ and to see whether the Wench wanted any  
‘ thing; to be sure, I did not care to go;  
‘ methinks; but Servants must do what  
‘ they are ordered.—How could you un-  
‘ dervalue yourself so, Mr. *Jones*?—So my  
‘ Lady bid me go, and carry her some  
‘ Linnen, and other Things. — She  
‘ is too good. If such forward Sluts  
‘ were sent to *Bridewell*, it would be better  
‘ for

' for them. I told my Lady, says I, Ma-  
 ' dam, Your La'ship is encouraging Idle-  
 ' ness—' ' And was my *Sophia* so good?'  
 says *Jones*,---' My *Sophia*! I assure you,  
 ' marry come up,' answered *Honour*. ' And  
 ' yet if you knew all,----Indeed, if I was  
 ' as Mr. *Jones*, I should look a little higher  
 ' than such Trumpery as *Molly Seagrim*.'  
 ' What do you mean by these Words,' re-  
 plied *Jones*, ' If I knew all?' ' I mean  
 ' what I mean,' says *Honour*. ' Don't  
 ' you remember putting your Hands in my  
 ' Lady's Muff once? I vow I could almost  
 ' find in my Heart to tell, if I was certain  
 ' my Lady would never come to the Hear-  
 ' ing on't,'----*Jones* then made several for-  
 lemn Protestations. And *Honour* proceeded  
 ----' then, to be sure, my Lady gave me  
 ' that Muff; and afterwards, upon hearing  
 ' what you had done-----' Then you  
 ' told her what I had done!' interrupted  
*Jones*. ' If I did, Sir,' answered she, ' you  
 ' need not be angry with me. Many's the  
 ' Man would have given his Head to have  
 ' had my Lady told, if they had known---  
 ' for, to be sure, the biggest Lord in the  
 ' Land might be proud---but, I protest, I  
 ' have a great Mind not to tell you.' *Jones*  
 fell to Entreaties, and soon prevailed on her  
 to go on thus. ' You must know then, Sir,  
 that

• that my Lady had given this Muff to  
 • me ; but about a Day or two after I had  
 • told her the Story, she quarrels with her  
 • new Muff, and to be sure it is the pret-  
 • tiest that ever was seen. *Honour,* says  
 she,---‘ this is an odious Muff ;---it is too  
 • big for me,---I can’t wear it——till I can  
 • get another, you must let me have my  
 • old one again, and you may have this in  
 • the room on’t—for she’s a good Lady, and  
 • scorns to give a Thing and take a Thing,  
 • I promise you that. So to be sure I  
 • fetched it her back again, and, I believe,  
 • she hath worn it upon her Arm almost  
 • ever since, and I warrants hath given it  
 • many a Kiss when nobody hath seen her.

Here the Conversation was interrupted  
 by Mr. *Western* himself, who came to sum-  
 mon *Jones* to the Harpsichord ; whither  
 the poor young Fellow went all pale and  
 trembling. This *Western* observed, but,  
 on seeing Mrs. *Hensur*, imputed it to a  
 wrong Cause ; and having given *Jones*  
 a hearty Curse between Jest and Earnest,  
 he bid him beat abroad, and not poach up  
 the Game in his Warren.

*Sophia* looked this Evening with more  
 than usual Beauty, and we may believe it  
 was no small Addition to her Charms, in  
 the

the Eye of Mr. Jones, that she now happened to have on her Right Arm this very Muff.

She was playing one of her Father's favourite Tunes, and he was leaning on her Chair, when the Muff fell over her Fingers, and put her out. This so disconcerted the Squire, that he snatched the Muff from her, and with a hearty Curse threw it into the Fire. *Sophia* instantly started up, and with the utmost Eagerness recovered it from the Flames.

Though this Incident will probably appear of little Consequence to many of our Readers, yet, trifling as it was, it had so violent an Effect on poor Jones, that we thought it our Duty to relate it. In reality, there are many little Circumstances too, often omitted by injudicious Historians, from which Events of the utmost Importance arise. The World may indeed be considered as a vast Machine, in which the great Wheels are originally set in Motion by those which are very minute, and almost imperceptible to any but the strongest Eyes.

Thus,

Thus, not all the Charms of the incomparable *Sophia*; not all the dazzling Brightness, and languishing Softness of her Eyes; the Harmony of her Voice, and of her Person; not all her Wit, good Humour, Greatness of Mind, or Sweetness of Disposition, had been able so absolutely to conquer and enslave the Heart of poor *Jones*, as this little Incident of the Muff. Thus the Poet sweetly sings of *Troy*.

— *Captiq; dolis lachrymisq; coacti*  
*Quos neq; Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,*  
*Nec anni domuere decem, non mille Carinae.*

What *Diomedes*, or *Thetis'* greater Son,  
 A thousand Ships, nor ten Years Siege  
 had done,  
 False Fears, and sawning Words, the  
 City won.

DRYDEN.

The Citadel of *Jones* was now taken by Surprise. All those Considerations of Honour and Prudence, which our Heroe had lately with so much military Wisdom placed as Guards over the Avenues of his Heart, ran away from their Posts, and the God of Love marched in in Triumph.

C H A P.

## C H A P. V.

*A very long Chapter, containing a very great Incident.*

**B**UT though this victorious Deity easily expelled his avowed Enemies from the Heart of *Jones*, he found it more difficult to supplant the *Garrison* which he himself had placed there. To lay aside all Allegory, the Concern for what must become of poor *Molly*, greatly disturbed and perplexed the Mind of the worthy Youth. The superior Merit of *Sophia*, totally eclipsed, or rather extinguished all the Beauties of the poor Girl; but Compassion instead of Contempt succeeded to Love. He was convinced the Girl had placed all her Affections, and all her Prospect of future Happiness in him only. For this he had, he knew, given sufficient Occasion, by the utmost Profusion of Tenderness towards her: A Tenderness which he had taken every Means to persuade her he would always maintain. She, on her Side, had assured him of her firm Belief in his Promise, and had with the most solemn Vows declared, that on his fulfilling, or break-

breaking these Promises, it depended, whether she should be the happiest, or the most miserable of Womankind. And to be the Author of this highest Degree of Misery to a human Being, was a Thought on which he could not bear to ruminate a single Moment. He considered this poor Girl as having sacrificed to him every Thing in her little Power; as having been at her own Expence the Object of his Pleasure; as sighing and languishing for him even at that very Instant. Shall then, says he, my Recovery, for which she hath so ardently wished; shall my Presence which she hath so eagerly expected, instead of giving her that Joy with which she hath flattered herself, cast her at once down into Misery and Dispair? Can I be such a Villain? Here, when the Genius of poor *Molly* seem'd triumphant, the Love of *Sophia* towards him, which now appeared no longer dubious, rushed upon his Mind, and bore away every Obstacle before it.

At length it occurred to him, that he might possibly be able to make *Molly* amends another Way; namely, by giving her a Sum of Money. This nevertheless he almost despaired of her accepting, when he recollected the frequent and vehement

Affu

Assurances he had received from her, that the World put in Ballance with him, would make her no Amends for his Loss. However, her extreme Poverty, and chiefly her egregious Vanity (somewhat of which hath been already hinted to the Reader,) gave him some little Hope, that notwithstanding all her avowed Tenderness, she might in Time be brought to content herself with a Fortune superiour to her Expectation, and which might indulge her Vanity, by setting her above all her Equals. He resolved therefore, to take the first Opportunity of making a Proposal of this Kind.

One Day accordingly, when his Arm was so well recovered, that he could walk easily with it slung in a Sash, he stole forth, at a Season when the Squire was engaged in his Field Exercises, and visited his Fair one. Her Mother and Sisters, whom he found taking their Tea, informed him first that *Molly* was not at Home; but afterwards, the elder Sister acquainted him with a malicious Smile, that she was above Stairs abed. *Tom* had no Objection to this Situation of his Mistress, and immediately ascended the Ladder which led towards her Bed-Chamber; but when he came to the Top, he, to his great Surprise, found the

Door



Door fast; nor could he for some Time obtain any Answer from within; for *Molly*, as she herself afterwards informed him, was fast asleep.

The Extremes of Grief and Joy have been remarked to produce very similar Effects; and when either of these rushes on us by Surprise, it is apt to create such a total Perturbation and Confusion, that we are often thereby deprived of the Use of all our Faculties. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the unexpected Sight of *Mr. Jones* should so strongly operate on the Mind of *Molly*, and should overwhelm her with such Confusion, that for some Minutes she was unable to express the great Raptures, with which the Reader will suppose she was affected on this Occasion. As for *Jones*, he was so entirely possessed, and as it were enchanted by the Presence of his beloved Object, that he for a while forgot *Sophia*, and consequently the principal Purpose of his Visit.

This, however, soon recurred to his Memory; and after the first Transports of their Meeting were over, he found Means by Degrees to introduce a Discourse on the fatal Consequences which must attend the

Amour

Amour, if Mr. *Allworthy*, who had strictly forbidden him ever seeing her more, should discover that he still carried on this Commerce. Such a Discovery, which his Enemies gave him Reason to think would be unavoidable, must, he said, end in his Ruin, and consequently in hers. Since, therefore, their hard Fates had determined that they must separate, he advised her to bear it with Resolution, and swore he would never omit any Opportunity through the Course of his Life, of shewing her the Sincerity of his Affection, by providing for her in a Manner beyond her utmost Expectation, or even beyond her Wishes, if ever that should be in his Power; concluding, at last, that she might soon find some Man who would marry her, and who would make her much happier than she could be by leading a disreputable Life with him.

*Molly* remained a few Moments in Silence, and then bursting into a Flood of Tears, she began to upbraid him in the following Words. ‘ And is this your Love  
‘ for me, to forsake me in this Manner;  
‘ now you have ruined me? How often,  
‘ when I have told you that all Men are  
‘ false and Perjury alike, and grow tired  
‘ of us as soon as ever they have had their  
‘ wicked

' wicked Wills of us, how often have you  
 ' sworn you would never forsake me? And  
 ' can you be such a perjury Man after all?  
 ' What signifies all the Riches in the World  
 ' to me without you, now you have gained  
 ' my Heart, so you have---you have---?  
 ' Why do you mention another Man to me?  
 ' I can never love any other Man as long  
 ' as I live. All other Men are nothing to  
 ' me. If the greatest Squire in all the  
 ' Country would come a suiting to me to-  
 ' morrow, I would not give my Company  
 ' to him. No, I shall always hate and de-  
 ' spite the whole Sex for your Sake——'

She was proceeding thus, when an Acci-  
 dent put a Stop to her Tongue, before it  
 had run out half its Career. The Room,  
 or rather Garret, in which *Molly* lay, be-  
 ing up one Pair of Stairs, that is to say, at  
 the Top of the House, was of a sloping  
 Figure, resembling the great *Delta* of the  
*Greeks*. The *English* Reader may, per-  
 haps, form a better Idea of it, by being  
 told, that it was impossible to stand upright  
 any where but in the Middle. Now, as  
 this Room wanted the Conveniency of a  
 Closet, *Molly* had, to supply that Defect,  
 nailed up an old Rug against the Rafters of  
 the House, which enclosed a little Hole  
 where

where her best Apparel, such as the Remains of that Sack which we have formerly mentioned, some Caps, and other Things with which she had lately provided herself; were hung up and secured from the Dust.

This inclosed Place exactly fronted the Foot of the Bed, to which, indeed, the Rug hung so near, that it served, in a Manner, to supply the Want of Curtains. Now, whether *Molly* in the Agonies of her Rage, pushed this Rug with her Feet; or, *Jones* might touch it; or whether the Pin or Nail gave way of its own Accord, I am not certain; but as *Molly* pronounced those last Words, which are recorded above, the wicked Rug got loose from its Fastning, and discovered every thing hid behind it; where among other female Utensils appeared——(with Shame I write it, and with Sorrow will it be read)——the *Philosopher Square*, in a Posture (for the Place would not near admit his standing upright) as ridiculous as can possibly be conceived.

The Posture, indeed, in which he stood, was not greatly unlike that of a Soldier who is tyed Neck and Heels; or rather resembling the Attitude in which we often

see Fellows in the public Streets of *London*, who are not suffering but deserving Punishment by so standing. He had a Night-cap belonging to *Molly* on his Head, and his two large Eyes, the Moment the Rug fell, stared directly at *Jones*; so that when the Idea of Philosophy was added to the Figure now discovered, it would have been very difficult for any Spectator to have refrained from immoderate Laughter;

I question not but the Surprize of the Reader will be here equal to that of *Jones*; as the Suspicions which must arise from the Appearance of this wise and grave Man in such a Place, may seem so inconsistent with that Character, which he hath, doubtless, maintained hitherto, in the Opinion of every one.

But to confess the Truth, this Inconsistency is rather imaginary than real. Philosophers are composed of Flesh and Blood as well as other human Creatures; and however sublimated and refined the Theory of these may be, a little practical Frailty is as incident to them as to other Mortals. It is, indeed, in Theory only and not in Practice, as we have before hinted, that consists the Difference: For tho' such great Beings think  
much

much better and more wisely, they always act exactly like other Men. They know very well how to subdue all Appetites and Passions, and to despise both Pain and Pleasure; and this Knowledge affords much delightful Contemplation, and is easily acquired; but the Practice would be vexatious and troublesome; and, therefore, the same Wisdom which teaches them to know this, teaches them to avoid carrying it into Execution.

Mr. *Square* happened to be at Church, on that *Sunday* when, as the Reader may be pleased to remember, the Appearance of *Molly* in her Sack had caused all that Disturbance. Here he first observed her and was so pleased with her Beauty, that he prevailed with the young Gentlemen to change their intended Ride that Evening, that he might pass by the Habitation of *Molly*, and, by that Means, might obtain a second Chance of seeing her. This Reason, however, as he did not at that time mention to any, so neither did we think proper to communicate it then to the Reader.

Among other Particulars which constituted the Unfitness of Things in Mr. *Square's* Opinion, Danger and Difficulty were two.

H 2

The

The Difficulty; therefore, which he apprehended there might be in corrupting this young Wench, and the Danger which would accrue to his Character on the Discovery, were such strong Dissuatives, that it is probable, he at first intended to have contented himself with the pleasing Ideas which the Sight of Beauty furnishes us with. These the gravest Men, after a full Meal of serious Meditation, often allow themselves by Way of Desert : For which Purpose, certain Books and Pictures find their Way into the most private Recesses of their Study, and a certain liquorish Part of natural Philosophy is often the principal Subject of their Conversation.

But when the Philosopher heard a Day or two afterwards, that the Fortress of Virtue had already been subdued, he began to give a larger Scope to his Desires. His Appetite was not of that squeamish Kind which cannot feed on a Dainty because another hath tasted it. In short, he liked the Girl the better for the Want of that Chastity, which, if she had possessed it, must have been a Bar to his Pleasures ; he pursued, and obtained her.

The

The Reader will be mistaken, if he thinks *Molly* gave *Square* the Preference to her younger Lover : On the contrary, had she been confined to the Choice of one only, *Tom Jones* would, undoubtedly, have been, of the two, the victorious Person. Nor was it solely the Consideration that two are better than one (tho' this had its proper Weight) to which Mr. *Square* owed his Success ; the Absence of *Jones* during his Confinement was an unlucky Circumstance ; and in that Interval, some well chosen Presents from the Philosopher so softened and unguarded the Girl's Heart, that a favourable Opportunity became irresistible, and *Square* triumphed over the poor Remains of Virtue which subsisted in the Bosom of *Molly*.

It was now about a Fortnight since this Conquest, when *Jones* paid the above-mentioned Visit to his Mistress, at a time when she and *Square* were in Bed together. This was the true Reason why the Mother denied her as we have seen ; for as the old Woman shared in the Profits arising from the Iniquity of her Daughter, she encouraged and protected her in it to the utmost of her Power ; but such was the Envy and Hatred which the elder Sister



bore towards *Molly*, that, notwithstanding she had some Part of the Booty, she would willingly have parted with this to ruin her Sister, and spoil her Trade. Hence she had acquainted *Jones* with her being above Stairs in Bed, in Hopes that he might have caught her in *Square's* Arms. This, however, *Molly* found Means to prevent, as the Door was fastned; which gave her an Opportunity of conveying her Lover behind that Rug or Blanket where he now was unhappily discovered.

*Square* no sooner made his Appearance than *Molly* flung herself back in her Bed, cried out she was undone, and abandoned herself to Despair. This poor Girl, who was yet but a Novice in her Business, had not arrived to that Perfection of Assurance which helps off a Town Lady in any Extremity; and either prompts her with an Excuse, or else inspires her to brazen out the Matter with her Husband; who from Love of Quiet, or out of Fear of his Reputation, and sometimes, perhaps, from Fear of the Gallant, who, like Mr. *Constant* in the Play, wears a Sword, is glad to shut his Eyes, and contented to put his Horns in his Pocket: *Molly*, on the contrary, was silenced by this Evidence, and very fairly gave

gave up a Cause which she had hitherto with so many Tears, and with such solemn and vehement Protestations of the purest Love and Constancy, maintained.

As to the Gentleman behind the Arras, he was not in much less Consternation. He stood for a while motionless, and seemed equally at a Loss what to say, or whither to direct his Eyes.—*Jones*, tho' perhaps the most astonished of the three, first found his Tongue; and, being immediately recovered from those uneasy Sensations, which *Molly* by her Upbraidings had occasioned, he burst into a loud Laughter, and then saluting Mr. *Square*, advanced to take him by the Hand, and to relieve him from his Place of Confinement.

*Square*, being now arrived in the Middle of the Room, in which Part only he could stand upright, looked at *Jones* with a very grave Countenance, and said to him, 'Well, Sir, I see you enjoy this mighty Discovery; and, I dare swear, taste great Delight in the Thoughts of exposing me; but if you will consider the Matter fairly, you will find you are yourself only to blame. I am not guilty of corrupting Innocence. I have done nothing for which that Part of

‘ the World which judges of Matters by the  
‘ Rule of Right will condemn me. Fit-  
‘ ness is governed by the Nature of Things,  
‘ and not by Customs, Forms, or municipi-  
‘ pal Laws. Nothing is, indeed, unfit  
‘ which is not unnatural.’ ‘ Well reasoned,  
‘ old Boy,’ answered *Jones*; ‘ but why  
‘ dost thou think I should desire to expose  
‘ thee? I promise thee, I was never better  
‘ pleased with thee in my Life; and unless  
‘ thou hast a Mind to discover it thyself,  
‘ this Affair may remain a profound Secret  
‘ for me.’ ‘ Nay, Mr. *Jones*,’ replied  
*Square*, ‘ I would not be thought to un-  
‘ dervalue Reputation. Good Fame is a  
‘ Species of the KALON and it is by no  
‘ Means fitting to neglect it. Besides to  
‘ murder one’s own Reputation, is a kind  
‘ of Suicide, a detestable and odious Vice.  
‘ If you think proper, therefore, to con-  
‘ ceal any Infirmary of mine; (for such I  
‘ may have, since no Man is perfectly per-  
‘ fect;) I promise you I will not betray my-  
‘ self. Things may be fitting to be done,  
‘ which are not fitting to be boasted of:  
‘ for by the perverse Judgment of the  
‘ World, That often becomes the Subject of  
‘ Censure, which is, in Truth, not only  
‘ innocent but laudable.’ ‘ Right!’ cries  
‘ *Jones*, ‘ what can be more innocent than  
‘ the

‘ the Indulgence of a natural Appetite ?  
 ‘ or what more laudable than the Propaga-  
 ‘ tion of our Species ?’ ‘ To be serious  
 ‘ with you,’ answered *Square*, ‘ I profess  
 ‘ they always appeared so to me.’ ‘ And  
 ‘ yet,’ said *Jones*, ‘ you was of a different  
 ‘ Opinion when my Affair with this Girl  
 ‘ was first discovered.’ ‘ Why, I must  
 ‘ confess,’ says *Square*, ‘ as the Matter  
 ‘ was misrepresented to me by that Par-  
 ‘ son *Thwackum*, I might condemn the  
 ‘ Corruption of Innocence : It was that ;  
 ‘ Sir, it was that — and that — : For  
 ‘ you must know, Mr. *Jones*, in the Con-  
 ‘ sideration of Fitness, very minute Cir-  
 ‘ cumstances, Sir, very minute Circum-  
 ‘ stances cause great Alteration.’ — ‘ Well,’  
 cries *Jones*, ‘ be that as it will, it shall be  
 ‘ your own Fault, as I have promised you,  
 ‘ if you ever hear any more of this Ad-  
 ‘ venture. Behave kindly to the Girl, and  
 ‘ I will never open my Lips concerning  
 ‘ the Matter to any one. And, *Molly*, do  
 ‘ you be faithful to your Friend, and I will  
 ‘ not only forgive your Infidelity to me ;  
 ‘ but will do you all the Service I can.’  
 So saying, he took a hasty Leave, and  
 slipping down the Ladder, retired with  
 much Expedition.

*Square* was rejoiced to find this Adventure was likely to have no worse Conclusion; and as for *Molly*, being recovered from her Confusion, she began at first to upbraid *Square* with having been the Occasion of her Loss of *Jones*; but that Gentleman soon found the Means of mitigating her Anger, partly by Caresses, and partly by a small Nostrum from his Purse, of wonderful and approved Efficacy in purging off the ill Humours of the Mind, and in restoring it to a good Temper.

She then poured forth a vast Profusion of Tenderness towards her new Lover; turned all she had said to *Jones*, and *Jones* himself into Ridicule, and vowed, tho' he had had the Possession of her Person, that none but *Square* had ever been Master of her Heart.

C H A P.

## C H A P. VI.

*By comparing which with the former, the Reader may possibly correct some Abuse which he hath formerly been guilty of, in the Application of the Word LOVE.*

**T**HE Infidelity of Molly, which Jones had now discovered, would, perhaps, have vindicated a much greater Degree of Resentment than he expressed on the Occasion; and if he had abandoned her directly from that Moment, very few, I believe, would have blamed him.

Certain, however, it is, that he saw her in the Light of Compassion; and tho' his Love to her was not of that Kind which could give him any great Uneasiness at her Inconstancy, yet was he not a little shocked on reflecting that he had himself originally corrupted her Innocence; for to this Corruption he imputed all the Vice, into which she appeared now so likely to plunge herself.

This Consideration gave him no little Uneasiness, till *Betty*, the elder Sister, was so kind some time afterwards entirely to cure him by a Hint, that one *Will Barnes*, and not himself, had been the first Seducer of *Molly*; and that the little Child, which he had hitherto so certainly concluded to be his own, might very probably have an equal Title at least, to claim *Barnes* for its Father.

*Jones* eagerly pursued this Scent when he had first received it; and in a very short Time was sufficiently assured that the Girl had told him Truth, not only by the Confession of the Fellow, but, at last, by that of *Molly* herself.

This *Will Barnes* was a Country Gallant, and had acquired as many Trophies of this Kind as any Ensign or Attorney's Clerk in the Kingdom. He had, indeed, reduced several Women to a State of utter Profligacy, had broke the Hearts of some, and had the Honour of occasioning the violent Death of one poor Girl, who had either drowned herself, or, what was rather more probable, had been drowned by him.

Among

Among other of his Conquests, this Fellow had triumphed over the Heart of *Betty Seagrim*. He had made love to her long before *Molly* was grown to be a fit Object of that Pastime; but had afterwards deserted her, and applied to her Sister, with whom he had almost immediate Success. Now *Will* had, in reality, the sole Possession of *Molly's* Affection, while *Jones* and *Square* were almost equally Sacrifices to her Interest, and to her Pride.

Hence had grown that implacable Hatred which we have before seen raging in the Mind of *Betty*; though we did not think it necessary to assign this Cause sooner, as Envy itself was alone adequate to all the Effects we have mentioned.

*Jones* was become perfectly easy by Possession of this Secret with Regard to *Molly*; but as to *Sophia*, he was far from being in a State of Tranquility; nay, indeed, he was under the most violent Perturbation: His Heart was now, if I may use the Metaphor, entirely evacuated, and *Sophia* took absolute Possession of it. He loved her with an unbounded Passion, and plainly saw the tender Sentiments she had for him; yet could not  
this



this Assurance lessen his Despair of obtaining the Consent of her Father, nor the Horrors which attended his Pursuit of her by any base or treacherous Method.

The Injury which he must thus do to Mr. *Western*, and the Concern which would accrue to Mr. *Allworthy*, were Circumstances that tormented him all Day, and haunted him on his Pillow at Night. His Life was a constant Struggle between Honour and Inclination, which alternately triumphed over each other in his Mind. He often resolved, in the Absence of *Sophia*, to leave her Father's House, and to see her no more; and as often, in her Presence, forgot all those Resolutions, and determined to pursue her at the Hazard of his Life, and at the Forfeiture of what was much dearer to him.

This Conflict began soon to produce very strong and visible Effects: For he lost all his usual Sprightliness and Gaiety of Temper, and became not only melancholy when alone, but dejected and absent in Company; nay, if ever he put on a forced Mirth, to comply with Mr. *Western's* Humour, the Constraint appeared so plain, that he may seem to have been giving the  
strongest

strongest Evidence of what he endeavoured to conceal by such Ostentation.

It may, perhaps, be a Question, whether the Art which he used to conceal his Passion, or the Means which honest Nature employed to reveal it, betrayed him most: For while Art made him more than ever reserved to *Sophia*, and forbad him to address any of his Discourse to her; nay, to avoid meeting her Eyes, with the utmost Caution; Nature was no less busy in counterplotting him. Hence, at the Approach of the young Lady, he grew pale; and if this was sudden, started. If his Eyes accidentally met hers, the Blood rushed into his Cheeks, and his Countenance became all-over Scarlet. If common Civility ever obliged him to speak to her, as to drink her Health at Table, his Tongue was sure to falter. If he touched her his Hand, nay his whole Frame trembled. And if any Discourse tended, however remotely, to raise the Idea of Love, an involuntary Sigh seldom failed to steal from his Bosom. Most of which Accidents Nature was wonderfully industrious to throw daily in his Way.

All these Symptoms escaped the Notice of the Squire; but not so of *Sophia*. She soon

soon perceived these Agitations of Mind in *Jones*, and was at no Loss to discover the Cause; for indeed she recognized it in her own Breast. And this Recognition is, I suppose, that Sympathy which hath been so often noted in Lovers, and which will sufficiently account for her being so much quicker-sighted than her Father.

But, to say the Truth, there is a more simple and plain Method of accounting for that prodigious Superiority of Penetration which we must observe in some Men over the rest of the human Species, and one which will not only serve in the Case of Lovers, but of all others. For whence is it that the Knave is generally so quick-sighted to those Symptoms and Operations of Knavery which often dupe an honest Man of a much better Understanding? There surely is no general Sympathy among Knaves, nor have they, like Free Masons, any common Sign of Communication. In reality, it is only because they have the same thing in their Heads, and their Thoughts are turned the same Way. Thus, that *Sophia* saw, and that *Western* did not see the plain Symptoms of Love in *Jones* can be no Wonder, when we consider that the Idea of Love never entered into the Head of the Father, whereas the

the Daughter, at present, thought of nothing else.

When *Sophia* was well satisfied of the violent Passion which tormented poor *Jones*, and no less certain that she herself was its Object, she had not the least Difficulty in discovering the true Cause of his present Behaviour. This highly endeared him to her, and raised in her Mind two of the best Affections which any Lover can wish to raise in a Mistress. These were Esteem and Pity; for sure the most outrageously rigid among her Sex will excuse her pitying a Man, whom she saw miserable on her own Account; nor can they blame her for esteeming one who visibly from the most honourable Motives, endeavoured to smother a Flame in his own Bosom, which, like the famous *Spartan* Theft, was preying upon, and consuming his very Vitals. Thus his Backwardness, his Shunning her, his Coldness and his Silence, were the forwardest, the most diligent, the warmest, and most eloquent Advocates; and wrought so violently on her sensible and tender Heart, that she soon felt for him all those gentle Sensations which are consistent with a virtuous and elevated female Mind——In short, all which Esteem, Gratitude and Pity, can inspire

inspire in such, towards an agreeable Man — Indeed, all which the nicest Delicacy can allow — In a Word, — she was in Love with him to Distraction,

One Day, this young Couple accidentally met in the Garden, at the End of two Walks, which were both bounded by that Canal in which *Jones* had formerly risked drowning to retrieve the little Bird that *Sophia* had there lost.

This Place had been of late much frequented by *Sophia*. Here she used to ruminate, with a Mixture of Pain and Pleasure, on an Incident, which, however trifling in itself, had possibly sown the first Seeds of that Affection which was now arrived to such Maturity in her Heart.

Here then this young Couple met. They were almost close together before either of them knew any Thing of the other's Approach. A By-stander would have discovered sufficient Marks of Confusion, in the Countenance of each ; but they felt too much themselves to make any Observation. As soon as *Jones* had a little recovered his first Surprise, he accosted the young Lady with some of the ordinary Forms of Salutation which

which she in the same Manner returned, and their Conversation began, as usual, on the delicious Beauty of the Morning. Hence they past to the Beauty of the Place, on which *Jones* launched forth! very high Encomiums. When they came to the Tree whence he had formerly tumbled into the Canal, *Sophia* could not help reminding him of that Accident, and said, ‘ I fancy, Mr. *Jones*, you have some little shuddering when you see that Water.’ ‘ I assure you, Madam,’ answered *Jones*, ‘ the Concern you felt at the Loss of your little Bird, will always appear to me the highest Circumstance in that Adventure. Poor little *Tommy*, there is the Branch he stood upon. How could the little Wretch have the Folly to fly away from that State of Happiness in which I had the Honour to place him? His Fate was a just Punishment for his Ingratitude.’ ‘ Upon my Word, Mr. *Jones*,’ said she, ‘ your Gallantry very narrowly escaped as severe a Fate. Sure, the Remembrance must affect you.’ ‘ Indeed, Madam,’ answered he, ‘ if I have any Reason to reflect with Sorrow on it, it is, perhaps, that the Water had not been a little deeper, by which I might have escaped many bitter Heart-achs, that Fortune

‘ tune seems to have in Store for me. ‘ Fie,  
 ‘ Mr. Jones,’ replied *Sophia*, ‘ I am sure  
 ‘ you cannot be in Earnest now. This  
 ‘ affected Contempt of Life is only an  
 ‘ Excess of your Complaisance to me.  
 ‘ You would endeavour to lessen the Ob-  
 ‘ ligation of having twice ventured it for  
 ‘ my Sake. Beware the third Time.’—  
 She spoke these last Words with a Smile and  
 a Softness inexpressible. *Jones* answered  
 with a Sigh, ‘ He feared it was already  
 ‘ too late for Caution,’—and then looking  
 tenderly and stedfastly on her, he cry’d,  
 ‘ Oh! Miss *Western*, — Can you desire me  
 ‘ to live? Can you wish me so ill?’ — *So-  
 phia* looking down on the Ground, an-  
 swered with some Hesitation, ‘ Indeed,  
 ‘ Mr. Jones, I do not wish you ill.’—  
 ‘ Oh! I know too well that heavenly Tem-  
 ‘ per,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ that divine Good-  
 ‘ ness which is beyond every other Charm.’  
 ‘ Nay, now,’ answered she, ‘ I understand  
 ‘ you not.—I can stay no longer, — I—. I  
 ‘ would not be understood,’ cries he, ‘ nay,  
 ‘ I can’t be understood. I know not what  
 ‘ I say. Meeting you here so unexpectedly  
 ‘ — I have been unguarded — for Hea-  
 ‘ ven’s Sake pardon me, if I have said  
 ‘ any Thing to offend you — I did not  
 ‘ mean it — indeed, I would rather have  
 ; died

‘ died — nay, the very Thought would  
 ‘ kill me.’ ‘ You surprize me,’ answered  
 she, — ‘ How can you possibly think you  
 ‘ have offended me?’ ‘ Fear, Madam,’  
 says he, ‘ easily runs into Madness; and  
 ‘ there is no Degree of Fear like that which  
 ‘ I feel of offending you. How can I  
 ‘ speak then? Nay don’t look angrily at  
 ‘ me, one Frown will destroy me: — I  
 ‘ mean nothing --- Blame my Eyes, or  
 ‘ blame those Beauties --- What am I say-  
 ‘ ing? Pardon me if I have said too much.  
 ‘ My Heart overflowed. I have struggled  
 ‘ with my Love to the utmost, and have  
 ‘ endeavoured to conceal a Fever which  
 ‘ preys on my Vitals, and will, I hope,  
 ‘ soon make it impossible for me ever to  
 ‘ offend you more.

Mr. *Jones* now fell a trembling as if he  
 had been shaken with the Fit of an Ague.  
*Sophia*, who was in a Situation not very  
 different from his, answered in these  
 Words: ‘ Mr. *Jones*, I will not affect to  
 ‘ misunderstand you; indeed I understand  
 ‘ you too well; but for Heaven’s Sake,  
 ‘ if you have any Affection for me, let  
 ‘ me make the best of my way into the  
 ‘ House. I wish I may be able to support  
 ‘ myself thither.

*Jones,*



*Jones*, who was hardly able to support himself, offered her his Arm, which she condescended to accept, but begged he would not mention a Word more to her of this Nature at present. He promised he would not, insisting only on her Forgiveness of what Love, without the Leave of his Will, had forced from him: This, she told him, he knew how to obtain by his future Behaviour; and thus this young Pair tottered and trembled along, the Lover not once daring to squeeze the Hand of his Mistress, tho' it was locked in his.

*Sophia* immediately retired to her Chamber, where Mrs. *Honour* and the Hartshorn were summoned to her Assistance. As to poor *Jones*, the only Relief to his distempered Mind, was an unwelcome Piece of News, which, as it opens a Scene of a different Nature from those in which the Reader hath lately been conversant, will be communicated to him in the next Chapter.

C H A P.

## C H A P. VII.

*In which Mr. Allworthy appears on a Sick-Bed.*

MR. *Western* was become so fond of *Jones*, that he was unwilling to part with him, tho' his Arm had been long since cured; and *Jones*, either from his Love of Sport, or from some other Reason, was easily persuaded to continue at his House, which he did sometimes for a Fortnight together without paying a single Visit at Mr. *Allworthy's*; nay, without ever hearing from thence.

Mr. *Allworthy* had been for some Days indisposed with a Cold, which had been attended with a little Fever. This he had, however, neglected, as it was usual with him to do all Manner of Disorders which did not confine him to his Bed, or prevent his several Faculties from performing their ordinary Functions. A Conduct which we would by no Means be thought to approve or recommend to Imitation: For surely the Gentlemen of the *Æsculapian* Art are in the Right in advising, that the

Moment

Moment the Disease is entered at one Door, the Physician should be introduced at the other ; what else is meant by that old Adage : *Venienti occurrere Morbo* ? “ Oppose a Distemper at its first Approach.” Thus the Doctor and the Disease meet in fair and equal Conflict ; whereas, by giving Time to the latter, we often suffer him to fortify and entrench himself, like a *French Army* ; so that the learned Gentleman finds it very difficult, and sometimes impossible to come at the Enemy. Nay sometimes by gaining Time, the Disease applies to the *French* military Politics, and corrupts Nature over to his Side, and then all the Powers of Physick must arrive too late. Agreeable to these Observations was, I remember, the Complaint of the great Doctor *Misjaubin*, who used very pathetically to lament the late Applications which were made to his Skill : Saying, “ Bygar, me believe my Pation take me for de Undertaker : For dey never send for me till de Physicion have kill dem.

Mr. *Allworthy's* Distemper, by Means of this Neglect, gained such Ground, that when the Increase of his Fever obliged him to send for Assistance, the Doctor at his first Arrival shook his Head, wished he had been

been sent for sooner, and intimated that he thought him in very imminent Danger. Mr. *Allworthy*, who had settled all his Affairs in this World, and was as well prepared, as it is possible for human Nature to be, for the other, received this Information with the utmost Calmness and Unconcern. He could, indeed, whenever he laid himself down to Rest, say with *Cato* in the tragical Poem,

——— *Let Guilt or Fear*

*Disturb Man's Rest, Cato knows neither of  
them ;*

*Indifferent in his Choice, to sleep or die.*

In Reality, he could say this with ten times more Reason and Confidence than *Cato*, or any other proud Fellow among the ancient or modern Heroes : For he was not only devoid of Fear ; but might be considered as a faithful Labourer, when at the End of Harvest, he is summoned to receive his Reward at the Hands of a bountiful Master.

The good Man gave immediate Orders for all his Family to be summoned round him. None of these were then abroad, but Mrs.

*Blifil*, who had been some Time in *London*, and *Mr. Jones*, whom the Reader hath just parted from at *Mr. Western's* and who received this Summons just as *Sophia* had left him.

The News of *Mr. Allworthy's* Danger (for the Servant told him he was dying) drove all Thoughts of Love out of his Head. He hurried instantly into the Chariot which was sent for him, and ordered the Coachman to drive with all imaginable Haste; nor did the Idea of *Sophia*, I believe, once occur to him on the Way.

And now, the whole Family, namely, *Mr. Blifil*, *Mr. Jones*, *Mr. Thwackum*, *Mr. Square*, and some of the Servants (for such were *Mr. Allworthy's* Orders) being all assembled round his Bed, the good Man sat up in it, and was beginning to speak, when *Blifil* fell to blubbering; and began to express very loud and bitter Lamentations. Upon this *Mr. Allworthy* shook him by the Hand, and said, ‘Do not sorrow thus, my dear Nephew, at the most ordinary of all human Occurrences. When Misfortunes befall our Friends we are justly grieved: For those are Accidents

dents which might often have been avoided, and which may seem to render the Lot of one Man, more peculiarly unhappy than that of others; but Death is certainly unavoidable, and is that common Lot, in which alone the Fortunes of all Men agree; nor is the Time when this happens to us material. If the wisest of Men hath compared Life to a Span, surely we may be allowed to consider it as a Day. It is my Fate to leave it in the Evening; but those who are taken away earlier, have only lost a few Hours, at the best little worth lamenting, and much oftner Hours of Labour and Fatigue, of Pain and Sorrow. One of the *Roman* Poets, I remember, likens our leaving Life to our Departure from a Feast. A Thought which hath often occurred to me, when I have seen Men struggling to protract an Entertainment, and to enjoy the Company of their Friends a few Moments longer. Alas! how short is the most protracted of such Enjoyments! How immaterial the Difference between him who retires the soonest, and him who stays the latest! This is seeing Life in the best View, and this Unwillingness to quit our Friends is the  
I 2                      ‘most

• most amiable Motive, from which we  
• can derive the Fear of Death; and yet  
• the longest Enjoyment which we can  
• hope for of this Kind is of so trivial a  
• Duration, that it is to a wise Man truly  
• contemptible. Few Men, I own, think  
• in this Manner: for, indeed, few Men  
• think of Death 'till they are in its Jaws.  
• However gigantic and terrible an Object  
• this may appear when it approaches  
• them, they are nevertheless incapable of  
• seeing it at any Distance; nay, tho' they  
• have been ever so much frightened and  
• alarmed when they have apprehended  
• themselves in Danger of dying, they are  
• no sooner cleared from this Apprehension  
• than even the Fears of it are erased from  
• their Minds. But alas! he who escapes  
• from Death is not pardoned, he is only  
• reprieved, and reprieved to a short Day.

• Grieve, therefore, no more, my dear  
• Child, on this Occasion; an Event which  
• may happen every Hour, which every  
• Element, nay almost every Particle of  
• Matter that surrounds us is capable of  
• producing, and which must and will most  
• unavoidably reach us all at last, ought  
• neither to occasion our Surprize, nor our  
• Lamentation.

• My

‘ My Physician having acquainted me  
 ‘ (which I take very kindly of him) that I  
 ‘ am in Danger of leaving you all  
 ‘ very shortly, I have determined to say a  
 ‘ few Words to you at this our Parting,  
 ‘ before my Distemper, which I find grows  
 ‘ very fast upon me, puts it out of my  
 ‘ Power.

‘ But I shall waste my Strength too much.  
 ‘ — I intended to speak concerning  
 ‘ my Will, which tho’ I have settled  
 ‘ long ago, I think proper to mention  
 ‘ such Heads of as concern any of you,  
 ‘ that I may have the Comfort of perceiv-  
 ‘ ing you are all satisfied with the Pro-  
 ‘ vision I have there made for you.

‘ Nephew *Bliss*, I leave you the Heir to  
 ‘ my whole Estate, except only 500*l.* a Year  
 ‘ which is to revert to you after the Death  
 ‘ of your Mother, and except one other  
 ‘ Estate of 500 *l.* a Year, and the Sum of  
 ‘ 6000 *l.* which I have bestowed in the fol-  
 ‘ lowing Manner,

‘ The Estate of 500 *l.* a Year I have  
 ‘ given to you, Mr. *Jones*. And as I  
 ‘ know the Inconvenience which attends



• the Want of ready Money, I have add'd  
 • 1000 l. in Specie. In this I know not  
 • whether I have exceeded, or fallen short  
 • of your Expectation. Perhaps you will  
 • think I have given you too little, and  
 • the World will be as ready to condemn  
 • me for giving you too much; but the  
 • latter Censure I despise, and as to the  
 • former, unless you should entertain that  
 • common Error, which I have often heard  
 • in my Life pleaded as an Excuse for a  
 • total Want of Charity; namely, that  
 • instead of raising Gratitude by voluntary  
 • Acts of Bounty, we are apt to raise De-  
 • mands, which of all others are the most  
 • boundless, and most difficult to satisfy.—  
 • Pardon me the bare Mention of this, I  
 • will not suspect any such Thing.

Jones flung himself at his Benefactor's  
 Feet, and taking eagerly hold of his Hand,  
 assured him, his Goodness to him, both now,  
 and at all other Times, had so infinitely  
 exceeded not only his Merit, but his Hopes,  
 that no Words could express his Sense of  
 it. 'And I assure you, Sir, said he, your  
 present Generosity hath left me no other  
 Concern than for the present melancholy  
 Occasion.—Oh, my Friend! my Father!'

• Here

Here his Words choaked him, and he turned away to hide a Tear which was starting from his Eyes.

*Allworthy* then gently squeezed his Hand; and proceeded thus. 'I am convinced; my Child, that you have much Goodness, Generosity and Honour in your Temper; if you will add Prudence and Religion to these, you must be happy: For the three former Qualities, I admit, make you worthy of Happiness, but they are the latter only which will put you in Possession of it.

'One thousand Pound I have given to you *Mr. Thwackum*; a Sum, I am convinced, which greatly exceeds your Desires as well as your Wants. However, you will receive it as a Memorial of my Friendship; and whatever Superfluities may redound to you, that Piety which you so rigidly maintain, will instruct you how to dispose of it.

'A like Sum, *Mr. Square*, I have bequeathed to you. This, I hope, will enable you to pursue your Profession with better Success than hitherto. I have often observed

• with Concern, that Distress is more apt  
• to excite Contempt than Commiseration,  
• especially among Men of Business, with  
• whom Poverty is understood to indicate  
• Want of Ability. But the little I have  
• been able to leave you, will extricate you  
• from those Difficulties with which you  
• have formerly struggled, and then I doubt  
• not but you will meet with sufficient  
• Prosperity to supply what a Man of your  
• Philosophical Temper will require.

• I find myself growing faint, so I shall  
• refer you to my Will for my Disposition  
• of the Residue. My Servants will there  
• find some Tokens to remember me by,  
• and there are a few Charities which, I trust,  
• my Executors will see faithfully performed.  
• Bless you all. I am setting out a little  
• before you ———.

Here a Footman came hastily into the Room, and said there was an Attorney from *Salisbury*, who had a particular Message, which he said he must communicate to Mr. *Allworthy* himself: That he seemed in a violent Hurry, and protested he had so much Business to do, that if he could cut himself into four Quarters, all would not be sufficient,

Go,

Go, Child, said *Allworthy* to *Biifil*, see what the Gentleman wants. I am not able to do any Business now, nor can he have any with me, in which you are not at present more concerned than myself. Besides. I really am—I am incapable of seeing any one at present, or of any longer Attention. He then saluted them all, saying, perhaps he should be able to see them again, but he should be now glad to compose himself a little, finding that he had too much exhausted his Spirits in Discourse.

Some of the Company shed Tears at their Parting; and even the Philosopher *Square* wiped his Eyes, *albeit unused to the melting Mood*. As to Mrs. *Wilkins*, she dropt her Pearls as fast as the *Arabian Trees* their Medicinal Gums; for this was a Ceremonial which that Gentlewoman never omitted on a proper Occasion.

After this Mr. *Allworthy* again laid himself down on his Pillow, and endeavoured to compose himself to Rest.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Containing Matter rather natural than pleasing.*

BESIDES Grief for her Master, there was another Source for that briny Stream which so plentifully rose above the two mountainous Check Bones of the House-keeper. She was no sooner retired, than she began to mutter to herself in the following pleasant Strain. ‘ Sure Master might have made some Difference, methinks, between me and the other Servants. I suppose he hath left me Mourning ; but, i-fackins ! if that be all, the Devil shall wear it for him for me. I’d have his Worship know I am no Beggar. I have saved five hundred Pound in his Service, and after all to be used in this Manner. It is a fine Encouragement to Servants to be honest ; and to be sure, if I have taken a little Something now and then, others have taken ten times as much ; and now we are all put in a Lump together. If so be that it be so the Legacy may go to the Devil with him

' him that gave it. No, I won't give it  
 ' up neither, because that will please some  
 ' Folks. No, I'll buy the gayest Gown  
 ' I can get, and dance over the old Cyr-  
 ' mudgeon's Grave in it. This is my Re-  
 ' ward for taking his Part so often, when  
 ' all the Country have cried Shame of him  
 ' for breeding up his Bastard in that Man-  
 ' ner ; but he is going now where he must  
 ' pay for all. It would have becamed him  
 ' better to have repented of his Sins on his  
 ' Death-bed, than to glory in them, and  
 ' give away his Estate out of his own Fa-  
 ' mily to a mis-begotten Child. Found  
 ' in his Bed, forsooth ! A pretty Story !  
 ' Ay, ay, those that hide know where to  
 ' find. Lord forgive him, I warrant he  
 ' hath many more Bastards to answer for,  
 ' if the Truth was known. One Comfort  
 ' is, they will be all known where he is a-  
 ' going now. ' The Servants will find some  
 ' Token to remember me by.' Those were  
 ' the very Words, I shall never forget  
 ' them, if I was to live a thousand Years.  
 ' Ay, ay, I shall remember you for hud-  
 ' dling me among the Servants. One  
 ' would have thought he might have men-  
 ' tioned my Name as well as that of *Square* ;  
 ' but he is a Gentleman forsooth, though

• he had not Clothes to his Back when he  
 • came hither first. Marry come up with  
 • such Gentlemen ! though he hath lived  
 • here these many Years, I don't believe  
 • there is *arrow* Servant in the House  
 • ever saw the Colour of his Money. The  
 • Devil shall wait upon such Gentlemen for  
 • me.' Much more of the like kind she  
 muttered to herself ; but this Taste shall  
 suffice to the Reader.

Neither *Tbwackum* nor *Square* were much  
 better satisfied with their Legacies. Tho'  
 they breathed not their Resentment so loud,  
 yet from the Discontent which appeared in  
 their Countenances, as well as from the fol-  
 lowing Dialogue, we collect that no great  
 Pleasure reigned in their Minds.

About an Hour after they had left the  
 sick Room, *Square* met *Tbwackum* in the  
 Hall, and accosted him thus, ' Well, Sir,  
 • have you heard any News of your Friend  
 • since we parted from him ? ' If you mean  
 • Mr. *Allworthy*,' answered *Tbwackum*, ' I  
 • think you might rather give him the Ap-  
 • pellation of your Friend : For he seem  
 • to me to have deserved that Title.' ' Th  
 • Title is as good on your Side,' replied  
*Square*

*Square*, 'for his Bounty, such as it is, hath  
 ' been equal to both.' 'I should not have  
 ' mentioned it first,' cries *Tbwackum*, 'but  
 ' since you begin, I must inform you I am  
 ' of a different Opinion. There is a wide  
 ' Distinction between voluntary Favours  
 ' and Rewards. The Duty I have done  
 ' in his Family, and the Care I have taken  
 ' in the Education of his two Boys, are  
 ' Services for which some Men might have  
 ' expected a greater Return. I would not  
 ' have you imagine I am therefore dissatis-  
 ' fied; for *St. Paul* hath taught me to be  
 ' content with the little I have. Had the  
 ' Modicum been less, I should have known  
 ' my Duty. But though the Scripture  
 ' obliges me to remain contented, it doth  
 ' not enjoin me to shut my Eyes to my  
 ' own Merit, nor restrain me from seeing,  
 ' when I am injured by an unjust Compa-  
 ' rison. Since you provoke me,' returned  
*Square*, 'that Injury is done to me: Nor  
 ' did I ever imagine *Mr. Allworthy* had  
 ' held my Friendship so light, as to put  
 ' me in Ballance with one who received  
 ' his Wages: I know to what it is owing;  
 ' it proceeds from those narrow Principles  
 ' which you have been so long endeavour-  
 ' ing to infuse into him, in Contempt of  
 ' every



every Thing which is great and noble. The Beauty and Loveliness of Friendship is too strong for dim Eyes, nor can it be perceived by any other Medium, than that unerring Rule of Right which you have so often endeavoured to ridicule, that you have perverted my Friend's Understanding.' 'I wish,' cries *Thwackum*, in a Rage, I wish for the Sake of his Soul, your damnable Doctrines have not perverted his Faith. It is to this, I impute his present Behaviour so unbecoming a Christian. Who but an Atheist could think of leaving the World without having first made up his Account? without confessing his Sins, and receiving that Absolution which he knew he had one in the House duly authorised to give him? He will feel the Want of these Necessaries when it is too late. When he is arrived at that Place where there is Wailing and Gnashing of Teeth. It is then he will find in what mighty Stead that Heathen Goddess, that Virtue which you and all other Deists of the Age adore, will stand him. He will then summon his Priest when there is none to be found, and will lament the Want of that Absolution, without which no Sinner can be safe.' 'If it be so material,

‘rial,’ says *Squire*, ‘Why don’t you present it him of your own Accord?’ ‘It hath no Virtue,’ cries *Tbwackum*, ‘but to those who have sufficient Grace to require it. But why do I talk thus to a Heathen and an Unbeliever? It is you who have taught him this Lesson, for which you have been well rewarded in this World, as I doubt not your Disciple will soon be in the other.’ ‘I know not what you mean by my Reward,’ said *Squire*, ‘but if you hint at that pitiful Memorial of our Friendship, which he hath thought fit to bequeath me, I despise it, and nothing but the unfortunate Situation of my Circumstances should prevail on me to accept it.’

The Physician now arrived, and began to enquire of the two Disputants, *How we all did above Stairs?* ‘In a miserable Way,’ answered *Tbwackum*. ‘It is no more than I expected,’ cries the Doctor; ‘but pray what Symptoms have appeared since I left you?’ ‘No good ones, I am afraid,’ replied *Tbwackum*, ‘after what past at our Departure, I think there were little Hopes.’ The bodily Physician, perhaps, misunderstood the Curer of Souls, and before they came to an

184      *The HISTORY of*      Book V.  
an Explanation, Mr. *Blissl* came to them with a most melancholy Countenance, and acquainted them that he brought sad News: For that his Mother was dead at *Salisbury*. That she had been seized on the Road home with the Gout in her Head and Stomach, which had carried her off in a few Hours. ‘Good-lack-a-day,’ says the Doctor, ‘One cannot answer for Events; but I wish I had been at Hand to have been called in. The Gout is a Distemper which it is difficult to treat, yet I have been remarkably successful in it.’ *Tbwackum* and *Square* both condoled with Mr. *Blissl* for the Loss of his Mother, which the one advised him to bear like a Man, and the other like a Christian. The young Gentleman said, he knew very well we were all mortal, and he would endeavour to submit to his Loss, as well as he could. That he could not, however, help complaining a little against the peculiar Severity of his Fate, which brought the News of so great a Calamity to him by Surprise, and that at a Time when he hourly expected the severest Blow he was capable of feeling from the Malice of Fortune. He said, the present Occasion would put to the Test those excellent Rudiments, which he had learnt from Mr.  
*Tbwackum*

*Thwackum* and *Mr. Square*, and it would be entirely owing to them, if he was enabled to survive such Misfortunes.

It was now debated whether *Mr. Allworthby* should be informed of the Death of his Sister : This the Doctor violently opposed, in which, I believe, the whole College will agree with him ; but *Mr. Blisl* said he had received such positive and repeated Orders from his Uncle never to keep any Secret from him, for Fear of the Disquietude which it might give him, that he durst not think of Disobedience, whatever might be the Consequence. He said, for his Part, considering the religious and philosophic Temper of his Uncle, he could not agree with the Doctor in his Apprehensions. He was therefore resolved to communicate it to him : For if his Uncle recovered (as he heartily prayed he might) he knew he would never forgive an Endeavour to keep a Secret of this Kind from him.

The Physician was forced to submit to these Resolutions which the two other learned Gentlemen very highly commended. So together moved *Mr. Blisl* and the Doctor

Doctor towards the sick Room ; where the Physician first entered, and approached the Bed, in order to feel his Patient's Pulse, which he had no sooner done, than he declared he was much better, that the last Application had succeeded to a Miracle, and had brought the Fever to intermit. So that, he said, there appeared now to be as little Danger as he had before apprehended there were Hopes.

To say the Truth, Mr. *Allworthy's* Situation had never been so bad, as the great Caution of the Doctor had represented it; but as a wise General never despises his Enemy, however inferior his Force may be, so neither doth a wise Physician ever despise a Distemper, however inconsiderable. As the former preserves the same strict Discipline, places the same Guards, and employs the same Scouts, tho' the Enemy be never so weak ; so the latter maintains the same Gravity of Countenance, and shakes his Head with the same significant Air, let the Distemper be never so trifling. And both, among many other good ones, may assign this solid Reason for their Conduct, that by these Means the greater Glory redounds to them if they gain the

the Victory, and the less Disgrace if by any unlucky Accident they should happen to be conquered.

Mr. *Allworthy* had no sooner lifted up his Eyes, and thanked Heaven for these Hopes of his Recovery; then Mr. *Blifil* drew near with a very dejected Aspect, and having applied his Handkerchief to his Eye, either to wipe away his Tears, or as *Ovid* somewhere expresses himself on another Occasion,

*Si nullus erit, tamen excute nullum.*

‘If there be none, wipe away that none.’

he communicated to his Uncle what the Reader hath been just before acquainted with.

*Allworthy* received the News with Concern, with Patience, and with Resignation. He dropt a tender Tear, then composed his Countenance, and at last cried, ‘The Lord’s Will be done in every Thing.’

He now enquired for the Messenger; but *Blifil* told him, it had been impossible to detain

detain him a Moment ; for he appeared by the great Hurry he was in to have some Business of Importance on his Hands : That he complained of being hurried, and driven and torn out of his Life, and repeated many Times, that if he could divide himself into four Quarters, he knew how to dispose of every one.

*Allworthy* then desired *Blifil* to take Care of the Funeral. He said, he would have his Sister deposited in his own Chapel ; and as to the Particulars, he left them to his own Discretion, only mentioning the Person whom he would have employed on this Occasion.

C H A P.

## C H A P. IX.

*Which, among other Things, may serve as a  
Comment on that Saying of Æschines, that  
DRUNKENNESS SHEWS THE MIND OF A  
MAN, AS A MIRROR REFLECTS HIS  
PERSON.*

**T**HE Reader may, perhaps, wonder  
at hearing nothing of Mr. *Jones* in  
the last Chapter. In fact, his Behaviour was  
so different from that of the Persons there  
mentioned, that we chose not to confound  
his Name with theirs.

When the good Man had ended his  
Speech, *Jones* was the last who deserted the  
Room. Thence he retired to his own  
Apartment, to give Vent to his Concern;  
but the Restlessness of his Mind would not  
suffer him to remain long there; he slipped  
softly, therefore, to *Allworthy's* Chamber  
Door, where he listened a considerable Time  
without hearing any Kind of Motion within,  
unless a violent snoring, which at last his  
Fears misrepresented as Groans. This so  
alarmed him, that he could not forbear en-  
tering the Room; where he found the good  
Man



Man in the Bed in a sweet composed Sleep, and his Nurse snoring in the above-mentioned hearty Manner, at the Bed's Feet. He immediately took the only Method of silencing this thorough Bass, whose Music he feared might disturb Mr. *Allworthy*; and then sitting down by the Nurse, he remained motionless till *Blifil* and the Doctor came in together, and waked the sick Man; in order that the Doctor might feel his Pulse, and that the other might communicate to him that Piece of News, which, had *Jones* been apprized of it, would have had great Difficulty of finding its Way to Mr. *Allworthy's* Ear at such a Season.

When he first heard *Blifil* tell his Uncle this Story, *Jones* could hardly contain the Wrath which kindled in him at the other's Indiscretion, especially as the Doctor shook his Head, and declared his Unwillingness to have the Matter mentioned to his Patient. But as his Passion did not so far deprive him of all Use of his Understanding, as to hide from him the Consequences which any violent Expressions towards *Blifil* might have on the Sick, this Apprehension stilled his Rage, at the present; and he grew afterwards so satisfied with finding that this News had, in fact, produced no Mischief, that

that he suffered his Anger to die in his own Bosom, without ever mentioning it to *Bliss*.

The Physician dined that Day at Mr. *Allworthy's*; and having after Dinner visited his Patient, he returned to the Company, and told them, that he had now the Satisfaction to say, with Assurance, that his Patient was out of all Danger: That he had brought his Fever to a perfect Intermission, and doubted not by throwing in the Bark to prevent its Return.

This Account so pleased *Jones*, and threw him into such immoderate Excess of Rapture, that he might be truly said to be drunk with Joy. An Intoxication which greatly forwards the Effects of Wine; and as he was very free too with the Bottle on this Occasion, (for he drank many Bumpers to the Doctor's Health, as well as to other Toasts,) he became very soon literally drunk.

*Jones* had naturally violent animal Spirits. These being set on Float, and augmented by the Spirit of Wine, produced most extravagant Effects. He kissed the Doctor, and embraced him with the most  
passionate

passionate Endearments; swearing that, next to Mr. *Allworthy* himself, he loved him  
 ‘ of all Men living.’ ‘ Doctor,’ added he,  
 ‘ you deserve a Statue to be erected to you,  
 ‘ at the public Expence, for having pre-  
 ‘ served a Man, who is not only the Dar-  
 ‘ ling of all good Men who know him, but  
 ‘ a Blessing to Society, the Glory of his  
 ‘ Country, and an Honour to Human Na-  
 ‘ ture.. D—n me if I don’t love him bet-  
 ‘ ter than my own Soul.’

‘ More shame for you,’ cries *Thwackum*.  
 ‘ Though I think you have reason to love  
 ‘ him, for he hath provided very well for  
 ‘ you. And, perhaps, it might have been  
 ‘ better for some Folks, that he had not  
 ‘ lived to see just Reason of revoking his  
 ‘ Gift.’

*Jones* now, looking on *Thwackum* with  
 inconceivable Disdain, answered; ‘ And  
 ‘ doth thy mean Soul imagine that any  
 ‘ such Considerations could weigh with me?  
 ‘ No, let the Earth open and swallow her  
 ‘ own Dirt (if I had Millions of Acres I  
 ‘ would say it) rather than swallow up my  
 ‘ dear glorious Friend.’

*Quis*

*Quis Desiderio sit Pudor aut, modus  
Tam chari Capitis ? \**

The Doctor now interposed, and prevented the Effects of a Wrath which was kindling between *Jones* and *Thwackum* ; after which the former gave a Loose to Mirth, sang two or three amorous Songs, and fell into every frantic Disorder which unbridled Joy is apt to inspire ; but so far was he from any Disposition to quarrel, that he was ten times better humoured, if possible, than when he was sober.

To say Truth, nothing is more erroneous than the common Observation, That Men who are ill-natured and quarrelsome when they are drunk, are very worthy Persons when they are sober : For Drink, in reality, doth not reverse Nature, or create Passions in Men, which did not exist in them before. It takes away the Guard of Reason, and consequently forces us to produce those Symptoms, which many, when

\* "What Modesty, or Measure, can set Bounds to our Desire of so dear a Friend!" The Word *Desiderium* here cannot be easily translated. It includes our Desire of enjoying our Friend again, and the Grief which attends that Desire.

VOL. II.

K

sober,

sober, have Art enough to conceal. It heightens and inflames our Passions (generally indeed that Passion which is uppermost in our Mind) so that the angry Temper, the amorous, the generous, the good-humoured, the avaricious, and all other Dispositions of Men, are in their Cups heightened and exposed,

And yet as no Nation produces so many drunken Quarrels, especially among the lower People, as *England*; (for, indeed, with them, to drink and to fight together are almost synonymous Terms;) I would not, methinks, have it thence concluded that the *English* are the worst-natured People alive. Perhaps the Love of Glory only is at the Bottom of this; so that the fair Conclusion seems to be, that our Countrymen have more of that Love, and more of Bravery, than any other Plebeians. And this the rather, as there is seldom any thing ungenerous, unfair, or ill-natured, exercised on those Occasions: Nay, it is common for the Combatants to express Good-will for each other, even at the Time of the Conflict; and as their drunken Mirth generally ends in a Battle, so do most of their Battles end in Friendship.

But

But to return to our History. Tho' Jones had shewn no Design of giving Offence, yet Mr. *Bliss* was highly offended at a Behaviour which was so inconsistent with the sober and prudent Reserve of his own Temper. He bore it too with the greater Impatience, as it appeared to him very indecent at this Season; 'when,' as he said, 'the House was a House of Mourning, on the Account of his dear Mother; and if it had pleased Heaven to give them some Prospect of Mr. *Allworthy's* Recovery, it would become them better to express the Exultations of their Hearts in Thanksgiving than in Drunkenness and Riots; which were properer Methods to encrease the divine Wrath, than to avert it.' *Tweckum*, who had swallowed more Liquor than Jones, but without any ill Effect on his Brain, seconded the pious Harangue of *Bliss*; but *Square*, for Reasons which the Reader may probably guess, was totally silent.

Wine had not so totally overpowered Jones, as to prevent his recollecting Mr. *Bliss's* Loss, the Moment it was mentioned. As no Person, therefore, was more ready to confess and condemn his own Errors, he offered to shake Mr. *Bliss* by the

K 2      Hand,

Hand, and begged his Pardon, saying, ' His excessive Joy for Mr. *Allworthy's* Recovery had driven every other Thought out of his Mind.'

*Bliffl* scornfully rejected his Hand; and, with much Indignation, answered, ' It was little to be wondered at, if tragical Spectacles made no Impressions on the Blind; but, for his Part, he had the Misfortune to know who his Parents were, and consequently must be affected with their Loss.'

*Jones*, who, notwithstanding his good Humour, had some Mixture of the irascible in his Constitution, leaped hastily from his Chair, and catching hold of *Bliffl's* Collar, cried out, ' D---n you for a Rascal, do you insult me with the Misfortune of my Birth?' He accompanied these Words with such rough Actions, that they soon got the better of Mr. *Bliffl's* peaceful Temper; and a Scuffle immediately ensued, which might have produced Mischief, had it not been prevented by the Interposition of *Thwackum* and the Physician; for the Philosophy of *Square* rendered him superior to all Emotions, and he very calmly smoked his Pipe, as was his Custom in all Broils unless

unless when he apprehended some Danger of having it broke in his Mouth.

The Combatants being now prevented from executing present Vengeance on each other, betook themselves to the common Resources of disappointed Rage, and vented their Wrath in Threats and Defiance. In this kind of Conflict, Fortune, which, in the personal Attack, seemed to incline to *Jones*, was now altogether as favourable to his Enemy.

A Truce, nevertheless, was at length agreed on, by the Mediation of the neutral Parties, and the whole Company again sat down at the Table; where *Jones* being prevailed on to ask Pardon, and *Bliss* to give it, Peace was restored, and every thing seemed in *Statu quo*.

But though the Quarrel was, in all Appearance, perfectly reconciled, the Good-humour which had been interrupted by it, was by no means restored. All Merriment was now at an End, and the subsequent Discourse consisted only of grave Relations of Matters of Fact, and of as grave Observations upon them. A Species of Conversation, in which, though there is much of Dignity and In-



struction, there is but little Entertainment. As we presume, therefore, only to convey this last to the Reader, we shall pass by whatever was said, till the rest of the Company having, by Degrees, dropped off, left *Square* and the Physician only together; at which Time the Conversation was a little heightened by some Comments on what had happened between the two young Gentlemen; both of whom the Doctor declared to be no better than Scoundrels; to which Appellation the Philosopher, very sagaciously shaking his Head, agreed.

## C H A P. X.

*Shewing the Truth of many Observations of Ovid, and of other more grave Writers, who have proved, beyond Contradiction, that Wine is often the Fore-runner of Incontinency.*

**J**ONES retired from the Company, in which we have seen him engaged, into the Fields, where he intended to cool himself by a Walk in the open Air, before he attended Mr. *Allworthy*. There, whilst he renewed those Meditations on his dear *Sophia*, which the dangerous Illness of his Friend

Friend and Benefactor had for some time interrupted, an Accident happened, which with Sorrow we relate, and with Sorrow, doubtless, will it be read; however, that historic Truth to which we profess so inviolable an Attachment, obliges us to communicate it to Posterity.

It was now a pleasant Evening in the latter End of *June*, when our Heroe was walking in a most delicious Grove, where the gentle Breezes fanning the Leaves, together with the sweet Trilling of a murmuring Stream, and the melodious Notes of Nightingales formed all together the most enchanting Harmony. In this Scene, so sweetly accommodated to Love, he meditated on his dear *Sophia*. While his wanton Fancy roved unbounded over all her Beauties, and his lively Imagination painted the charming Maid in various ravishing Forms, his warm Heart melted with Tenderneſs, and at length throwing himself on the Ground by the Side of a gently murmuring Brook, he broke forth into the following Ejaculation.

‘ O *Sophia*, would Heaven give thee to my Arms, how bleſt would be my Condition! Curſt be that Fortune which ſets

K 4

‘ a

• a Distance between us. Was I but pos-  
• sessed of thee, one only Suit of Rags thy  
• whole Estate, is there a Man on Earth  
• whom I would envy ! How contemptible  
• would the brightest *Circassian* Beauty,  
• drest in all the Jewels of the *Indies*, ap-  
• pear to my Eyes ! But why do I mention  
• another Woman ? could I think my  
• Eyes capable of looking at any other  
• with Tenderness, these Hands should  
• tear them from my Head. No, my  
• *Sophia*, if cruel Fortune separates us  
• for ever, my Soul shall doat on thee a-  
• lone. The chastest Constancy will I ever  
• preserve to thy Image. Tho' I should  
• never have Possession of thy charming  
• Person, still shalt thou alone have Pos-  
• session of my Thoughts, my Love, my  
• Soul. Oh ! my fond Heart is so wrapt  
• in that tender Bosom, that the brightest  
• Beauties would for me have no Charms,  
• nor would a Hermit be colder in their  
• Embraces. *Sophia*, *Sophia* alone shall be  
• mine. What Raptures are in that Name !  
• I will engrave it on every Tree,

At these Words he started up, and be-  
held — not his *Sophia* — no, nor a *Cir-*  
*cassian* Maid richly and elegantly attired for  
the Grand Signior's Seraglio. No; with-  
out

out a Gown, in a Shift that was somewhat of the coarsest, and none of the cleanest, bedewed likewise with some odoriferous Effluvia, the Produce of the Day's Labour, with a Pitch-fork in her Hand, *Molly Seagrim* approached. Our Hero had his Pen-knife in his Hand, which he had drawn for the before-mentioned Purpose, of carving on the Bark; when the Girl coming near him cry'd out with a Smile, 'You don't intend to kill me, 'Squire, I hope!' 'Why should you think I would kill you?' answered *Jones*. 'Nay,' replied she, 'after your cruel Usage of me when I saw you last, killing me would, perhaps, be too great Kindness for me to expect.'

Here ensued a Parly, which, as I do not think myself obliged to relate, I shall omit. It is sufficient that it lasted a full Quarter of an Hour, at the Conclusion of which they retired into the thickest Part of the Grove.

Some of my Readers may be inclined to think this Event unnatural. However, the Fact is true; and, perhaps, may be sufficiently accounted for, by suggesting that *Jones* probably thought one Woman better than none, and *Molly* as probably imagined two Men to be better than one. Besides

the before-mentioned Motive assigned to the present Behaviour of *Jones*, the Reader will be likewise pleased to recollect in his Favour, that he was not at this Time perfect Master of that wonderful Power of Reason, which so well enables grave and wise Men to subdue their unruly Passions, and to decline any of these prohibited Amusements. Wine now had totally subdued this Power in *Jones*. He was, indeed, in a Condition, in which if Reason had interposed, tho' only to advise, she might have received the Answer which one *Cleostratus* gave many Years ago to a silly Fellow, who asked him, if he was not ashamed to be drunk? 'Are not you,' said *Cleostratus*, 'ashamed to admonish a drunken Man?'—To say the Truth, in a Court of Justice, Drunkenness must not be an Excuse, yet in a Court of Conscience it is greatly so; and therefore *Aristotle*, who commends the Laws of *Pittacus*, by which drunken Men received double Punishment for their Crimes, allows there is more of Policy than Justice in that Law. Now, if there are any Transgressions pardonable from Drunkenness, they are certainly such as Mr. *Jones* was at present guilty of; on which Head I could pour forth a vast Profusion of Learning, if I imagined it would either entertain my

Reader, or teach him any Thing more than he knows already. For his Sake, therefore, I shall keep my Learning to myself, and return to my History.

It hath been observed, that Fortune seldom doth Things by Halves. To say Truth, there is no End to her Freaks whenever she is disposed to gratify or displease. No sooner had our Heroe retired with his *Dido*, but

*Speluncam Blisil, Dux et Divinus eandem  
Devenimus.*

the Parson and the young Squire, who were taking a serious Walk, arrived at the Stile which leads into the Grove, and the latter caught a View of the Lovers, just as they were sinking out of Sight.

*Blisil* knew *Jones* very well, tho' he was at above a hundred Yards Distance, and he was as positive to the Sex of his Companion, tho' not to the individual Person. He started; blessed himself, and uttered a very solemn Ejaculation.

*Thwackum* express'd some Surprise at these sudden Emotions, and asked the  
K 6 Reason

Reason of them. To which *Bliss* answered, ' he was certain he had seen a Fellow ' and Wench retire together among the ' Bushes, which he doubted not was with ' some wicked Purpose.' As to the Name of *Jones* he thought proper to conceal it, and why he did so must be left to the Judgment of the sagacious Reader : For we never chuse to assign Motives to the Actions of Men, when there is any possibility of our being mistaken.

The Parson, who was not only strictly chaste in his own Person ; but a great Enemy to the opposite Vice in all others, fired at this Information. He desired Mr. *Bliss* to conduct him immediately to the Place, which as he approached, he breathed forth Vengeance mixed with Lamentations ; nor did he refrain from casting some oblique Reflections on Mr. *Allworthy* ; insinuating that the Wickedness of the Country was principally owing to the Encouragement he had given to Vice, by having exerted such Kindness to a Bastard, and by having mitigated that just and wholesome Rigour of the Law, which allots a very severe Punishment to loose Wenches.

The

The Way, through which our Hunters were to pass in Pursuit of their Game, was so beset with Briars, that it greatly obstructed their Walk, and caused, besides, such a rustling that *Jones* had sufficient Warning of their Arrival, before they could surprise him; nay, indeed, so incapable was *Thwackum* of concealing his Indignation, and such Vengeance did he mutter forth every Step he took, that this alone must have abundantly satisfied *Jones*, that he was (to use the Language of Sportsmen) *found sitting*.

## C H A P. XI.

*In which a Simile in Mr. Pope's Period of a Mile, introduces as bloody a Battle as can possibly be fought, without the Assistance of Steel or cold Iron.*

**A**S in the Season of RUTTING (an uncouth Phrase, by which the Vulgar denote that gentle Dalliance, which in the \* well-wooded Forest of *Hampshire*, passes between Lovers of the Ferine Kind)

\* This is an ambiguous Phrase, and may mean either a Forest well clothed with Wood, or well stripped of it.



if while the lofty crested Stag meditates the amorous Sport, a Couple of Puppies, or any other Beasts of hostile Note, should wander so near the Temple of *Venus Ferina*, that the fair Hind should shrink from the Place, touched with that Somewhat, either of Fear or Frolic, of Nicety or Skittishness, with which Nature hath bedecked all Females, or hath, at least, instructed them how themselves to put on; lest, thro' the Indelicacy of Males, the *Samean* Mysteries should be pryed into by unhallowed Eyes: For at the Celebration of these Rites, the female Priestess cries out with her in *Virgil* (who was then probably hard at Work on such Celebration)

——— *Procul, O procul este, profani;  
Proclamat Vates, toloque abssistite Laco.*

——— Far hence be Souls prophane,  
The Sibyl cry'd, and from the Grove abstain.  
DRYDEN.

If, I say, while these sacred Rites, which are in common to *Genus omne Animantium*, are in Agitation between the Stag and his Mistress, any hostile Beasts should venture too near, on the first Hint given by the frightened Hind, fierce and tremendous rushes forth the Stag to the Entrance of the Thicket;

Thicket; there stands he Centinel over his Love, stamps the Ground with his Foot, and with his Horns brandished aloft in Air, proudly provokes the apprehended Foe to Combat.

Thus, and more terrible, when he perceived the Enemy's Approach, leap'd forth our Heroe. Many a Step advanced he forwards, in order to conceal the trembling Hind, and, if possible, to secure her Retreat. And now *Thwackum* having first darted some livid Lightning from his fiery Eyes, began to thunder forth, 'Fie upon it! Fie upon it! Mr. Jones. Is it possible you should be the Person!' 'You see,' answered Jones, 'it is possible I should be here.' 'And who,' said *Thwackum*, 'is that wicked Slut with you?' 'If I have any wicked Slut with me,' cries Jones, 'it is possible I shall not let you know who she is.' 'I command you to tell me immediately,' says *Thwackum*, 'and I would not have you imagine, young Man, that your Age, tho' it hath somewhat abridged the Purpose of Tuition, hath totally taken away the Authority of the Master. The Relation of the Master and Scholar is indelible, as, indeed, all other Relations are: For they all derive their Original from Heaven. I would have

‘ have you think yourself, therefore,  
 ‘ as much obliged to obey me now, as  
 ‘ when I taught you your first Rudiments.’  
 ‘ I believe you would,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ but  
 ‘ that will not happen, unless you had the  
 ‘ same Birchen Argument to convince me.’  
 ‘ Then I must tell you plainly,’ said  
*Thwackum*, ‘ I am resolved to discover the  
 ‘ wicked Wretch.’ ‘ And I must tell you  
 ‘ plainly,’ returned *Jones*, ‘ I am resolved  
 ‘ you shall not.’ *Thwackum* then offered to  
 advance, and *Jones* laid hold of his Arms;  
 which Mr. *Bliffl* endeavoured to rescue, de-  
 claring ‘ he would not see his old Master  
 ‘ insulted.’

*Jones* now finding himself engaged with  
 two, thought it necessary to rid himself of  
 one of his Antagonists as soon as possible.  
 He, therefore, applied to the weakest first;  
 and letting the Parson go, he directed a  
 Blow at the young ‘Squire’s Breast, which  
 luckily taking Place, reduced him to mea-  
 sure his Length on the Ground.

*Thwackum* was so intent on the Discovery,  
 that the Moment he found himself at Li-  
 berty, he stept forward directly into the  
 Fern, without any great Consideration of  
 what might, in the mean Time, befall his  
 Friend; but he had advanced a very few  
 Pages

Paces into the Thicket, before *Jones* having defeated *Bliss*, overtook the Parson, and dragged him backward by the Skirt of his Coat.

This Parson had been a Champion in his Youth, and had won much Honour by his Fist, both at School and at the University. He had now, indeed, for a great Number of Years, declined the Practice of that noble Art; yet was his Courage full as strong as his Faith, and his Body no less strong than either. He was moreover, as the Reader may, perhaps, have conceived, somewhat irascible in his Nature. When he looked back, therefore, and saw his Friend stretched out on the Ground, and found himself, at the same Time so roughly handled by one who had formerly been only passive in all Conflicts between them, (a Circumstance which highly aggravated the whole), his Patience at length gave Way; he threw himself into a Posture of Offence, and collecting all his Force, attacked *Jones* in the Front, with as much Impetuosity as he had formerly attacked him in the Rear.

Our Heroe received the Enemy's Attack with the most undaunted Intrepidity, and his Bosom resounded with the Blow. This he

he presently returned with no less Violence, aiming likewise at the Parson's Breast; but he dextrously drove down the Fist of *Jones*, so that it reached only his Belly, where two Pounds of Beef and as many of Pudding were then deposited, and whence consequently no hollow Sound could proceed. Many lusty Blows, much more pleasant as well as easy to have seen, than to read or describe, were given on both Sides; at last a violent Fall in which *Jones* had thrown his Knees into *Thwackum's* Breast, so weakened the latter, that Victory had been no longer dubious, had not *Bliss*, who had now recovered his Strength, again renewed the Fight, and, by engaging with *Jones*, given the Parson a Moment's Time to shake his Ears, and to regain his Breath.

And now both together attacked our Heroe, whose Blows did not retain that Force with which they had fallen at first; so weakened was he by his Combat with *Thwackum*: For tho' the Pedagogue chose rather to play *Solos* on the human Instrument, and had been lately used to those only, yet he still retained enough of his ancient Knowledge to perform his Part very well in a *Duet*.

The

The Victory, according to modern Custom, was like to be decided by Numbers, when, on a sudden, a fourth Pair of Fists appeared in the Battle, and immediately paid their Compliments to the Parson; the Owner of them, at the same Time, crying out, 'Are not you ashamed and be d—nd to you, to fall two of you upon one?'

The Battle, which was of the Kind, that for Distinction's Sake is called ROYAL, now raged with the utmost Violence during a few Minutes; till *Blifil* being a second Time laid sprawling by *Jones*, *Thwackum* condescended to apply for Quarter to his new Antagonist, who was now found to be Mr. *Western* himself: For in the Heat of the Action none of the Combatants had recognized him.

In Fact, that honest 'Squire, happening in his Afternoon's Walk with some Company, to pass through the Field where the bloody Battle was fought, and having concluded from seeing three Men engaged, that two of them must be on a Side, he hastened from his Companions, and with more Gallantry than Policy, espoused the Cause of the weaker Party. By which generous Proceeding, he very probably prevented

vented Mr. Jones from becoming a Victim to the Wrath of *Thwackum*, and to the pious Friendship which *Blifil* bore his old Master: For besides the Disadvantage of such Odds, *Jones* had not yet sufficiently recovered the former Strength of his broken Arm. This Reinforcement, however, soon put an End to the Action, and *Jones* with his Ally obtained the Victory.

## CHAP. XII.

*In which is seen a more moving Spectacle, than all the Blood in the Bodies of Thwackum and Blifil and of Twenty other such, is capable of producing.*

THE rest of Mr. *Western's* Company were now come up, being just at the Instant when the Action was over. These were the honest Clergyman, whom we have formerly seen at Mr. *Western's* Table, Mrs. *Western* the Aunt of *Sophia*; and lastly, the lovely *Sophia* herself.

At this Time, the following was the Aspect of the bloody Field. In one Place, lay on the Ground, all pale and almost breathless, the vanquished *Blifil*. Near him stood

stood the Conqueror *Jones*, almost covered with Blood, part of which was naturally his own, and part had been lately the Property of the Reverend Mr. *Tbwackum*. In a third Place stood the said *Tbwackum*, like King *Porus*, sullenly submitting to the Conqueror. The last Figure in the Piece was *Western the Great*, most gloriously forbearing the vanquished Foe.

*Bliss*, in whom there was little Sign of Life, was at first the principal Object of the Concern of every one, and particularly of Mrs. *Western*, who had drawn from her Pocket a Bottle of Hartshorn, and was herself about to apply it to his Nostrils; when on a sudden the Attention of the whole Company was diverted from poor *Bliss*, whose Spirit, if it had any such Design, might have now taken an Opportunity of stealing off to the other World, without any Ceremony.

For now a more melancholy as more lovely Object lay motionless before them. This was no other than the charming *Sophia* herself, who, from the Sight of Blood, or from Fear for her Father, or from some other Reason, had fallen down in a Swoon, before any one could get to her Assistance.

Mrs.



Mrs. *Western* first saw her, and screamed. Immediately two or three Voices cried out, 'Miss *Western* is dead.' Hartshorn, Water ; every Remedy were called for, almost at one and the same Instant.

The Reader may remember, that in our Description of this Grove, we mentioned a murmuring Brook, which Brook did not come there, as such gentle Streams flow through vulgar Romances, with no other Purpose than to murmur. No ; Fortune had decreed to enoble this little Brook with a higher Honour than any of those which wash the Plains of *Arcadia*, ever deserved.

*Jones* was rubbing *Bliss's* Temples : For he began to fear he had given him a Blow too much, when the Words Miss *Western* and Death rushed at once on his Ear. He started up, left *Bliss* to his Fate, and flew to *Sophia*, whom, while all the rest were running against each other backward and forward looking for Water in the dry Paths, he caught up in his Arms, and then ran away with her over the Field to the Rivulet above-mentioned ; where, plunging himself into the Water, he contrived to be sprinkled.

sprinkle her Face, Head, and Neck very plentifully.

Happy was it for *Sophia*, that the same Confusion which prevented her other Friends from serving her, prevented them likewise from obstructing *Jones*. He had carried her half ways before they knew what he was doing, and he had actually restored her to Life before they reached the Water-side : She stretched out her Arms, opened her Eyes, and cried, ‘ Oh, ‘ Heavens !’ just as her Father, Aunt and the Parson came up.

*Jones*, who had hitherto held this lovely Burthen in his Arms, now relinquished his Hold ; but gave her at the same Instant a tender Caress, which, had her Senses been then perfectly restored, could not have escaped her Observation. As she expressed, therefore no Displeasure at this Freedom, we suppose she was not sufficiently recovered from her Swoon at the Time.

This tragical Scene was now converted into a sudden Scene of Joy. In this, our Heroe was, most certainly, the principal Character : For as he probably felt more extatic Delight in having saved *Sophia*,  
than

than she herself received from being saved; so neither were the Congratulations paid to her, equal to what were conferred on *Jones*, especially by Mr. *Western* himself, who, after having once or twice embraced his Daughter, fell to hugging and kissing *Jones*. He called him the Preserver of *Sophia*, and declared there was nothing, except her, or his Estate, which he would not give him; but upon Recollection, he afterwards excepted his Fox-hounds, the Chevalier, and Miss *Slouch* (for so he called his favourite Mare).

All Fears for *Sophia* being now removed, *Jones* became the Object of the Squire's Consideration. 'Come, my Lad,' says *Western*, 'D'off thy Quoad and wash thy Face: For all in a devilish Pickle, I promise thee. Come, come, wash thyself, and shat go Huome with me; and wel zee to vind thee another Quoad.'

*Jones* immediately complied; threw off his Coat, went down to the Water, and washed both his Face and Bosom: For the latter was as much exposed, and as bloody as the former: But tho' the Water could clear off the Blood, it could not remove the black and blue Marks which *Thwackum* had imprinted

imprinted on both his Face and Breast, and which, being discerned by *Sophia*, drew from her a Sigh, and a Look full of inexpressible Tenderneſs.

*Jones* receiv'd this full in his Eyes, and it had infinitely a stronger Effect on him than all the Contuſions which he had received before. An Effect, however, widely different; for ſo ſoft and balmy was it, that, had all his former Blows been Stabs, it would for ſome Minutes have prevented his feeling their Smart.

The Company now moved backwards; and ſoon arrived where *Thwackum* had got *Mr. Bliffl* again on his Legs. Here we cannot ſuppreſs a pious Wiſh, that all Quarrels were to be decided by thoſe Weapons only, with which Nature, knowing what is proper for us, hath ſupplied us; and that cold Iron was to be uſed in digging no Bowels, but thoſe of the Earth. Then would War, the Paſſime of Monarchs, be almoſt inoffenſive, and Battles between great Armies might be fought at the particular Deſire of ſeveral Ladies of Quality; who, together with the Kings themſelves, might be actual Spectators of the Conflict. Then might the Field be this Moment well

strewed with human Carcasses, and the next, the dead Men, or infinitely the greatest Part of them, might get up, like Mr. *Bayes's* Troops, and march off either at the Sound of a Drum or Fiddle, as should be previously agreed on.

I would avoid, if possible, treating this Matter ludicrously, lest grave Men and Politicians, whom I know to be offended at a Jest, may cry *Pish* at it; but, in reality, might not a Battle be as well decided by the greater Number of broken Heads, bloody Noses, and black Eyes, as by the greater Heaps of mangled and murdered human Bodies? Might not Towns be condemned for in the same Manner? Indeed, this may be thought too detrimental a Scheme to the *French* Interest, since they would thus lose the Advantage they have over other Nations, in the Superiority of their Engineers: But when I consider the Gallantry and Generosity of that People, I am persuaded they would never decline putting themselves upon a Par with their Adversary; or, as the Phrase is, *making themselves his Match*.

But such Reforms are rather to be wished than hoped for; I shall content myself  
therefore,

therefore, with this short Hint, and return to my Narrative.

*Western* began now to enquire into the original Rise of this Quarrel. To which neither *Bliss* nor *Jones* gave any Answer; but *Thwackum* said furlily, ‘ I believe, the Cause is not far off; if you beat the Bushes well you may find her.’ ‘ Find her!’ replied *Western*, ‘ what, have you been fighting for a Wench?’ ‘ Ask the Gentleman in his Wastecoat there,’ said *Thwackum*, ‘ he best knows.’ ‘ Nay, then,’ cries *Western*, ‘ it is a Wench certainly—Ah, *Tom*, *Tom*; thou art a li-quorish Dog---but come, Gentlemen, be all Friends, and go home with me, and make final Peace over a Bottle.’ ‘ I ask your Pardon, Sir,’ says *Thwackum*, ‘ it is no such slight Matter for a Man of my Character to be thus injuriously treated, and buffeted by a Boy; only because I would have done my Duty, in endeavouring to detect and bring to Justice a wanton Harlot; but, indeed, the principal Fault lies in Mr. *Allworthy* and yourself: For, if you put the Laws in Execution, as you ought to do, you would soon rid the Country of these Vermin.’

‘I would as soon rid the Country of Foxes,’ cries *Western*. ‘I think we ought to encourage the recruiting those Numbers which we are every Day losing in the War: But where is she?---Prithee, *Tom*, shew me.’ He then began to beat about, in the same Language, and in the same Manner, as if he had been beating for a Hare, and at last cried out, ‘Soho! Puss is not far off. Here’s her Form, upon my Soul; I believe I may cry *stole away*.’ And indeed so he might, for he had now discovered the Place whence the poor Girl had, at the Beginning of the Fray, *stolen away*, upon as many Feet as a Hare generally uses in travelling.

*Sophia* now desired her Father to return home; saying, she found herself very faint, and apprehended a Relapse. The Squire immediately complied with his Daughter’s Request (for he was the fondest of Parents). He earnestly endeavoured to prevail with the whole Company to go and sup with him; but *Bliss* and *Thwackum* absolutely refused; the former saying, There were more Reasons than he could then mention, why he must decline this Honour; and the latter declaring (per-

haps

haps rightly) that it was not proper for a Person of his Function to be seen at any Place in his present Condition.

*Jones* was incapable of refusing the Pleasure of being with his *Sophia*. So on he marched with Squire *Western* and his Ladies, the Parson bringing up the Rear. This had, indeed, offered to tarry with his Brother *Thwackum*, professing, his Regard for the Cloth would not permit him to depart; but *Thwackum* would not accept the Favour, and, with no great Civility, pushed him after Mr. *Western*.

Thus ended this bloody Fray; and thus shall end the fifth Book of this History.

L 3 BOOK



THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.

BOOK VI.

*Containing about three Weeks.*

CHAP. I.

*Of Love.*

IN our last Book we have been obliged to deal pretty much with the Passion of Love; and, in our succeeding Book, shall be forced to handle this Subject still more largely. It may not, therefore, in this Place, be improper to apply ourselves to the Examination of that modern Doctrine,  
by

by which certain Philosophers, among many other wonderful Discoveries, pretend to have found out, that there is no such Passion in the human Breast.

Whether these Philosophers be the same with that surprizing Sect, who are honourably mentioned by the late Dr. *Swift*; as having, by the mere Force of Genius alone, without the least Assistance of any Kind of Learning, or even Reading, discovered that profound and invaluable Secret, That there was no G---: or whether they are not rather the same with those who, some Years since, very much alarmed the World, by shewing that there were no such things as Virtue or Goodness really existing in Human Nature, and who deduced our best Actions from Pride, I will not here presume to determine. In reality, I am inclined to suspect, that all these several Finders of Truth are the very identical Men, who are by others called the *Finders of Gold*. The Method used in both these Searches after Truth and after Gold, being, indeed, one and the same; viz. the searching, rummaging, and examining into a nasty Place; indeed, in the former Instances, into the nastiest of all Places, A BAD MIND:

L 4.

But

But though, in this Particular, and perhaps in their Success, the Truth-finder, and the Gold-finder, may very properly be compared together; yet in Modesty, surely, there can be no Comparison between the two; for who ever heard of a Gold-finder that had the Impudence or Folly to assert, from the ill Success of his Search, that there was no such thing as Gold in the World? Whereas the Truth-finder, having raked out that *Jakes* his own Mind, and being there capable of tracing no Ray of Divinity, nor any thing virtuous, or good, or lovely, or loving, very fairly, honestly, and logically concludes, that no such things exist in the whole Creation.

To avoid, however, all Contention, if possible, with these Philosophers, if they will be called so; and to shew our own Disposition to accommodate Matters peaceably between us, we shall here make them some Concessions, which may possibly put an End to the Dispute.

First, we will grant that many Minds, and perhaps those of the Philosophers, are entirely free from the least Traces of such a Passion.

Secondly,

Secondly, That what is commonly called Love, namely, the Desire of satisfying a voracious Appetite with a certain Quantity of delicate white human Flesh, is by no Means that Passion for which I here contend. This is indeed more properly Hunger; and as no Glutton is ashamed to apply the Word Love to his Appetite, and to say he **LOVES** such and such Dishes; so may the Lover of this Kind, with equal Propriety say, he **HUNGERS** after such and such Women.

Thirdly, I will grant, which I believe will be a most acceptable Concession, that this Love for which I am an Advocate, though it satisfies itself in a much more delicate Manner, doth nevertheless seek its own Satisfaction as much as the grossest of all our Appetites.

And, Lastly; That this Love when it operates towards one of a different Sex, is very apt, towards its complete Gratification, to call in the Aid of that Hunger which I have mentioned above; and which it is so far from abating, that it heightens all its Delights to a Degree scarce imaginable by those who have never been susceptible of any other Emotions, than what have proceeded from Appetite alone.

L. 5.

In

In return to all these Concessions, I desire of the Philosophers to grant, that there is in some (I believe in many) human Breasts, a kind and benevolent Disposition, which is gratified by contributing to the Happiness of others. That in this Gratification alone, as in Friendship, in parental and filial Affection, and indeed in general Philanthropy, there is a great and exquisite Delight. That if we will not call such Disposition Love, we have no Name for it. That though the Pleasures arising from such pure Love may be heightened and sweetened by the Assistance of amorous Desires, yet the former can subsist alone, nor are they destroyed by the Intervention of the latter. Lastly, That Esteem and Gratitude are the proper Motives to Love, as Youth and Beauty are to Desire; and therefore though such Desire may naturally cease, when Age or Sicknes overtake its Object, yet they can have no Effect on Love, nor ever shake or remove from a good Mind, that Sensation or Passion which hath Gratitude and Esteem for its Basis.

To deny the Existence of a Passion which we often see manifest Instance seems to be very strange and absurd; and

can indeed proceed only from that Self-Admonition which we have mentioned above: But how unfair is this? Doth the Man who recognizes in his own Heart no Traces of Avarice or Ambition, conclude therefore, that there are no such Passions in Human Nature? Why will we not modestly observe the same Rule in judging of the Good, as well as the Evil of others? Or why, in any Case, will we, as *Shakespeare* phrases it, 'put the World in our own Person?' If the Predominant Vanity is, I am afraid, too much concerned here. This is one Instance of that Adulation which we bestow on our own Minds, and this almost universally. For there is scarce any Man, how much soever he may despise the Character of a Flatterer, but will condescend in the meanest Manner to flatter himself.

To those, therefore, I apply for the Truth of the above Observations, whose own Minds can bear Testimony to what I have advanced.

Examine your Heart, my good Reader, and resolve, whether you do believe these Matters with me. If you do, you may now proceed to their Exemplification in the

following Pages ; if you do not, you have, I assure you, already read more than you have understood ; and it would be wiser to pursue your Business, or, your Pleasures (such as they are) than to throw away any more of your Time in reading what you can neither taste nor comprehend. To treat of the Effects of Love to you, must be as absurd as to discourse on Colours to a Man born blind ; since possibly your Idea of Love may be as absurd as that which we are told such blind Man once entertained of the Colour Red : that Colour seemed to him to be very much like the Sound of a Trumpet ; and Love probably may, in your Opinion, very greatly resemble a Dish of Soup, or a Sir-loin of Roast-beef.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

C H A P. II.

*The Character of Mrs. Western. Her great Learning and Knowledge of the World, and an Instance of the deep Penetration which she derived from those Advantages.*

THE Reader hath seen Mr. Western, his Sister and Daughter, with young Jones, and the Parson, going together to Mr. Western's House, where the greater

Part

Part of the Company spent the Evening with much Joy and Festivity. *Sophia* was indeed the only grave Person: For as to *Jones*, though Love had now gotten entire Possession of his Heart, yet the pleasing Reflection on Mr. *Allworthy's* Recovery, and the Presence of his Mistress, joined to some tender Looks which she now and then could not refrain from giving him, so elevated our Heroe, that he joined the Mirth of the other three, who were perhaps as good-humoured People as any in the World.

*Sophia* retained the same Gravity of Countenance the next Morning at Breakfast; whence she retired likewise earlier than usual, leaving her Father and Aunt together. The Squire took no Notice of this Change in his Daughter's Disposition. To say the Truth, though he was somewhat of a Politician, and had been twice a Candidate in the Country Interest at an Election, he was a Man of no great Observation. His Sister was a Lady of a different Turn. She had lived about the Court, and had seen the World. Hence she had acquired all that Knowledge which the said World usually communicates; and was a perfect Mistress of Manners, Customs, Ceremonies, and Fashions; nor did her  
Erudi-



Erudition stop here. She had considerably improved her Mind by Study ; she had not only read all the modern Plays, Operas, Oratorios, Poems and Romances ; in all which she was a Critic ; but had gone thro' *Rapin's History of England*, *Eachard's Roman History*, and many *French Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire* ; to these she had added most of the political Pamphlets and Journals, published within the last twenty Years. From which she had attained a very competent Skill in Politics, and could discourse very learnedly on the Affairs of *Europe*. She was moreover excellently well skilled in the Doctrine of Amour, and knew better than any body who and who were together : A Knowledge which she the more easily attained, as her Pursuit of it was never diverted by any Affairs of her own ; for either she had no Inclinations, or ~~these~~ <sup>they</sup> had never been solicited ; which last is indeed very probable : For her masculine Person, which was near six Foot high, added to her Manner and Learning, possibly prevented the other Sex from regarding her, notwithstanding her Petticoats, in the Light of a Woman. However, as she had considered the Matter scientifically, she perfectly well knew, though she had never practised them, all the Arts which fine Ladies

Ladies use when they desire to give Encouragement, or to conceal Liking, with all the long Appendage of Smiles, Ogles, Glances, &c. as they are at present practised in the Beau-monde. To sum the whole, no Species of Disguise or Affectation had escaped her Notice; but as to the plain simple Workings of honest Nature, as she had never seen any such, she could know but little of them.

By means of this wonderful Sagacity, Mrs. *Western* had now, as she thought, made a Discovery of something in the Mind of *Sophia*. The first Hint of this she took from the Behaviour of the young Lady in the Field of Battle; and the Suspicion which she then conceived, was greatly corroborated by some Observations which she had made that Evening, and the next Morning. However, being greatly cautious to avoid being found in a Mistake, she carried the Secret a whole Fortnight in her Bosom, giving only some oblique Hints, by Simperings, Winks, Nods, and now and then dropping an obscure Word, which indeed sufficiently alarmed *Sophia*, but did not at all affect her Brother.

Being at length, however, thoroughly satisfied of the Truth of her Observation, she took an Opportunity, one Morning, when she was alone with her Brother, to interrupt one of his Whistles in the following Manner.

‘ Pray, Brother, have you not observed something very extraordinary in my Niece lately?’ ‘ No, not I,’ answered *Western*; ‘ Is any thing the Matter with the Girl?’ ‘ I think there is,’ replies she, ‘ and something of much Consequence too.’ ‘ Why she doth not complain of any Thing,’ cries *Western*, ‘ and she hath had the Small Pox.’ ‘ Brother,’ returned she, ‘ Girls are liable to other Distempers besides the Small Pox, and sometimes possibly to much worse.’ Here *Western* interrupted her with much Earnestness, and begged her, if any thing ailed his Daughter, to acquaint him immediately, adding, ‘ she knew he loved her more than his own Soul, and that he would send to the World’s End for the best Physician to her.’ ‘ Nay, nay,’ answered she, smiling, ‘ the Distemper is not so terrible; but I believe, Brother, you are convinced I know the World, and I promise you I was never more de-  
ceived

‘ceived in my Life, if my Niece be not  
 ‘most desperately in Love.’ ‘How! in  
 ‘Love,’ cries *Western*, in a Passion, ‘in  
 ‘Love without acquainting me! I’ll dis-  
 ‘inherit her, I’ll turn her out of Doors,  
 ‘stark naked, without a Farthing. Is all  
 ‘my Kindness vor’ur, and vondness o’ur  
 ‘come to this, to fall in Love without ask-  
 ‘ing me Leave!’ ‘But you will not,’ an-  
 ‘swered Mrs. *Western*, ‘turn this Daugh-  
 ‘ter, whom you love better than your  
 ‘own Soul, out of Doors, before you  
 ‘know whether you shall approve her  
 ‘Choice. Suppose she should have fixed  
 ‘on the very Person whom you yourself  
 ‘would wish, I hope you would not be  
 ‘angry then.’ ‘No, no,’ cries *Western*,  
 ‘that would make a Difference. If she  
 ‘marries the Man I would ha’ her, she  
 ‘may love whom she pleases, I shan’t  
 ‘trouble my Head about that.’ ‘That is  
 ‘spoken,’ answered the Sister, ‘like a sen-  
 ‘sible Man, but I believe the very Person  
 ‘she hath chosen, would be the very Per-  
 ‘son you would chuse for her. I will dis-  
 ‘claim all Knowledge of the World if it is  
 ‘not so; and I believe, Brother, you will  
 ‘allow I have some.’ ‘Why lookee, Sister,’  
 said *Western*, ‘I do believe you have as  
 ‘much as any Woman; and to be sure  
 ‘those

those are Women's Matters. You know I don't love to hear you talk about Politics, they belong to us, and Petticoats should not meddle : But come, Who is the Man ?' 'Marry !' said she, 'you may find him out yourself, if you please. You who are so great a Politician can be at no great Loss. The Judgment which can penetrate into the Cabinets of Princes, and discover the secret Springs which move the great State Wheels in all the political Machines of Europe, must surely, with very little Difficulty find out what passes in the rude uninformed Mind of a Girl.' 'Sister,' cries the Squire, 'I have often warned you not to talk the Court Gibberish to me. I tell you, I don't understand the Lingo ; but I can read a Journal, or the *London Evening-Post*. Perhaps indeed, there may be now and then a Verse which I can't make much of, because half the Letters are left out ; yet I know very well what is meant by that, and that our Affairs don't go so well as they should do, because of Bribery and Corruption. I pity your Country Ignorance from my Heart,' cries the Lady, 'Do you ?' answered *Western*, 'and I pity your Town Learning. I had rather be any Thing than a Courtier and a Presbyterian, and a *Hanoverian* too, a  
som

' some People, I believe, are.' ' If you  
 ' mean me,' answered she, ' you know I  
 ' am a Woman, Brother ; and it signifies  
 ' nothing what I am. Besides ——— ' I do  
 ' know you are a Woman,' cries the  
 Squire, ' and its well for thee, that at  
 ' one ; if hadst been a Man, I pro-  
 ' mise thee I had lent thee a *Flick* long  
 ' ago.' ' Ay there,' said she, ' in that *Flick*  
 ' lies all your fancied Superiority. Your  
 ' Bodies, and not your Brains, are stronger  
 ' than ours. Believe me, it is well for  
 ' you that you are able to beat us; or such  
 ' is the Superiority of our Understanding,  
 ' we should make all of you what the brave,  
 ' and wise, and witty, and polite are already,—our Slaves.' ' I am glad I know your  
 ' Mind,' answered the Squire, ' but we'll  
 ' talk more of this Matter another Time.  
 ' At present, do tell me what Man it is  
 ' you mean about my Daughter.' ' Hold a  
 ' Moment,' said she, ' while I digest that  
 ' sovereign Contempt I have for your Sex ;  
 ' or else I ought to be too angry with  
 ' you. There———I have made a Shift  
 ' to gulp it down. And now, good poli-  
 ' tic Sir, what think you of Mr. *Bliss* ?  
 ' Did she not faint away on seeing him lie  
 ' breathless on the Ground ? Did she not,  
 ' after he was recovered, turn pale again  
 ' the

the Moment we came up to that Part of the Field where he stood? And pray what else should be the Occasion of all her Melancholy that Night at Supper, the next Morning, and indeed ever since?' 'Fore George!' cries the Squire, 'now you mind me on't, I remember it all. It is certainly so, and I am glad on't with all my Heart. I knew *Sophy* was a good Girl, and would not fall in Love to make me angry. I was never more rejoiced in my Life: For nothing can lie so handy together as our two Estates. I had this Matter in my Head some Time ago; for certainly the two Estates are in a Manner joined together in Matrimony already, and it would be a thousand Pities to part them. It is true indeed, there be larger Estates in the Kingdom, but not in this County, and I had rather bare something, than marry my Daughter among Strangers and Foreigners. Besides most o' such great Estates be in the Hands of Lords, and I heate the very Name of *themman*. Well but, Sister, what would you advise me to do: For I tell you Women know these Matters better than we do?' 'O, your humble Servant Sir,' answered the Lady, 'we are obliged to you for allowing us a Capacity

' in any Thing. Since you are pleased  
 ' then, most politic Sir, to ask my Advice,  
 ' I think you may propose the Match to  
 ' *Allworthy* yourself. There is no Indeco-  
 ' rum in the Proposal's coming from the  
 ' Parent of either Side. King *Alcinous*, in  
 ' Mr. *Pope's* *Odyssey*, offers his Daughter  
 ' to *Ulysses*. I need not caution so politic a  
 ' Person not to say that your Daughter is in  
 ' Love; that would indeed be against all  
 ' Rules.' ' Well,' said the Squire, ' I will  
 ' propose it; but I shall certainly, lend un a  
 ' a *Flick*, if he should refuse me. Fear not,'  
 cries Mrs. *Western*, ' the Match is too ad-  
 ' vantageous to be refused.' ' I don't know  
 ' that,' answered the Squire, ' *Allworthy* is  
 ' a queer B—ch, and Money hath no Effect  
 ' o'un.' ' Brother,' said the Lady, ' your Po-  
 ' litics astonish me. Are you really to be im-  
 ' posed on by Professions? Do you think  
 ' Mr. *Allworthy* hath more Contempt  
 ' for Money than other Men, because he  
 ' professes more. Such Credulity would bet-  
 ' ter become one of us weak Women, than  
 ' that wise Sex which Heaven hath formed  
 ' for Politicians. Indeed, Brother, you  
 ' would make a fine Plenipo to negotiate  
 ' with the *French*. They would soon per-  
 ' suade you, that they take Towns out of  
 ' mere defensive Principles.' ' Sister,' an-  
 swered



swered the Squire, with much Scorn,  
 ‘ Let your Friends at Court answer for the  
 ‘ Towns taken ; as you are a Woman, I  
 ‘ shall lay no Blame upon you : For I sup-  
 ‘ pose they are wiser than to trust Women  
 ‘ with Secrets.’ He accompanied this with  
 so sarcastical a Laugh, that Mrs. *Western*  
 could bear no longer. She had been all  
 this Time fretted in a tender Part (for she  
 was indeed very deeply skilled in these  
 Matters, and very violent in them) and  
 therefore burst forth in a Rage, declared  
 her Brother to be both a Clown and a  
 Blockhead, and that she would stay no long-  
 er in his House.

The Squire, tho’, perhaps, he had never  
 read *Machiavel*, was, however, in many  
 Points, a perfect Politician. He strongly  
 held all those wise Tenets, which are so  
 well inculcated in that Politico-Peripatetic  
 School of *Exchange-Alley*. He knew the  
 just Value and only Use of Money, viz. to  
 lay it up. He was likewise well skilled  
 in the exact Value of Reversions, Expecta-  
 tions, &c. and had often considered the  
 Amount of his Sister’s Fortune, and the  
 Chance which he or his Posterity had of  
 inheriting it. This he was infinitely too  
 wise to sacrifice to a trifling Resentment.

When

When he found, therefore, he had carried Matters too far, he began to think of reconciling them; which was no very difficult Task, as the Lady had great Affection for her Brother, and still greater for her Niece; and tho' too susceptible of an Assault offered to her Skill in Politics, on which she much valued herself, was a Woman of a very extraordinary good and sweet Disposition.

Having first, therefore, laid violent Hands on the Horses, for whose Escape from the Stable no Place but the Window was left open; he next applied himself to his Sister, softened and soothed her, by unsaying all he had said, and by Assertions directly contrary to those which had incensed her. Lastly, he summoned the Eloquence of *Sophia* to his Assistance, who, besides a most graceful and winning Address, had the Advantage of being heard with great Favour and Partiality by her Aunt.

The Result of the whole was a kind Smile from Mrs. *Western*, who said, 'Brother, you are absolutely a perfect *Croat*; but as those have their Use in the Army of the Empress Queen, so you likewise have some good in you. I will therefore  
once

‘ once more sign a Treaty of Peace with  
 ‘ you, and see that you do not infringe it  
 ‘ on your Side ; at least, as you are so ex-  
 ‘ cellent a Politician, I may expect you  
 ‘ will keep your Leagues like the *French*,  
 ‘ till your Interest calls upon you to break  
 ‘ them.’

## C H A P. III.

*Containing two Desiances to the Critics.*

THE Squire having settled Matters with his Sister, as we have seen in the last Chapter, was so greatly impatient to communicate the Proposal to *Allworthy*, that Mrs. *Western* had the utmost Difficulty to prevent him from visiting that Gentleman in his Sickness, for this Purpose.

Mr. *Allworthy* had been engaged to dine with Mr. *Western* at the Time when he was taken ill. He was, therefore, no sooner discharged out of the Custody of Physic, but he thought (as was usual with him on all Occasions, both the highest and the lowest) of fulfilling his Engagement.

In the Interval between the Time of the Dialogue in the last Chapter, and this Day of public Entertainment, *Sophia* had, from certain obscure Hints thrown out by her Aunt, collected some Apprehension that the sagacious Lady suspected her Passion for *Jones*. She now resolved to take this Opportunity of wiping out all such Suspicion, and for that Purpose to put an entire Constraint on her Behaviour.

First, she endeavoured to conceal a throbbing melancholy Heart with the utmost Sprightliness in her Countenance, and the highest Gayety in her Manner. Secondly, she addressed her whole Discourse to Mr. *Bliss*, and took not the least Notice of poor *Jones* the whole Day.

The Squire was so delighted with this Conduct of his Daughter, that he scarce eat any Dinner, and spent almost his whole Time in watching Opportunities of conveying Signs of his Approbation by Winks and Nods to his Sister; who was not at first altogether so pleased with what she saw as was her Brother.

In short, *Sophia* so greatly overacted her Part, that her Aunt was at first staggered,

and began to suspect some Affectation in her Niece ; but as she was herself a Woman of Great Art, so she soon attributed this to extreme Art in *Sophia*. She remembered the many Hints she had given her Niece concerning her being in Love, and imagined the young Lady had taken this Way to rally her out of her Opinion, by an overacted Civility ; a Notion that was greatly corroborated by the excessive Gaiety with which the whole was accompanied. We cannot here avoid remarking that this Conjecture would have been better founded, had *Sophia* lived ten Years in the Air of *Grosvenor-square*, where young Ladies do learn a wonderful Knack of rallying and playing with that Passion, which is a mighty serious Thing in Woods and Groves a hundred Miles distant from *London*.

To say the Truth, in discovering the Deceit of others, it matters much that our own Art be wound up, if I may use the Expression, in the same Key with theirs : For very artful Men sometimes miscarry by fancying others wiser, or in other Words, greater Knaves than they really are. As this Observation is pretty deep, I will illustrate it by the following short Story. Three Countrymen were pursuing a *Wiltshire*

*shire* Thief through *Brentford*. The simplest of them seeing the *Wiltshire House* written under a Sign, advised his Companions to enter it, for there most probably they would find their Countryman. The second, who was wiser, laughed at this Simplicity; but the third, who was wiser still, answered, 'Let us go in, however, for he may think we should not suspect him of going amongst his own Countrymen.' They accordingly went in and searched the House, and by that Means missed overtaking the Thief, who was, at that Time, but a little ways before them; and who, as they all knew, but had never once reflected, could not read.

The Reader will pardon a Digression in which so invaluable a Secret is communicated, since every Gamester will agree how necessary it is to know exactly the Play of another, in order to countermine him. This will, moreover, afford a Reason why the wiser Man, as is often seen, is the Bubble of the weaker, and why many simple and innocent Characters are so generally misunderstood and misrepresented; but what is most material, this will account for the Deceit which *Sophia* put on her politic Aunt.

Dinner being ended, and the Company retired into the Garden, Mr. *Western*, who was thoroughly convinced of the Certainty of what his Sister had told him, took Mr. *Allworthy* aside, and very bluntly proposed a Match between *Sophia* and young Mr. *Bliffl*.

Mr. *Allworthy* was not one of those Men, whose Hearts flutter at any unexpected and sudden Tidings of worldly Profit. His Mind was, indeed, tempered with that Philosophy which becomes a Man and a Christian. He affected no absolute Superiority to all Pleasure and Pain, to all Joy and Grief; but was not at the same time to be discomposed and ruffled by every accidental Blast; by every Smile or Frown of Fortune. He received, therefore, Mr. *Western*'s Proposal without any visible Emotion, or without any Alteration of Countenance. He said the Alliance was such as he sincerely wished; then launched forth into a very just Encomium on the young Lady's Merit; acknowledged the Offer to be advantageous in Point of Fortune; and after thanking Mr. *Western* for the good Opinion he had profess'd of his Nephew, concluded, that if the young People liked each other, he should

should be very desirous to complete the Affair.

*Western* was a little disappointed at Mr. *Allworthy's* Answer ; which was not so warm as he expected. He treated the Doubt whether the young People might like one another with great Contempt ; saying, ' That Parents were the best Judges of proper Matches for their Children ; that, for his Part, he should insist on the most resigned Obedience from his Daughter ; and if any young Fellow could refuse such a Bedfellow, he was his humble Servant, and hoped there was no Harm done.'

*Allworthy* endeavoured to soften this Re-sentment by many Elogiums on *Sophia* ; declaring, he had no doubt but that Mr. *Bliss* would very gladly receive the Offer ; but all was ineffectual, he could obtain no other Answer from the Squire but — ' I say no more — I humbly hope there's no Harm done — that's all.' Which Words he repeated, at least, a hundred Times before they parted.

*Allworthy* was too well acquainted with his Neighbour to be offended at this Behaviour ; and tho' he was so averse to the



Rigour which some Parents exercise on their Children in the Article of Marriage, that he had resolved never to force his Nephew's Inclinations, he was nevertheless much pleased with the Prospect of this Union: For the whole Country resounded the Praises of *Sophia*, and he had himself greatly admired the uncommon Endowments of both her Mind and Person. To which, I believe we may add, the Consideration of her vast Fortune, which, tho' he was too sober to be intoxicated with, he was too sensible to despise.

And here, in Defiance of all the barking Critics in the World, I must and will introduce a Digression concerning true Wisdom, of which Mr. *Alkworthby* was in Reality as great a Pattern as he was of Goodness.

True Wisdom then, notwithstanding all which Mr. *Hogarth's* poor Poet may have writ against Riches, and in Spite of all which any rich, well-fed Divine may have preached against Pleasure, consists not in the Contempt of either of these. A Man may have as much Wisdom in the Possession of an affluent Fortune, as any Beggar in the Streets; or may enjoy a handsome Wife or a hearty

heartly Friend, and still remain as wise as any four Popish Recluse, who buries all his social Faculties, and starves his Belly while he well lashes his Back.

To say Truth, the wisest Man is the likeliest to possess all worldly Blessings in an eminent Degree: For as that Moderation which Wisdom prescribes is the surest Way to useful Wealth; so can it alone qualify us to taste many Pleasures. The wise Man gratifies every Appetite and every Passion, while the Fool sacrifices all the rest to pall and satiate one.

It may be objected, that very wise Men have been notoriously avaricious. I answer, not in that Instance. It may likewise be said, that the wisest Men have been in their Youth, immoderately fond of Pleasure. I answer, they were not wise then.

Wisdom, in short, whose Lessons have been represented as so hard to learn by those who never were at her School, teaches us only to extend a simple Maxim universally known and followed even in the lowest Life, a little farther than that Life carries it. And this is not to buy at too dear a Price.

M 4

Now

Now, whoever takes this Maxim abroad with him into the grand Market of the World, and constantly applies it to Honours, to Riches, to Pleasures, and to every other Commodity which that Market affords, is, I will venture to affirm, a wise Man; and must be so acknowledged in the worldly Sense of the Word: For he makes the best of Bargains, since in Reality he purchases every Thing at the Price only of a little Trouble, and carries home all the good Things I have mentioned, while he keeps his Health, his Innocence, and his Reputation, the common Prices which are paid for them by others, entire and to himself.

From this Moderation, likewise, he learns two other Lessons, which complete his Character. First, never to be intoxicated when he hath made the best Bargain, nor dejected when the Market is empty, or when its Commodities are too dear for his Purchase.

But I must remember on what Subject I am writing, and not trespass too far on the Patience of a good-natured Critic. Here therefore I put an End to the Chapter.

C H A P

## C H A P. IV.

*Containing sundry curious Matters.*

AS soon as Mr. *Allworthy* returned home, he took Mr. *Bliss* apart, and after some Preface, communicated to him the Proposal which had been made by Mr. *Western*, and, at the same Time, informed him how agreeable this Match would be to himself.

The Charms of *Sophia* had not made the least Impression on *Bliss*; not that his Heart was pre-engaged; neither was he totally insensible of Beauty, or had any Aversion to Women; but his Appetites were, by Nature, so moderate, that he was easily able by Philosophy or by Study, or by some other Method, to subdue them; and as to that Passion which we have treated of in the first Chapter of this Book, he had not the least Tincture of it in his whole Composition.

But tho' he was so entirely free from that mixed Passion, of which we there treated, and of which the Virtues and Beauty of

M 5

*Sophia*

*Sophia* formed so notable an Object; yet was he altogether as well furnished with some other Passions, that promised themselves very full Gratification in the young Lady's Fortune: Such were Avarice and Ambition, which divided the Dominion of his Mind between them. He had more than once considered the Possession of this Fortune as a very desirable Thing, and had entertained some distant Views concerning it: But his own Youth and that of the young Lady, and indeed principally a Reflection that Mr. *Western* might marry again, and have more Children, had restrained him from too hasty or eager a Pursuit.

This last and most material Objection was now in great Measure removed, as the Proposal came from Mr. *Western* himself. *Bliss*, therefore, after a very short Hesitation, answered Mr. *Allworthy*, that Matrimony was a Subject on which he had not yet thought: But that he was so sensible of his friendly and fatherly Care, that he should in all Things submit himself to his Pleasure.

*Allworthy* was naturally a Man of Spirit, and his present Gravity arose from true Wisdom

Wisdom and Philosophy, not from any original Phlegm in his Disposition : For he had possessed much Fire in his Youth, and had married a beautiful Woman for Love. He was not, therefore, greatly pleased with this cold Answer of his Nephew ; nor could he help launching forth into the Praises of *Sophia*, and expressing some Wonder that the Heart of a young Man could be impregnable to the force of such Charms, unless it was guarded by some prior Affection.

*Bliss* assured him he had no such Guard ; and then proceeded to discourse so wisely and religiously on Love and Marriage, that he would have stopt the Mouth of a Parent much less devoutly inclined than was his Uncle. In the End, the good Man was satisfied, that his Nephew, far from having any Objections to *Sophia*, had that Esteem for her, which in sober and virtuous Minds is the sure Foundation of Friendship and Love. And as he doubted not but the Lover would, in a little Time, become altogether as agreeable to his Mistress, he foresaw great Happiness arising to all Parties by so proper and desirable a Union. With Mr. *Bliss*'s Consent, therefore, he wrote the next Morning to Mr. *Western*,<sup>2</sup>

M 6

acquainting.

acquainting him that his Nephew had very thankfully and gladly received the Proposal, and would be ready to wait on the young Lady, whenever she should be pleased to accept his Visit.

*Western* was much pleased with this Letter, and immediately returned an Answer; in which, without having mentioned a Word to his Daughter, he appointed that very Afternoon for opening the Scene of Courtship.

As soon as he had dispatched this Messenger, he went in Quest of his Sister, whom he found reading and expounding the Gazette to Parson *Supple*. To this Exposition he was obliged to attend near a Quarter of an Hour, tho' with great Violence to his natural Impetuosity, before he was suffered to speak. At length, however, he found an Opportunity of acquainting the Lady, that he had Business of great Consequence to impart to her; to which she answered, 'Brother, I am entirely at your Service. Things look so well in the North that I was never in a better Humour.'

The Parson then withdrawing, *Western* acquainted her with all which had passed, and

and desired her to communicate the Affair to *Sophia*, which she readily and chearfully undertook ; tho' perhaps her Brother was a little obliged to that agreeable Northern Aspect which had so delighted her, that he heard no Comment on his Proceedings : for they were certainly somewhat too hasty and violent.

## C H A P. V.

*In which is related what passed between Sophia and her Aunt.*

**S**OPHIA was in her Chamber reading, when her Aunt came in. The Moment she saw Mrs. *Western*, she shut the Book with so much Eagerness, that the good Lady could not forbear asking her, What Book that was which she seemed so much afraid of shewing. ' Upon my Word, ' Madam,' answered *Sophia*, ' it is a Book which I am neither ashamed nor afraid to own I have read. It is the Production of a young Lady of Fashion, whose good Understanding, I think, doth Honour to her Sex, and whose good Heart is an Honour to Human Nature.' Mrs. *Western* then took up the Book, and immediately after threw



threw it down, saying---‘ Yes, the Author  
 ‘ is of a very good Family ; but she is not  
 ‘ much among People one knows. I have  
 ‘ never read it ; for the best Judges say,  
 ‘ there is not much in it.’ ‘ I dare not,  
 ‘ Madam, set up my own Opinion,’ says  
*Sophia*, ‘ against the best Judges, but there  
 ‘ appears to me a great deal of human Na-  
 ‘ ture it ; and in many Parts, so much true  
 ‘ Tenderneſs and Delicacy, that it hath coſt  
 ‘ me many a Tear.’ ‘ Ay, and do you  
 ‘ love to cry then?’ ſays the Aunt. ‘ I love  
 ‘ a tender Senſation,’ answered the Niece,  
 ‘ and would pay the Price of a Tear for it  
 ‘ at any Time.’ ‘ Well, but ſhew me,’  
 ſaid the Aunt, ‘ what you was reading  
 ‘ when I came in ; there was ſomething  
 ‘ very tender in that, I believe, and very  
 ‘ loving too.’ You bluſh, my dear *Sophia*.  
 ‘ Ah ! Child, you ſhould read Books, which  
 ‘ would teach you a little Hypocriſy, which  
 ‘ would inſtruct you how to hide your  
 ‘ Thoughts a little better.’ ‘ I hope, Ma-  
 ‘ dam,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘ I have no  
 ‘ Thoughts which I ought to be aſhamed  
 ‘ of diſcovering.’ ‘ Aſhamed ! no,’ cries  
 the Aunt, ‘ I don’t think you have any  
 ‘ Thoughts which you ought to be aſhamed  
 ‘ of, and yet, Child, you bluſhed juſt now  
 ‘ when I mentioned the Word *Loving*.  
 ‘ Dear

' Dear *Sophy*, be assured you have not one  
 ' Thought which I am not well acquainted  
 ' with; as well, Child, as the *French* are  
 ' with our Motions, long before we put  
 ' them in Execution. Did you think,  
 ' Child, because you have been able to im-  
 ' pose upon your Father, that you could  
 ' impose upon me? Do you imagine I did  
 ' not know the Reason of your over-acting  
 ' all that Friendship for Mr. *Bliss* yesterday?  
 ' I have seen a little too much of the  
 ' World, to be so deceived. Nay, nay,  
 ' do not blush again. I tell you it is a  
 ' Passion you need not be ashamed of.—It  
 ' is a Passion I myself approve, and have  
 ' already brought your Father into the Ap-  
 ' probation of. Indeed, I solely consider  
 ' your Inclination; for I would always  
 ' have that gratified, if possible, though  
 ' one may sacrifice higher Prospects. Come,  
 ' I have News which will delight your very  
 ' Soul. Make me your Confident, and I  
 ' will undertake you shall be happy to the  
 ' very Extent of your Wishes.' 'La,  
 ' Madam,' says *Sophia*, looking more  
 foolishly than ever she did in her Life, 'I  
 ' know not what to say—Why, Madam,  
 ' should you suspect?'—'Nay, no Disho-  
 ' nesty,' returned Mrs. *Western*. 'Consider,  
 ' you are speaking to one of your own Sex,  
 ' to

‘ to an Aunt, and I hope you are convinced you speak to a Friend. Consider, you are only revealing to me what I know already, and what I plainly saw yesterday through that most artful of all Disguises, which you had put on, and which mult have deceived any one who had not perfectly known the World. Lastly, consider it is a Passion which I highly approve.’

‘ La, Madam,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ you come upon one so unawares, and on a sudden. To be sure, Madam, I am not blind--- and certainly, if it be a Fault to see all human Perfections assembled together--- But is it possible my Father and you, Madam, can see with my Eyes? I tell you,’ answered the Aunt, ‘ we do entirely approve; and this very Afternoon your Father hath appointed for you to receive your Lover.’ ‘ My Father, this Afternoon!’ cries *Sophia*, with the Blood starting from her Face. ‘---’ ‘ Yes, Child,’ said the Aunt, ‘ this Afternoon. You know the Impetuosity of my Brother’s Temper. I acquainted him with the Passion which I first discovered in you that Evening when you fainted away in the Field. I saw it in your Fainting. I saw it immediately upon your Recovery. I saw it that Evening at Supper, and the next Morning at Break-

' Breakfast : (you know, Child, I have seen  
 ' the World). Well, I no sooner ac-  
 ' quainted my Brother ; but he immediately  
 ' wanted to propose it to *Allworthy*. He  
 ' proposed it Yesterday, *Allworthy* con-  
 ' sented, (as to be sure he must with  
 ' Joy.) and this Afternoon, I tell you,  
 ' you are to put on all your best Airs.'  
 ' This Afternoon !' cries *Sophia*. ' Dear  
 ' Aunt, you frighten me out of my Senses.'  
 ' O, my Dear,' said the Aunt, ' you will  
 ' soon come to yourself again ; for he is a  
 ' charming young Fellow, that's the Truth  
 ' on't.' ' Nay, I will own,' says *Sophia*,  
 ' I know none with such Perfections. So  
 ' brave, and yet so gentle ; so witty, yet  
 ' so inoffensive ; so humane, so civil, so  
 ' genteel, so handsome ! What signifies his  
 ' being base born, when compared with  
 ' such Qualifications as these ?' ' Base born !  
 ' what do you mean,' said the Aunt,  
 ' Mr. *Blifil* base born !' *Sophia* turned in-  
 stantly pale at this Name, and faintly re-  
 peated it. Upon which the Aunt cried,  
 ' Mr. *Blifil*, ay Mr. *Blifil*, of whom else  
 ' have we been talking ?' ' Good Hea-  
 ' vens,' answered *Sophia*, ready to sink,  
 ' of Mr. *Jones*, I thought ; I am sure I  
 ' know no other who deserves——' ' I  
 ' protest,' cries the Aunt, ' you frighten  
 ' me in your Turn. Is it Mr. *Jones*, and  
 ' not

‘ not Mr. *Bliffl*, who is the Object of your  
 ‘ Affection?’ ‘ Mr. *Bliffl*!’ repeated *Sopbia*.  
 ‘ Sure it is impossible you can be in  
 ‘ earnest; if you are, I am the most miserable  
 ‘ Woman alive.’ Mrs. *Western* now stood a few Moments silent, while Sparks of fiery Rage flashed from her Eyes. At length, collecting all her Force of Voice, she thundered forth in the following articulate Sounds:

‘ And is it possible you can think of disgracing your Family by allying yourself  
 ‘ to a Bastard? Can the Blood of the  
 ‘ *Westerns* submit to such Contamination!  
 ‘ If you have not Sense sufficient to restrain  
 ‘ such monstrous Inclinations, I thought  
 ‘ the Pride of our Family would have prevented  
 ‘ you from giving the least Encouragement  
 ‘ to so base an Affection; much less did I  
 ‘ imagine you would ever have had the Assurance  
 ‘ to own it to my Face.’

‘ Madam,’ answered *Sopbia*, trembling, ‘ what I have said you have extorted from me. I do not remember to have ever  
 ‘ mentioned the Name of Mr. *Jones*, with  
 ‘ Approbation, to any one before; nor  
 ‘ should I now, had I not conceived he had  
 ‘ had your Approbation. Whatever were  
 ‘ my

‘ my Thoughts of that poor unhappy young Man, I intended to have carried them with me to my Grave---To that Grave where now, I find, I am only to seek Repose.’--- Here she sunk down in her Chair, drowned in her Tears, and, in all the moving Silence of unutterable Grief, presented a Spectacle which must have affected almost the hardest Heart.

All this tender Sorrow, however, raised no Compassion in her Aunt. On the contrary, she now fell into the most violent Rage---‘ And I would rather,’ she cried, in a most vehement Voice, ‘ follow you to your Grave, than I would see you disgrace yourself and your Family by such a Match. O Heavens! could I have ever suspected that I should live to hear a Niece of mine declare a Passion for such a Fellow? You are the first---yes, Miss *Western*, you are the first of your Name who ever entertained so groveling a Thought. A Family so noted for the Prudence of its Women’-----Here she ran on a full Quarter of an Hour, till having exhausted her Breath rather than her Rage, she concluded with threatening to go immediately and acquaint her Brother.

*Sophia*

*Sophia* then threw herself at her Feet, and laying hold of her Hands, ‘ begged her, with Tears, to conceal what she had drawn from her ; urging the Violence of her Father’s Temper, and protesting that no Inclinations of hers should ever prevail with her to do any thing which might offend him.’

Mrs. *Western* stood a Moment looking at her, and then having recollected herself, said, that ‘ on one Consideration only she would keep the Secret from her Brother ; and this was, that *Sophia* should promise to entertain Mr. *Bliss* that very Afternoon as her Lover, and to regard him as the Person who was to be her Husband.’

Poor *Sophia* was too much in her Aunt’s Power to deny her any thing positively ; she was obliged to promise that she would see Mr. *Bliss*, and be as civil to him as possible ; but begged her Aunt that the Match might not be hurried on. She said, ‘ Mr. *Bliss* was by no means agreeable to her, and she hoped her Father would be prevailed on not to make her the most wretched of Women.’

Mr.

Mrs. *Western* assured her, ‘ that the Match  
 ‘ was entirely agreed upon, and that no-  
 ‘ thing could or should prevent it.’ ‘ I must  
 ‘ own,’ said she, ‘ I looked on it as on a  
 ‘ Matter of Indifference ; nay, perhaps, had  
 ‘ some Scruples about it before, which were  
 ‘ actually got over by my thinking it high-  
 ‘ ly agreeable to your own Inclinations ;  
 ‘ but now I regard it as the most eligible  
 ‘ Thing in the World ; nor shall there be,  
 ‘ if I can prevent it, a Moment of Time  
 ‘ lost on the Occasion.

*Sophia* replied, ‘ Delay at least, Ma-  
 ‘ dam, I may expect from both your Good-  
 ‘ ness and my Father’s. Surely you will  
 ‘ give me Time to endeavour to get the  
 ‘ better of so strong a Disinclination as I  
 ‘ have at present to this Person.

The Aunt answered, ‘ She knew too  
 ‘ much of the World to be so deceived ;  
 ‘ that as she was sensible another Man had  
 ‘ her Affections, she should persuade Mr.  
 ‘ *Western* to hasten the Match as much as  
 ‘ possible. It would be bad Politics in-  
 ‘ deed, added she, to protract a Siege when  
 ‘ the Enemy’s Army is at Hand, and in  
 ‘ Danger of relieving it. No, no, *Sephy*,  
 ‘ said



• said she, as I am convinced you have a  
 • violent Passion, which you can never sa-  
 • tisfy with Honour, I will do all I can  
 • to put your Honour out of the Care of  
 • your Family : For when you are married  
 • those Matters will belong only to the  
 • Consideration of your Husband. I hope,  
 • Child, you will always have Prudence  
 • enough to act as becomes you ; but if you  
 • should not, Marriage hath saved many a  
 • Woman from Ruin.'

*Sophia* well understood what her Aunt  
 meant ; but did not think proper to make  
 her an Answer. However, she took a Re-  
 solution to see Mr. *Bliss*, and to behave to  
 him as civilly as she could : For on that  
 Condition only she obtained a Promise from  
 her Aunt to keep secret the Liking which  
 her ill Fortune, rather than any Scheme of  
 Mrs. *Western*, had unhappily drawn from  
 her.

C H A P

## C H A P. VI.

*Containing a Dialogue between Sophia and Mrs. Honour, which may a little relieve those tender Affections which the foregoing Scene may have raised in the Mind of a good-natur'd Reader.*

MRS. *Western* having obtained that Promise from her Niece which we have seen in the last Chapter, withdrew, and presently after arrived Mrs. *Honour*. She was at Work in a neighbouring Apartment, and had been summoned to the Key-hole by some Vociferation in the preceding Dialogue, where she had continued during the remaining Part of it. At her Entry into the Room, she found *Sophia* standing motionless, with the Tears trickling from her Eyes. Upon which she immediately ordered a proper Quantity of Tears into her own Eyes, and then began, 'O Gemini, my dear Lady, what is the Matter? Nothing,' cries *Sophia*. 'Nothing! O dear Madam,' answers Mrs. *Honour*, 'you must not tell me that, when your Ladyship is in this Taking, and when there hath been such a Pre-  
amble

‘amble between your Ladyship and Madam  
 ‘*Western.*’ ‘Don’t teaze me,’ cries *Sophia*,  
 ‘I tell you nothing is the Matter.—Good  
 ‘Heavens! Why was I born! — Nay,  
 ‘Madam,’ says Mrs. *Honour*, ‘you shall  
 ‘never persuade me, that your La’ship  
 ‘can lament yourself so for nothing. To  
 ‘be sure, I am but a Servant; but to be  
 ‘sure I have been always faithful to your  
 ‘Ladyship, and to be sure I would serve your  
 ‘La’ship with my Life.’ ‘My dear *Honour*,’  
 says *Sophia* ‘’tis not in thy Power to be  
 ‘of any Service to me. I am irretrievably  
 ‘undone.’ ‘Heaven forbid,’ answered the  
 Waiting woman; ‘but if I can’t be of any  
 ‘Service to you, pray tell me, Madam,  
 ‘it will be some Comfort to me to know;  
 ‘Pray, dear Ma’am, tell me what’s the  
 ‘Matter.’ ‘My Father,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘is go-  
 ‘ing to marry me to a Man I both de-  
 ‘spise and hate.’ ‘O, dear Ma’am,’ answer-  
 ed the other, ‘Who is this wicked Man?  
 ‘for to be sure he is very bad, or your  
 ‘La’ship would not despise him.’ ‘His  
 ‘Name is Poison to my Tongue,’ replied  
*Sophia*, ‘thou wilt know it too soon.’  
 Indeed, to confess the Truth, she knew it  
 already, and therefore was not very inqui-  
 sitive as to that Point. She then proceeded  
 thus: ‘I don’t pretend to give you  
 ‘La’ship

'La'ship Advice, *whereof* your La'ship  
 'knows much better than I can pretend to,  
 'being but a Servant ; but, i-sackins ! no  
 'Father in *England* should marry me a-  
 'gainst my Consent. And to be sure, the  
 'Squire is so good, that if he did but  
 'know your La'ship despises and hates the  
 'young Man, to be sure he would not de-  
 'sire you to marry him. And if your  
 'La'ship would but give me Leave to tell  
 'my Master so—To be sure, it would be  
 'more properer to come from your own  
 'Mouth ; but as your La'ship doth not  
 'care to foul your Tongue with his nasty  
 'Name.' 'You are mistaken, *Honour*,' says  
*Sophia*, 'my Father was determined before  
 'he ever thought fit to mention it to me.'  
 'More Shame for him,' cries *Honour*,  
 'you are to go to Bed to him, and not  
 'Master. And thof a Man may be a very  
 'proper Man, yet every Woman mayn't  
 'think him handsome alike. I am sure my  
 'Master would never act in this Manner of  
 'his own Head. I wish some People would  
 'trouble themselves only with what belongs  
 'to them ; they would not, I believe, like  
 'to be served so, if it was their own Case :  
 'For tho' I am a Maid, I can easily be-  
 'lieve as how all Men are not equally  
 'agrecable. And what signifies your  
 'La'ship having so great a Fortune, if you  
 Vol. II.                      N                      'can't

‘ can’t please yourself with the Man you think  
 ‘ most handsomest ? Well, I say nothing,  
 ‘ but to be sure it is Pity some Folks had  
 ‘ not been better born ; nay, as for that  
 ‘ Matter, I should not mind it my self :  
 ‘ But then there is not so much Money,  
 ‘ and what of that, your La’ship hath Mo-  
 ‘ ney enough for both ; and where can  
 ‘ your La’ship bestow your Fortune better ?  
 ‘ For to be sure every one must allow, that  
 ‘ he is the most handsomest, charmingest,  
 ‘ finest, tallest, properest Man in the World.’  
 ‘ What do you mean by running on in  
 ‘ this Manner to me ?’ cries *Sophia*, with a  
 very grave Countenance. ‘ Have I ever  
 ‘ given any Encouragement for these Li-  
 ‘ berties ? Nay, Ma’am, I ask Pardon, I  
 ‘ meant no Harm,’ answered she, ‘ but to  
 ‘ be sure the poor Gentleman hath run in  
 ‘ my Head ever since I saw him this Morn-  
 ‘ ing.—To be sure, if your Ladyship had  
 ‘ but seen him just now, you must  
 ‘ have pitied him. Poor Gentleman ! I  
 ‘ wishes some Misfortune hath not happen-  
 ‘ ed to him : For he hath been walking a-  
 ‘ bout with his Arms a-cross, and looking  
 ‘ so melancholy all this Morning ; I vow  
 ‘ and protest it made me almost cry to see  
 ‘ him.’ ‘ To see whom ?’ says *Sophia*. ‘ Poor  
 ‘ Mr. Jones,’ answered *Honour*. ‘ See him !  
 ‘ Why,

‘Why, where did you see him?’ cries *Sophia*. ‘By the Canal, Ma’am,’ says *Honour*. ‘There he hath been walking all this Morning, and at last there he laid himself down; I believe he lies there still.’ ‘To be sure, if it had not been for my Modesty, being a Maid as I am, I should have gone and spoke to him. Do, Ma’am, let me go and see, only for a Fancy, whether he is there still.’ ‘Pugh!’ says *Sophia*. ‘There! no, no, what should he do there? He is gone before this Time to be sure. Besides, why — what — why should you go to see? — Besides, I want you for something else. Go, fetch me my Hat and Gloves. I shall walk with my Aunt in the Grove before Dinner.’ *Honour* did immediately as she was bid, and *Sophia* put her Hat on; when looking in the Glass, she fancied the Ribbon with which her Hat was tied, did not become her, and so sent her Maid back again for a Ribbon of a different Colour; and then giving Mrs. *Honour* repeated Charges not to leave her Work on any Account, as she said it was in violent Haste, and must be finished that very Day, she muttered something more about going to the Grove, and then sallied out the contrary Way, and walked

as fast as her tender trembling Limbs could carry her, directly towards the Canal.

Jones had been there, as Mrs. Honour had told her: He had indeed spent two Hours there that Morning in melancholy Contemplation on his *Sophia*, and had gone out from the Garden at one Door, the Moment she entered it at another. So that those unlucky Minutes which had been spent in changing the Ribbons, had prevented the Lovers from Meeting at this Time. A most unfortunate Accident, from which my fair Readers will not fail to draw a very wholesome Lesson. And here I strictly forbid all Male Critics to intermeddle with a Circumstance, which I have recounted only for the Sake of the Ladies, and upon which they only are at Liberty to comment.

C H A P.

## C H A P. VII.

*A Picture of formal Courtship in Miniature, as it always ought to be drawn, and a Scene of a tenderer Kind, painted at full Length.*

IT was well remarked by one, (and perhaps by more) that Misfortunes do not come single. This wise Maxim was now verified by *Sophia*, who was not only disappointed of seeing the Man she loved; but had the Vexation of being obliged to dress herself out, in order to receive a Visit from the Man she hated.

That Afternoon, Mr. *Western*, for the first Time, acquainted his Daughter with his Intention; telling her, he knew very well that she had heard it before from her Aunt. *Sophia* looked very grave upon this, nor could she prevent a few Pearls from stealing into her Eyes. ‘Come, come,’ says *Western*, ‘none of your Maidenish Airs; I know all; I assure you, Sister hath told me all.’



‘Is it possible,’ says *Sophia*, ‘that my Aunt can have betrayed me already?’ ‘Ay, ay,’ says *Western*, ‘betrayed you! ay. Why, you betrayed yourself yesterday at Dinner. You shewed your Fancy very plainly, I think. But you young Girls never know what you would be at. So you cry because I am going to marry you to the Man you are in Love with! Your Mother, I remember, whimpered and whined just in the same Manner; but it was all over within twenty-four Hours after we were married: Mr. *Bliss* is a brisk young Man, and will soon put an End to your Squeamishness. Come, cheer up, cheer up, I expect in every Minute.’

*Sophia* was now convinced that her Aunt had behaved honourably to her; and she determined to go through that disagreeable Afternoon with as much Resolution as possible, and without giving the least Suspicion in the World to her Father.

Mr. *Bliss* soon arrived; and Mr. *Western* soon after withdrawing, left the young Couple together.

Here

Here a long Silence of near a Quarter of an Hour ensued : For the Gentleman who was to begin the Conversation had all that unbecoming Modesty which consists in Bashfulness. He often attempted to speak, and as often suppressed his Words just at the very Point of Utterance. At last out they broke in a Torrent of far-fetched and high-strained Compliments, which were answered, on her Side, by downcast Looks, half Bows and civil Monosyllables. *Bliss* from his Inexperience in the Ways of Women, and from his Conceit of himself, took this Behaviour for a modest Assent to his Courtship ; and when to shorten a Scene which she could no longer support, *Sophia* rose up and left the Room, he imputed that too, merely to Bashfulness, and comforted himself, that he should soon have enough of her Company.

He was indeed perfectly well satisfied with his Prospect of Success : For as to that entire and absolute Possession of the Heart of his Mistress, which romantic Lovers require, the very Idea of it never entered his Head. Her Fortune and her Person were the sole Objects of his Wishes, of which he made no Doubt soon to obtain the absolute

Property; as Mr. *Western's* Mind was so earnestly bent on the Match; and as he well knew the strict Obedience which *Sophia* was always ready to pay to her Father's Will, and the greater still which her Father would exact, if there was Occasion. This Authority, therefore, together with the Charms which he fancied in his own Person and Conversation, could not fail, he thought, of succeeding with a young Lady, whose Inclinations, were, he doubted not, entirely disengaged.

Of *Jones* he certainly had not even the least Jealousy; and I have often thought it wonderful that he had not. Perhaps he imagined the Character which *Jones* bore all over the Country, (how justly let the Reader determine) of being one of the wildest Fellows in *England*, might render him odious to a Lady of the most exemplary Modesty. Perhaps his Suspicions might be laid asleep by the Behaviour of *Sophia*, and of *Jones* himself, when they were all in Company together. Lastly, and indeed principally, he was well assured there was not another Self in the Case. He fancied that he knew *Jones* to the Bottom, and had in reality a great Contempt for his Understanding, for not being more attached to his

his own Interest. He had no Apprehension that *Jones* was in Love with *Sophia*; and as for any lucrative Motives, he imagined they would sway very little with so silly a Fellow. *Blissl*, moreover, thought the Affair of *Molly Seagrim* still went on, and indeed believed it would end in Marriage: For *Jones* really loved him from his Childhood, and had kept no Secret from him, till his Behaviour on the Sickness of Mr. *Allworthy* had entirely alienated his Heart; and it was by means of the Quarrel which had ensued on this Occasion, and which was not yet reconciled, that Mr. *Blissl* knew nothing of the Alteration which had happened in the Affection which *Jones* had formerly bore towards *Molly*.

From these Reasons, therefore, Mr. *Blissl* saw no Bar to his Success with *Sophia*. He concluded, her Behaviour was like that of all other young Ladies on a first Visit from a Lover, and it had indeed entirely answered his Expectations.

Mr. *Western* took Care to way-lay the Lover at his Exit from his Mistress. He found him so elevated with his Success, so enamoured with his Daughter, and so satisfied with her Reception of him, that the

old Gentleman began to caper and dance about his Hall, and by many other antic Actions, to express the Extravagance of his Joy: For he had not the least Command over any of his Passions; and that which had at any Time the Ascendant in his Mind, hurried him to the wildest Excesses.

As soon as *Bliss* was departed, which was not till after many hearty Kisses and Embraces bestowed on him by *Western*, the good Squire went instantly in Quest of his Daughter, whom he no sooner found than he poured forth the most extravagant Raptures, bidding her chuse what Clothes and Jewels she pleased; and declaring that he had no other Use for Fortune but to make her happy. He then caressed her again and again with the utmost Profusion of Fondness, called her by the most endearing Names, and protested she was his only Joy on Earth.

*Sophia* perceiving her Father in this Fit of Affection, which she did not absolutely know the Reason of (for Fits of Fondness were not unusual to him, tho' this was rather more violent than ordinary) thought she should never have a better Opportunity

of

of disclosing herself than at present ; as far at least, as regarded Mr. *Blifil* ; and she too well foresaw the Necessity which she should soon be under of coming to a full Explanation. After having thanked the Squire, therefore for all his Professions of Kindness, she added, with a Look full of inexpressible Softness, ‘ And is it possible my Papa can be so good to place all his Joy in his *Sophy*’s Happiness?’ which *Western* having confirmed by a great Oath, and a Kiss ; she then laid hold of his Hand, and falling on her Knees, after many warm and passionate Declarations of Affection and Duty, she begged him ‘ not to make her the most miserable Creature on Earth, by forcing her to marry a Man whom she detested. This I entreat of you, dear Sir,’ said she, ‘ for your Sake as well as my own, since you are so very kind to tell me your Happiness depends on mine.’ ‘ How ! what !’ says *Western*, staring wildly. ‘ O Sir,’ continued she, ‘ not only your poor *Sophy*’s Happiness ; her very Life, her Being depends upon your granting her Request. I cannot live with Mr. *Blifil*. To force me into this Marriage, would be killing me.’ ‘ You can’t live with Mr. *Blifil*!’ says *Western*. ‘ No, upon my Soul I can’t,’ answered *Sophia*.

'Then die and be d---ned,' cries he, spurning her from him. 'Oh! Sir,' cries *Sophia*, catching hold of the Skirt of his Coat, 'take Pity on me, I beseech you. Don't look, and say such cruel—Can you be unmoved while you see your *Sophy* in this dreadful Condition? Can the best of Fathers break my Heart? Will he kill me by the most painful, cruel, lingering Death?' 'Pooh! Pooh!' cries the Squire, 'all Stuff and Nonsense, all maidenish Tricks. Kill you indeed! Will Marriage kill you?'—'Oh! Sir,' answered *Sophia*, 'such a Marriage is worse than Death—He is not even indifferent, I hate and detest him.—If you detest un never so much,' cries *Western*, 'you shall ha' un.' This he bound by an Oath too shocking to repeat, and after many violent Asseverations, concluded in these Words. 'I am resolved upon the Match, and unless you consent to it, I will not give you a Groat, not a single Farthing; no, tho' I saw you expiring with Famine in the Street, I would not relieve you with a Morsel of Bread. This is my fixed Resolution, and so I leave you to consider on it.' He then broke from her with such Violence, that her Face dashed against the Floor, and

he burst directly out of the Room, leaving poor *Sophia* prostrate on the Ground.

When *Western* came into the Hall, he there found *Jones*; who seeing his Friend looking wild, pale, and almost breathless, could not forbear enquiring the Reason of all these melancholy Appearances. Upon which the Squire immediately acquainted him with the whole Matter, concluding with bitter Denunciations against *Sophia*, and very pathetic Lamentations of the Misery of all Fathers who are so unfortunate to have Daughters.

*Jones*, to whom all the Resolutions which had been taken in Favour of *Bliss* were yet a Secret, was at first almost struck dead with this Relation; but recovering his Spirits a little, mere Despair, as he afterwards said, inspired him to mention a Matter to Mr. *Western*, which seemed to require more Impudence than a human Forehead was ever gifted with. He desired Leave to go to *Sophia*, that he might endeavour to obtain her Concurrence with her Father's Inclinations.

If the Squire had been as quick-sighted, as he was remarkable for the contrary,  
Passion



Passion might at present very well have blinded him. He thanked *Jones* for offering to undertake the Office, and said, 'Go, go, prithee, try what can'st do;' and then swore many execrable Oaths that he would turn her out of Doors unless she consented to the Match.

*CHAP. VIII.*

*The Meeting between Jones and Sophia.*

*JONES* departed instantly in Quest of *Sophia*, whom he found just risen from the Ground where her Father had left her, with the Tears trickling from her Eyes, and the Blood running from her Lips. He presently ran to her, and with a Voice full at once of Tenderneſs and Terrour, cried, 'O my *Sophia*, what means this dreadful Sight!'—She looked ſoftly at him for a Moment before ſhe ſpoke, and then ſaid, 'Mr. *Jones*, for Heaven's Sake, how came you here?—Leave me, I beſeech you, this Moment.' 'Do not,' ſays he, 'impoſe ſo harſh a Command upon me—my Heart bleeds faſter than thoſe Lips. O *Sophia*, how eaſily could I drain my Veins to preſerve one Drop of  
that

‘that dear Blood.’ ‘I have too many Obligations to you already,’ answered she, ‘for sure you meant them such.— Here she looked at him tenderly almost a Minute, and then bursting into an Agony, cried, — ‘O Mr. *Jones*, — why did you save my Life? — my Death would have been happier for us both.’ — ‘Happier for us both!’ cried he, ‘Could Racks or Wheels kill me so painfully as *Sophia*’s! — I cannot bear the dreadful Sound — Do I live but for her?’ — Both his Voice and Look were full of inexpressible Tenderness when he spoke these Words, and at the same Time he laid gently hold on her Hand, which she did not withdraw from him; to say the Truth, she hardly knew what she did or suffered. A few Moments now passed in Silence between these Lovers, while his Eyes were eagerly fixed on *Sophia*, and hers declining towards the Ground; at last she recovered Strength enough to desire him again to leave her; for that her certain Ruin would be the Consequence of their being found together; adding, — ‘O Mr. *Jones*, you know not, you know, not what hath passed this cruel Afternoon.’ ‘I know all, my *Sophia*,’ answered he; ‘your cruel Father hath told me all, and he himself hath sent me hither to you.’

‘My

‘ My Father sent you to me!’ replied she,  
 ‘ sure you dream.’ ‘ Would to Heaven,’  
 cries he, ‘ it was but a Dream. O *Sophia*,  
 ‘ your Father hath sent me to you, to be  
 ‘ an Advocate for my odious Rival, to so-  
 ‘ licite you in his Favour — I took any  
 ‘ Means to get Access to you — O speak  
 ‘ to me, *Sophia*, comfort my bleeding  
 ‘ Heart. Sure no one ever loved, ever  
 ‘ doated like me. Do not unkindly with-  
 ‘ hold this dear, this soft, this gentle Hand  
 ‘ — One Moment, perhaps, tears you for  
 ‘ ever from me — Nothing less than this  
 ‘ cruel Occasion could, I believe, have ever  
 ‘ conquered the Respect and Awe, with  
 ‘ which you have inspired me.’ She stood  
 a Moment silent and covered with Con-  
 fusion, then lifting up her Eyes gently to-  
 wards him, she cried, ‘ What would Mr.  
 ‘ *Jones* have me say?’ ‘ O do but pro-  
 ‘ mise,’ cries he, ‘ that you never will  
 ‘ give yourself to *Bliss*.’ ‘ Name not,’  
 answered she, ‘ the detested Sound. Be  
 ‘ assured I never will give him what it is  
 ‘ in my Power to with-hold from him.’  
 ‘ Now then,’ cries he, ‘ while you are so  
 ‘ perfectly kind, go a little farther, and  
 ‘ add that I may hope.’ — ‘ Alas,’ says she,  
 ‘ Mr. *Jones*, whither will you drive me?  
 ‘ What Hope have I to bestow? You know  
 ‘ my

‘ my Father’s Intentions.’ — ‘ But I know,’ answered he, ‘ your Compliance with them cannot be compelled.’ ‘ What,’ says she, ‘ must be the dreadful Consequence of my Disobedience? My own Ruin is my least Concern. I cannot bear the Thoughts of being the Cause of my Father’s Misery.’ ‘ He is himself the Cause,’ cries Jones, ‘ by exacting a Power over you which Nature hath not given him. Think on the Misery which I am to suffer, if I am to lose you, and see on which Side Pity will turn the Ballance.’ ‘ Think of it!’ replied she, ‘ can you imagine I do not feel the Ruin which I must bring on you, should I comply with your Desire — It is that Thought which gives me Resolution to bid you fly from me forever, and avoid your own Destruction.’ ‘ I fear no Destruction,’ cries he, ‘ but the Loss of *Sophia*; if you would save me from the most bitter Agonies, recall that cruel Sentence — Indeed, I can never part with you, indeed I cannot.’

The Lovers now stood both silent and trembling, *Sophia* being unable to withdraw her Hand from Jones, and he almost as unable to hold it; when the Scene, which I believe some of my Readers will think

think had lasted long enough, was interrupted by one of so different a Nature; that we shall reserve the Relation of it for a different Chapter.

## CH A P. IX.

*Being of a much more tempestuous Kind than the former.*

**B**EFORE we proceed with what now happened to our Lovers, it may be proper to recount what had past in the Hall, during their tender Interview.

Soon after *Jones* had left Mr. *Western* in the Manner above mentioned, his Sister came to him; and was presently informed of all that had past between her Brother and *Sophia*, relating to *Bliss*.

This Behaviour in her Niece, the good Lady construed to be an absolute Breach of the Condition, on which she had engaged to keep her Love for Mr. *Jones* a Secret. She considered herself, therefore, at full Liberty to reveal all she knew to the Squire, which she immediately did in the most explicit

plicate Terms, and without any Ceremony or Preface.

The Idea of a Marriage between *Jones* and his Daughter, had never once entered into the Squire's Head, either in the warmest Minutes of his Affection towards that young Man, or from Suspicion, or on any other Occasion. He did indeed consider a Parity of Fortune and Circumstances, to be physically as necessary an Ingredient in Marriage, as Difference of Sexes, or any other Essential; and had no more Apprehension of his Daughter's falling in Love with a poor Man, than with any Animal of a different Species.

He became, therefore, like one Thunder-struck at his Sister's Relation. He was, at first, incapable of making any Answer, having been almost deprived of his Breath by the Violence of the Surprize. This, however, soon returned, and, as is usual in other Cases after an Intermission, with redoubled Force and Fury.

The first Use he made of the Power of Speech, after his Recovery from the sudden Effects of his Astonishment, was to discharge a round Volley of Oaths and Imprecations.

precations. After which he proceeded hastily to the Apartment, where he expected to find the Lovers, and murmured, or indeed, rather roared forth Intentions of Revenge every Step he went.

As when two Doves, or two Wood-pigeons, or as when *Strephon* and *Phyllis* (for that comes nearest to the Mark) are retired into some pleasant solitary Grove, to enjoy the delightful Conversation of Love; that bashful Boy who cannot speak in Public, and is never a good Companion to more than two at a Time. Here while every Object is serene, should hoarse Thunder burst suddenly through the shattered Clouds, and rumbling roll along the Sky, the frightened Maid starts from the mossy Bank or verdant Turf; the pale Livery of Death succeeds the red Regimentals in which Love had before drest her Cheeks; Fear shakes her whole Frame, and her Lover scarce supports her trembling, tottering Limbs.

Or as when two Gentlemen, Strangers to the wonderous Wit of the Place, are cracking a Bottle together at some Inn or Tavern at *Salisbury*, if the great *Dowdy* who acts the Part of a Madman, as well as some of his Setters-on do that of a Fool, should rattle

rattle his Chains, and dreadfully hum forth the grumbling Catch along the Gallery; the frightened Strangers stand aghast, scared at the horrid Sound, they seek some Place of Shelter from the approaching Danger, and if the well-barred Windows did admit their Exit, would venture their Necks to escape the threatening Fury now coming upon them.

So trembled poor *Sophia*, so turned she pale at the Noise of her Father, who in a Voice most dreadful to hear, came on swearing, cursing and vowing the Destruction of *Jones*. To say the Truth, I believe the Youth himself would, from some prudent Considerations, have preferred another Place of Abode at this Time, had his Terror on *Sophia's* Account given him Liberty to reflect a Moment on what any other ways concerned himself, than as his Love made him partake whatever affected her.

And now the Squire having burst open the Door, beheld an Object which instantly suspended all his Fury against *Jones*; this was the ghastly Appearance of *Sophia*, who had fainted away in her Lover's Arms. This tragical Sight Mr. *Western* no sooner beheld, than all his Rage forsook him, he roared



roared for Help with his utmost Violence; ran first to his Daughter, then back to the Door, calling for Water, and then back again to *Sophia*, never considering in whose Arms she then was, nor, perhaps, once recollecting that there was such a Person in the World as *Jones*: For, indeed, I believe, the present Circumstances of his Daughter were now the sole Consideration which employed his Thoughts.

Mrs. *Western* and a great Number of Servants soon came to the Assistance of *Sophia*, with Water, Cordials, and every Thing necessary on those Occasions. These were applied with such Success, that *Sophia* in a very few Minutes began to recover, and all the Symptoms of Life to return. Upon which she was presently led off by her own Maid and Mrs. *Western*; nor did that good Lady depart without leaving some wholesome Admonitions with her Brother, on the dreadful Effects of his Passion, or, as she pleased to call it, Madness.

The Squire, perhaps, did not understand this good Advice, as it was delivered in obscure Hints, Shrugs, and Notes of Admiration; at least, if he did understand it, he profited very little by it: For no sooner

was

was he cured of his immediate Fears for his Daughter, than he relapsed into his former Frenzy, which must have produced an immediate Battle with *Jones*, had not Parson *Supple*, who was a very strong Man, been present, and by mere Force restrained the Squire from Acts of Hostility.

The Moment *Sophia* was departed, *Jones* advanced in a very suppliant Manner to Mr. *Western*, whom the Parson held in his Arms, and begged him to be pacify'd; for that while he continued in such a Passion it would be impossible to give him any Satisfaction.

‘ I wull have Satisfaction o’ thee,’ answered the Squire, ‘ so doff thy Clothes. *At* unt half a Man, and I’ll lick thee as well as wast ever licked in thy Life.’ He then bespattered the Youth with Abundance of that Language, which passes between Country Gentlemen who embrace opposite Sides of the Question; with frequent Applications to him to salute that Part which is generally introduced into all Controversies, that arise among the lower Orders of the *English* Gentry, at Horse-races, Cock-matches, and other public Places. Allusions

to this Part are likewise often made for the Sake of the Jest. And here, I believe, the Wit is generally misunderstood. In Reality, it lies in desiring another to kiss your A—— for having just before threatened to kick his; For I have observed very accurately, that no one ever desires you to kick that which belongs to himself, nor offers to kiss this Part in another.

It may likewise seem surprizing, that in the many thousand kind Invitations of this Sort, which every one who hath conversed with Country Gentlemen, must have heard, no one, I believe, hath ever seen a single Instance where the Desire hath been complied with. A great Instance of their Want of Politeness: For in Town, nothing can be more common than for the finest Gentlemen to perform this Ceremony every Day to their Superiors, without having that Favour once requested of them.

To all such Wit, *Jones* very calmly answered, ‘ Sir, this Usage, may, perhaps, cancel every other Obligation you have conferred on me; but there is one you can never cancel; nor will I be provoked by your Abuse, to lift my Hand against the Father of *Sophia*.’

At

At these Words, the Squire grew still more outrageous than before; so that the Parson begged *Jones* to retire, saying, 'You behold, Sir, how he waxeth ~~Wrath~~ *wroth* at your Abode here; therefore, let me pray you not to tarry any longer. His Anger is too much kindled for you to commune with him at present. You had better, therefore, conclude your Visit, and refer what Matters you have to urge in your Behalf, to some other Opportunity.'

*Jones* accepted this Advice with Thanks, and immediately departed. The Squire now regained the Liberty of his Hands, and so much Temper as to express some Satisfaction in the Restraint which had been laid upon him; declaring that he should certainly have beat his Brains out; and adding, 'It would have vexed one confoundedly to have been hanged for such a Rascal.'

The Parson now began to triumph in the Success of his Peace-making Endeavours, and proceeded to read a Lecture against Anger, which might, perhaps, rather have tended to raise than to quiet that

Vol. II.      O      Passion

290     *The HISTORY of*     Book VI.  
Passion in some hasty Minds. This Lecture he enriched with many valuable Quotations from the Antients, particularly from *Seneca*; who hath, indeed, so well handled this Passion, that none but a very angry Man can read him without great Pleasure and Profit. The Doctor concluded his Harangue with the famous Story of *Alexander* and *Clytus*; but as I find that entered in my Common-Place under Title Drunkenness, I shall not insert it here.

The Squire took no Notice of this Story, nor, perhaps, of any Thing he said: For he interrupted him before he had finished by calling for a Tankard of Beer; observing (which is, perhaps, as true as any Observation on this Fever of the Mind) *that Anger makes a Man dry.*

No sooner had the Squire swallowed a large Draught than he renewed the Discourse on *Jones*, and declared a Resolution of going the next Morning early to acquaint Mr. *Allworthby*. His Friend would have dissuaded him from this, from the mere Motive of Good-nature; but his Dissuasion had no other Effect, than to produce a large Volley of Oaths and Curses, which greatly shocked the pious Ears of  
*Supple;*

*Suppl'e*; but he did not dare to remonstrate against a Privilege, which the Squire claimed as a free-born *Englishman*. To say Truth, the Parson submitted to please his Palate at the Squire's Table; at the Expence of suffering this Violence now and then to his Ears. He contented himself with thinking he did not promote this evil Practice, and that the Squire would not swear an Oath the less if he never entered within his Gates. However, tho' he was not guilty of ill Manners by rebuking a Gentleman in his own House, he paid him off obliquely in the Pulpit; which had not, indeed, the good Effect of working a Reformation in the Squire himself, yet it so far operated on his Conscience, that he put the Laws very severely in Execution against others, and the Magistrate was the only Person in the Parish who could swear with Impunity.

## C H A P. X.

*In which Mr. Western visits Mr. Allworthy.*

**M**R. Allworthy was now retired from Breakfast with his Nephew, well satisfied with the Report of the young Gentleman's

man's successful Visit to *Sophia* (for he greatly desired the Match, more on Account of the young Lady's Character than of her Riches) when Mr. *Western* broke abruptly in upon them, and without any Ceremony began as follows.

‘ There, you have done a fine Piece of  
 ‘ Work truly. You have brought up your  
 ‘ Bastard to a fine Purpose ; not that I be-  
 ‘ lieve you have had any Hand in it neither,  
 ‘ that is, as a Man may say, designedly ;  
 ‘ but there is a fine Kettle of Fish made  
 ‘ o’ t up at our House.’ ‘ What can be  
 ‘ the Matter, Mr. *Western* ?’ said *Allworthy*.  
 ‘ O Matter *enow* of all Conscience ; my  
 ‘ Daughter hath fallen in Love with your  
 ‘ Bastard, that’s all, but I won’t ge her a  
 ‘ *Hapenny*, not the Twentieth Part of a  
 ‘ Brass Farthing. I always thought what  
 ‘ would come o’ breeding up a Bastard like  
 ‘ a Gentleman, and letting *un* come about  
 ‘ to *Volk’s* Houses. Its well *var un* I could  
 ‘ not get *at un*, I’d a licked *un*, I’d a spoil’d  
 ‘ his Caterwauling, I’d a taught the Son of  
 ‘ a Whore to meddle with Meat for his  
 ‘ Master. He shan’t ever have a Morfel  
 ‘ of Meat of mine, or a Farthing to buy  
 ‘ it ; If she will *ba un*, one Smock shall be  
 ‘ her Portion. I’ll sooner ge my *Estate*

‘ to

' to the sinking Fund, that it may be sent  
 ' to *Hannover* to corrupt our Nation with.'  
 ' I am heartily sorry,' cries *Allworthby*.  
 ' Pox o' your Sorrow,' says *Western*, ' it  
 ' will do me Abundance of Good, when I  
 ' have lost my only Child, my poor *Sophy*,  
 ' that was the Joy of my Heart, and all the  
 ' Hope and Comfort of my Age; but I  
 ' am resolved I will turn her out o' Doors,  
 ' she shall beg and starve and rot in the  
 ' Streets. Not one *Hapenny*, not a *Ha-*  
 ' *penny* shall she ever *hae* o' mine. The  
 ' Son of a Bitch was always good at finding  
 ' a Hare sitting; an be rotted to'n, I little  
 ' thought what Puss he was looking after;  
 ' but it shall be the worst he ever *wound*  
 ' in his Life. She shall be no better than  
 ' Carrion; the Skin o'er is all he shall *hae*,  
 ' and *zu* you may tell *un*.' ' I am in A-  
 ' mazement,' cries *Allworthby*, ' at what  
 ' you tell me, after what passed between  
 ' my Nephew and the young Lady no  
 ' longer ago than Yesterday.' ' Yes,  
 ' Sir,' answered *Western*, ' it was after  
 ' what passed between your Nephew and  
 ' she that the whole Matter came out. Mr.  
 ' *Bliss* there was no sooner gone than the  
 ' Son of a Whore came lurching about  
 ' the House. Little did I think when I  
 ' used to love him for a Sportsman, that  
 ' he



‘ he was all the while a poaching after  
‘ my Daughter.’ ‘ Why, truly,’ says *All-*  
*worthy*, ‘ I could wish you had not given  
‘ him so many Opportunities with her ;  
‘ and you will do me the Justice to ac-  
‘ knowledge, that I have always been a-  
‘ verse to his staying so much at your  
‘ House, tho’ I own I had no Suspicion of  
‘ this Kind.’ ‘ Why, Zounds!’ cries *Wes-*  
*tern*, ‘ who could have thought it ? What  
‘ the Devil had she to do wi’n ? He did  
‘ not come there a courting to her, he came  
‘ there a hunting with me.’ ‘ But was it  
‘ possible,’ says *Allworthy*, ‘ that you should  
‘ never discern any Symptoms of Love  
‘ between them, when you have seen them  
‘ so often together ?’ ‘ Never in my Life,  
‘ as I hope to be saved,’ cries *Western*. ‘ I  
‘ never so much as seed him kiss her in all  
‘ my Life ; and so far from courting her,  
‘ he used rather to be more silent when  
‘ she was in Company than at any other  
‘ Time : And as for the Girl, she was al-  
‘ ways less civil to’n than to any young  
‘ Man that came to the House. As to  
‘ that Matter, I am not more easy to be de-  
‘ ceived than another, I would not have  
‘ you think I am, Neighbour.’ *Allworthy*  
could scarce refrain Laughter at this ; but  
he resolved to do a Violence to himself :

For

For he perfectly well knew Mankind, and had too much good Breeding and good Nature to offend the Squire in his present Circumstances. He then asked *Western* what he would have him do upon this Occasion. To which the other answered, 'That he would have him keep the Rascal away from his House, and that he would go and lock up the Wench : For he was resolved to make her marry Mr. *Bliss* in Spite of her Teeth.' He then shook *Bliss* by the Hand, and swore he would have no other Son-in-law. Presently after which he took his Leave, saying, his House was in such Disorder, that it was necessary for him to make Haste home, to take care his Daughter did not give him the Slip ; and as for *Jones*, he swore if he caught him at his House, he would qualify him to run for the Gelding's Plate.

When *Allworthy* and *Bliss* were again left together, a long Silence ensued between them ; all which Interval the young Gentleman filled up with Sighs, which proceeded partly from Disappointment, but more from Hatred : For the Success of *Jones* was much more grievous to him, than the Loss of *Sophia*.

At length his Uncle asked him what he was determined to do, and he answered in the following Words. ' Alas, Sir, can it be a Question what Step a Lover will take, when Reason and Passion point different Ways? I am afraid it is too certain he will, in that Dilemma, always follow the latter. Reason dictates to me, to quit all Thoughts of a Woman who places her Affections on another; my Passion bids me hope she may, in Time, change her Inclinations in my Favour. Here, however, I conceive an Objection may be raised, which if it could not fully be answered, would totally deter me from any further Pursuit. I mean the Injustice of endeavouring to supplant another, in a Heart of which he seems already in Possession; but the determined Resolution of Mr. *Western* shews, that in this Case, I shall by so doing, promote the Happiness of every Party; not only that of the Parent, who will thus be preserved from the highest Degree of Misery, but of both the others, who must be undone by this Match. The Lady, I am sure, will be undone in every Sense: For besides the Loss of most Part of her own Fortune, she will be married not only

' to a Beggar, but the little Fortune which  
 ' her Father cannot withhold from her,  
 ' will be squandered on that Wench, with  
 ' whom I know he yet converses — Nay,  
 ' that is a Trifle : For I know him to be  
 ' one of the worst Men in the World : For  
 ' had my dear Uncle known what I have  
 ' hitherto endeavoured to conceal, he must  
 ' have long since abandoned so profligate a  
 ' Wretch.' ' How,' said *Allworthy*, ' hath  
 ' he done any Thing worse than I already  
 ' know ? Tell me, I beseech you.' ' No,'  
 ' replied *Bliss*, ' it is now past, and perhaps  
 ' he may have repented of it.' ' I com-  
 ' mand you on your Duty,' said *Allworthy*,  
 ' to tell me what you mean.' ' You know,  
 ' Sir,' says *Bliss*, ' I never disobeyed you ;  
 ' but I am sorry I mentioned it, since it  
 ' may now look like Revenge, whereas, I  
 ' thank Heaven, no such Motive ever en-  
 ' tered my Heart ; and if you oblige me  
 ' to discover it, I must be his Petitioner to  
 ' you for your Forgiveness.' ' I will have  
 ' no Conditions,' answered *Allworthy*, ' I  
 ' think I have shewn Tenderness enough  
 ' towards him, and more, perhaps, than you  
 ' ought to thank me for.' ' More, indeed,  
 ' I fear than he deserved,' cries *Bliss*, ' for  
 ' in the very Day of your utmost Danger,  
 ' when myself and all the Family were in  
 ' Tears,

‘ Tears, he filled the House with Riot and  
 ‘ Debauchery. He drank and sung and  
 ‘ roared, and when I gave him a gentle  
 ‘ Hint of the Indecency of his Actions, he  
 ‘ fell into a violent Passion, swore many  
 ‘ Oaths, called me Rascal, and struck me.’  
 ‘ How!’ cries *Allworthy*, ‘ did he dare to  
 ‘ strike you?’ ‘ I am sure,’ cries *Bliss*,  
 ‘ I have forgiven him that long ago. I  
 ‘ wish I could so easily forget his Ingrati-  
 ‘ tude to the best of Benefactors; and yet,  
 ‘ even that, I hope you will forgive him,  
 ‘ since he must have certainly been possess-  
 ‘ ed with the Devil: For that very Even-  
 ‘ ing, as Mr. *Thwackum* and myself were  
 ‘ taking the Air in the Fields, and exult-  
 ‘ ing in the good Symptoms which then  
 ‘ first began to discover themselves,  
 ‘ we unluckily saw him engaged with a  
 ‘ Wench in a Manner not fit to be men-  
 ‘ tioned. Mr. *Thwackum*, with more Bold-  
 ‘ ness than Prudence, advanced to rebuke  
 ‘ him, (when, I am sorry to say it,) he fell  
 ‘ upon the worthy Man, and beat him so  
 ‘ outrageously, that I wish he may have yet  
 ‘ recovered the Bruises. Nor was I with-  
 ‘ out my Share of the Effects of his Ma-  
 ‘ lice, while I endeavoured to protect my  
 ‘ Tutor: But that I have long forgiven,  
 ‘ nay I prevailed with Mr. *Thwackum* to

‘ forgive

‘forgive him too, and not to inform you of  
 ‘a Secret which I feared might be fatal to  
 ‘him. And now, Sir, since I have unad-  
 ‘visedly dropped a Hint of this Matter,  
 ‘and your Commands have obliged me to  
 ‘discover the whole, let me intercede with  
 ‘you for him.’ ‘O Child,’ said *Allworthy*,  
 ‘I know not whether I should blame or  
 ‘applaud your Goodness, in concealing  
 ‘such Villany a Moment; but where is  
 ‘Mr. *Tbwackum*? Not that I want any  
 ‘Confirmation of what you say; but I will  
 ‘examine all the Evidence of this Matter,  
 ‘to justify to the World the Example I am  
 ‘resolved to make of such a Monster.’

*Tbwackum* was now sent for, and pre-  
 ‘sently appeared. He corroborated every  
 ‘Circumstance which the other had deposed.  
 ‘Nay, he produced the Record upon his Breast,  
 ‘where the Hand-writing of Mr. *Jones* re-  
 ‘mained very legible in black and blue. He  
 ‘concluded with declaring to Mr. *Allworthy*,  
 ‘that he should have long since informed him  
 ‘of this Matter, had not Mr. *Bliffl*, by the  
 ‘most earnest Interpositions, prevented him.  
 ‘He is,’ says he, ‘an excellent Youth;  
 ‘though such Forgiveness of Enemies is  
 ‘carrying the Matter too far.’

In reality, *Bliss* had taken some Pains to prevail with the Parson, and to prevent the Discovery at that Time; for which he had many Reasons. He knew that the Minds of Men are apt to be softened and relaxed from their usual Severity by Sickness. Besides, he imagined that if the Story was told when the Fact was so recent, and the Physician about the House, who might have unravelled the real Truth, he should never be able to give it the malicious Turn which he intended. Again, he resolved to hoard up this Business, till the Indiscretion of *Jones* should afford some additional Complaints; for he thought the joint Weight of many Facts falling upon him together, would be the most likely to crush him; and he watched therefore some such Opportunity as that, with which Fortune had now kindly presented him. Lastly, by prevailing with *Thwackum* to conceal the Matter for a Time, he knew he should confirm an Opinion of his Friendship to *Jones*, which he had greatly laboured to establish in *Mr. Allworthy*.

C H A P.

## C H A P. XI.

*A short Chapter; but which contains sufficient Matter to affect the good-natured Reader.*

IT was Mr. *Allworthy's* Custom never to punish any one, not even to turn away a Servant, in a Passion. He resolved, therefore, to delay passing Sentence on *Jones* till the Afternoon.

The poor young Man attended at Dinner, as usual; but his Heart was too much loaded to suffer him to eat. His Grief too was a good deal aggravated by the unkind Looks of Mr. *Allworthy*; whence he concluded that *Western* had discovered the whole Affair between him and *Sophia*: But as to Mr. *Blifil's* Story, he had not the least Apprehension; for of much the greater Part he was entirely innocent, and for the Residue, as he had forgiven and forgotten it himself, so he suspected no Remembrance on the other Side. When Dinner was over, and the Servants departed, Mr. *Allworthy* began to harangue. He set forth, in a long Speech, the many Iniquities of which *Jones* had



In reality, *Blifil* had taken some Pains to prevail with the Parson, and to prevent the Discovery at that Time; for which he had many Reasons. He knew that the Minds of Men are apt to be softened and relaxed from their usual Severity by Sickness. Besides, he imagined that if the Story was told when the Fact was so recent, and the Physician about the House, who might have unravelled the real Truth, he should never be able to give it the malicious Turn which he intended. Again, he resolved to hoard up this Business, till the Indiscretion of *Jones* should afford some additional Complaints; for he thought the joint Weight of many Facts falling upon him together, would be the most likely to crush him; and he watched therefore some such Opportunity as that, with which Fortune had now kindly presented him. Lastly, by preying with *Thwackum* to conceal the Matter for a Time, he knew he should confirm an Opinion of his Friendship to *Jones*, which he had greatly laboured to establish in *Mr. Allworthy*.

C H A P.

## C H A P. XI.

*A short Chapter; but which contains sufficient Matter to affect the good-natured Reader.*

**I**T was Mr. *Allworthy's* Custom never to punish any one, not even to turn away a Servant, in a Passion. He resolved, therefore, to delay passing Sentence on *Jones* till the Afternoon.

The poor young Man attended at Dinner, as usual; but his Heart was too much loaded to suffer him to eat. His Grief too was a good deal aggravated by the unkind Looks of Mr. *Allworthy*; whence he concluded that *Western* had discovered the whole Affair between him and *Sophia*: But as to Mr. *Blifil's* Story, he had not the least Apprehension; for of much the greater Part he was entirely innocent, and for the Residue, as he had forgiven and forgotten it himself, so he suspected no Remembrance on the other Side. When Dinner was over, and the Servants departed, Mr. *Allworthy* began to harangue. He set forth, in a long Speech, the many Iniquities of which *Jones* had

had been guilty, particularly those which this Day had brought to light, and concluded by telling him, ' that unless he could clear himself of the Charge, he was resolved to banish him from his Sight for ever.'

Many Disadvantages attended poor *Jones* in making his Defence; nay, indeed he hardly knew his Accusation: For as Mr. *Allworthy*, in recounting the Drunkenness, &c. while he lay ill, out of Modesty sunk every think that related particularly to himself, which indeed principally constituted the Crime, *Jones* could not deny the Charge. His Heart was, besides, almost broken already, and his Spirits were so sunk, that he could say nothing for himself; but acknowledged the whole, and, like a Criminal in Despair, threw himself upon Mercy; concluding, ' That tho' he must own himself guilty of many Follies and Inadvertencies, he hoped he had done nothing to deserve what would be to him the greatest Punishment in the World.'

*Allworthy* answered, ' that he had forgiven him too often already, in Compassion to his Youth, and in Hopes of his Amendment: That he now found he

was

‘ was an abandoned Reprobate, and such  
 ‘ as it would be criminal in any one to sup-  
 ‘ port and encourage. Nay,’ said Mr. *All-*  
*worthy* to him, ‘ your audacious Attempt  
 ‘ to steal away the young Lady, calls upon  
 ‘ me to justify my own Character in pu-  
 ‘ nishing you. The World, who have already  
 ‘ censured the Regard I have shewn for you,  
 ‘ may think, with some Colour at least of  
 ‘ Justice, that I connive at so base and bar-  
 ‘ barous an Action. An Action of which  
 ‘ you must have known my Abhorrence,  
 ‘ and which, had you had any Concern for  
 ‘ my Ease and Honour, as well as for my  
 ‘ Friendship, you would never have thought  
 ‘ of undertaking. Fie upon it, young Man!  
 ‘ indeed there is scarce any Punishment  
 ‘ equal to your Crimes, and I can scarce  
 ‘ think myself justifiable in what I am now  
 ‘ going to bestow on you. However, as I  
 ‘ have educated you like a Child of my  
 ‘ own, I will not turn you naked into the  
 ‘ World. When you open this Paper,  
 ‘ therefore, you will find something which  
 ‘ may enable you, with Industry, to get  
 ‘ an honest Livelihood; but if you em-  
 ‘ ploy it to worse Purposes, I, shall not  
 ‘ think myself obliged to supply you far-  
 ‘ ther, being resolved, from this Day for-  
 ‘ ward, to converse no more with you on  
 ‘ any

‘ any Account. I cannot avoid saying, There  
 ‘ is no Part of your Conduct which I resent  
 ‘ more than your ill Treatment of that  
 ‘ good young Man (meaning *Bliss*) who  
 ‘ hath behaved with so much Tenderness  
 ‘ and Honour towards you.’

These last Words were a Dose almost too bitter to be swallowed. A Flood of Tears now gushed from the Eyes of *Jones*, and every Faculty of Speech and Motion seemed to have deserted him. It was some Time before he was able to obey *Allworthy*’s peremptory Commands of departing; which he at length did, having first kissed his Hands with a Passion difficult to be affected, and as difficult to be described.

The Reader must be very weak, if when he considers the Light in which *Jones* then appeared to Mr. *Allworthy*, he should blame the Rigour of his Sentence. And yet all the Neighbourhood, either from this Weakness, or from some worse Motive, condemned this Justice and Severity as the highest Cruelty. Nay, the very Persons who had before censured the good Man for the Kindness and Tenderness shewn to a Bastard (his own, according to the general Opinion) now cried out as loudly against

turning

turning his own Child out of Doors. The Women especially were unanimous in taking the Part of *Jones*, and raised more Stories on the Occasion, than I have room, in this Chapter, to set down.

One thing must not be omitted, that in their Censures on this Occasion, none ever mentioned the Sum contained in the Paper which *Allworthy* gave *Jones*, which was no less than Five hundred Pounds; but all agreed that he was sent away Pennyless, and some said, naked from the House of his inhuman Father.

## C H A P. XII.

*Containing Love Letters, &c.*

**J**ONES was commanded to leave the House immediately, and told, that his Clothes and every thing else should be sent to him whithersoever he should order them.

He accordingly set out, and walked above a Mile, not regarding, and indeed scarce knowing whither he went. At length a little Brook obstructing his Passage, he threw himself down by the Side of it; nor could he help muttering with some little Indignation,

dignation, ' Sure my Father will not deny me this Place to rest in ?

Here he presently fell into the most violent Agonies, tearing his Hair from his Head, and using most other Actions which generally accompany Fits of Madness, Rage, and Despair.

When he had in this Manner vented the first Emotions of Passion, he began to come a little to himself. His Grief now took another Turn, and discharged itself in a gentler Way, till he became at last cool enough to reason with his Passion, and to consider what Steps were proper to be taken in his deplorable Condition.

And now the great Doubt was how to act with regard to *Sophia*. The Thoughts of leaving her almost rent his Heart asunder ; but the Consideration of reducing her to Ruin and Beggary still racked him, if possible, more ; and if the violent Desire of possessing her Person could have suffered him to listen one Moment to this Alternative, still he was by no means certain of her Resolution to indulge his Wishes at so high an Expence. The Resentment of Mr. *Allworthy*, and the Injury he must do to his Quiet, argued strongly against this latter ; and

and lastly, the apparent Impossibility of his Success, even if he would sacrifice all these Considerations to it, came to his Assistance; and thus Honour at last, backed with Despair, with Gratitude to his Benefactor, and with real Love to his Mistress, got the better of burning Desire; and he resolved rather to quit *Sophia*, than to pursue her to her Ruin.

It is difficult for any who have not felt it, to conceive the glowing Warmth which filled his Breast, on the first Contemplation of this Victory over his Passion. Pride flattered him so agreeably, that his Mind perhaps enjoyed perfect Happiness; but this was only momentary, *Sophia* soon returned to his Imagination, and allayed the Joy of his Triumph with no less bitter Pangs than a good-natured General must feel when he surveys the bleeding Heaps, at the Price of whose Blood he hath purchased his Laurels; for thousands of tender Ideas lay murdered before our Conqueror.

Being resolved, however, to pursue the Paths of this Giant Honour, as the gigantic Poet *Lee* calls it, he determined to write a farewell Letter to *Sophia*; and accordingly proceeded to a House not far off, where,



308      *The History of*      Book VI.  
being furnished with proper Materials, he  
wrote as follows :

MADAM,  
WHEN you reflect on the Situation in which I write, I am sure your Good-nature will pardon any Inconsistency or Absurdity which my Letter contains ; for every thing here flows from a Heart so full, that no Language can express its Dictates.

I have resolved, Madam, to obey your Commands, in flying for ever from your dear, your lovely Sight. Cruel indeed those Commands are ; but it is a Cruelty which proceeds from Fortune, not from my *Sophia*. Fortune hath made it necessary, necessary to your Preservation, to forget there ever was such a Wretch as I am.

Believe me, I would not hint all my sufferings to you, if I imagined they could possibly escape your Ears. I know the Goodness and Tenderness of your Heart, and would avoid giving you any of those Pains which you always feel for the Miserable. O let nothing which you shall hear of my hard Fortune cause

‘ a Moment’s Concern ; for after the Loss  
 ‘ of you, every thing is to me a Trifle.

‘ O my *Sephia* ! it is hard to leave you ;  
 ‘ it is harder still to desire you to forget  
 ‘ me ; yet the sincerest Love obliges me to  
 ‘ both. Pardon my conceiving that any  
 ‘ Remembrance of me can give you Dis-  
 ‘ quiet ; but if I am so gloriously wretched,  
 ‘ sacrifice me every Way to your Relief.  
 ‘ Think I never loved you ; or think truly  
 ‘ how little I deserve you ; and learn to  
 ‘ scorn me for a Presumption which can  
 ‘ never be too severely punished.——I am  
 ‘ unable to say more.——May Guardian  
 ‘ Angels protect you for ever.’

He was now searching his Pockets for  
 his Wax, but found none, nor indeed any  
 thing else, therein ; for in Truth he had, in  
 his frantic Disposition, tossed every thing  
 from him, and, amongst the rest, his  
 Pocket-book, which he had received from  
 Mr. *Allworthy*, which he had never opened,  
 and which now first occurred to his Me-  
 mory.

The House supplied him with a Wafer for  
 his present Purpose, with which having sealed  
 his Letter, he returned hastily towards the  
 Brook Side, in order to search for the  
 Things

Things which he had there lost. In his Way he met his old Friend *Black George*; who heartily condoled with him on his Misfortune; for this had already reached his Ears, and indeed those of all the Neighbourhood.

*Jones* acquainted the Game-keeper with his Loss, and he as readily went back with him to the Brook, where they searched every Tuft of Grass in the Meadow, as well where *Jones* had not been, as where he had been; but all to no Purpose, for they found nothing: For indeed, though the Things were then in the Meadow, they omitted to search the only Place where they were deposited; to wit, in the Pockets of the said *George*; for he had just before found them, and being luckily apprized of their Value, had very carefully put them up for his own Use.

The Game-keeper having exerted as much Diligence in Quest of the lost Goods, as if he had hoped to find them, desired Mr. *Jones* to recollect if he had been in no other Place; 'For sure,' said he, 'if you had lost them here so lately, the Things must have been here still; for this is a very unlikely Place for any one to pass by;' and indeed it was by great Accident that he

himself

himself had passed through that Field, in order to lay Wires for Hares, with which he was to supply a Poulterer at *Bath* the next Morning.

Jones now gave over all Hopes of recovering his Loss, and almost all Thoughts concerning it, and turning to *Black George*, asked him earnestly, If he would do him the greatest Favour in the World.

George answered, with some Hesitation, 'Sir, you know you may command me whatever is in my Power, and I heartily wish it was in my Power to do you any Service.' In fact, the Question staggered him; for he had, by selling Game, amassed a pretty good Sum of Money in Mr. *Western's* Service, and was afraid that Jones wanted to borrow some small Matter of him; but he was presently relieved from his Anxiety, by being desired to convey a Letter to *Sophia*, which with great Pleasure he promised to do. And indeed, I believe there are few Favours which he would not have gladly conferred on Mr. Jones; for he bore as much Gratitude towards him as he could, and was as honest as Men who love Money better than any other Thing in the Universe generally are.

Mrs.

Mrs. Honour was agreed by both to be the proper Means by which this Letter should pass to *Sophia*. They then separated; the Game-keeper returned home to Mr. *Western's*, and *Jones* walked to an Ale-house at half a Mile's Distance, to wait for his Messenger's Return:

*George* no sooner came home to his Master's House, than he met with Mrs. Honour; to whom, having first sounded her with a few previous Questions, he delivered the Letter for her Mistress, and received at the same Time another from her for Mr. *Jones*; which Honour told him she had carried all that Day in her Bosom, and began to despair of finding any Means of delivering it.

The Game-keeper returned hastily and joyfully to *Jones*, who having received *Sophia's* Letter from him, instantly withdrew, and eagerly breaking it open, read as follows:

SIR,

IT is impossible to express what I have felt since I saw you. Your submitting, on my Account, to such cruel Insults from my Father, lays me under an Obligation I shall ever own. As you know his Temper, I beg you will, for  
my

‘ my Sake, avoid him. I wish I had any  
 ‘ Comfort to send you ; but believe this,  
 ‘ that nothing but the last Violence shall  
 ‘ ever give my Hand or Heart where you  
 ‘ would be sorry to see them bestowed.’

*Jones* read this Letter a hundred Times over, and kissed it a hundred Times as often. His Passion now brought all tender Desires back into his Mind. He repented that he had writ to *Sophia* in the Manner we have seen above ; but he repented more that he had made use of the Interval of his Messenger’s Absence to write and dispatch a Letter to Mr. *Allworthy*, in which he had faithfully promised and bound himself to quit all Thoughts of his Love. However, when his cool Reflections returned, he plainly perceived that his Case was neither mended nor altered by *Sophia*’s Billet, unless to give him some little Glimpse of Hope from her Constancy, of some favourable Accident hereafter. He therefore resumed his Resolution, and taking leave of *Black George*, set forward to a Town about five Miles distant, whither he had desired Mr. *Allworthy*, unless he pleased to revoke his Sentence, to send his Things after him.

## C H A P. XIII.

*The Behaviour of Sophia on the present Occasion ; which none of her Sex will blame, who are capable of behaving in the same Manner. And the Discussion of a knotty Point in the Court of Conscience.*

SOPHIA had passed the last twenty-four Hours in no very desirable Manner. During a large Part of them she had been entertained by her Aunt, with Lectures of Prudence, recommending to her the Example of the polite World, where Love (so the good Lady said) is at present entirely laughed at, and where Women consider Matrimony, as Men do Offices of public Trust, only as the Means of making their Fortunes, and of advancing themselves in the World. In commenting on which Text Mrs. *Western* had displayed her Eloquence during several Hours.

These sagacious Lectures, though little suited either to the Taste or Inclination of *Sophia*, were, however, less irksome to her than her own Thoughts, that formed the Entertainment of the Night, during which she never once closed her Eyes.

But

But though she could neither sleep nor rest in her Bed, yet, having no Avocation from it, she was found there by her Father at his Return from *Allworthby's*, which was not till past Ten o' Clock in the Morning. He went directly up to her Apartment, opened the Door, and seeing she was not up---cried---‘ Oh! you are safe then, and ‘ I am resolved to keep you so.’ He then locked the Door, and delivered the Key to *Honour*, having first given her the strictest Charge, with great Promises of Rewards for her Fidelity, and most dreadful Menaces of Punishment, in case she should betray her Trust.

*Honour's* Orders were not to suffer her Mistress to come out of her Room without the Authority of the Squire himself, and to admit none to her but him and her Aunt; but she was herself to attend her with whatever *Sophia* pleased, except only Pen, Ink, and Paper, of which she was forbidden the Use.

The Squire ordered his Daughter to dress herself and attend him at Dinner; which she obeyed; and having sat the usual Time, was again conducted to her Prison.

In the Evening, the Goaler *Honour* brought her the Letter which she received.

P 2

from



from the Game-keeper. *Sophia* read it very attentively twice or thrice over, and then threw herself upon the Bed, and burst into a Flood of Tears. Mrs. *Honour* expressed great Astonishment at this Behaviour in her Mistress ; nor could she forbear very eagerly begging to know the Cause of this Passion. *Sophia* made her no Answer for some Time; and then starting suddenly up, caught her Maid by the Hand, and cried, ‘ O *Honour* ! I am undone.’ ‘ Marry for-  
‘ bid,’ cries *Honour*, ‘ I wish the Letter  
‘ had been burnt before I had brought it  
‘ to your La’ship. I’m sure I thought it  
‘ would have comforted your La’ship, or  
‘ I would have seen it at the Devil before I  
‘ would have touch’d it.’ ‘ *Honour*, says  
*Sophia*, ‘ you are a good Girl, and it is  
‘ vain to attempt concealing longer my  
‘ Weakness from you ; I have thrown away  
‘ my Heart on a Man who hath forsaken  
‘ me.’ ‘ And is Mr. *Jones*, answered the  
Maid, ‘ such a Perfidy Man ?’ ‘ He hath  
‘ taken his Leave of me’ says *Sophia*, ‘ for ever  
‘ in that Letter. Nay, he hath desired me to  
‘ forget him. Could he have desired that, if  
‘ he had loved me ? Could he have borne  
‘ such a Thought ? could he have written  
‘ such a Word ?’ ‘ No certainly, Ma’am,’  
cries *Honour*, ‘ and to be sure, if the best  
‘ Man in *England* was to desire me to for-  
‘ get

' get him, I'd take him at his Word.  
 ' Marry come up ! I am sure your La'ship  
 ' hath done him too much Honour ever  
 ' to think on him. A young Lady who  
 ' may take her Choice of all the young  
 ' Men in the County. And to be sure, if  
 ' I may be so presumptuous as to offer my  
 ' poor Opinion, there is young Mr. *Blifil*,  
 ' who besides that he is come of honest  
 ' Parents, and will be one of the greatest  
 ' Squires all hereabouts, he is to be sure,  
 ' in my poor Opinion, a more handsomer,  
 ' and a more politer Man by half ; and  
 ' besides, he is a young Gentleman of a  
 ' sober Character, and who may defy any  
 ' of the Neighbours to say black is his Eye :  
 ' He follows no dirty Trollops, nor can  
 ' any Bastards be laid at his Door. Forget  
 ' him indeed ! I thank Heaven I myself  
 ' am not so much at my last Prayers, as to  
 ' suffer any Man to bid me forget him  
 ' twice. If the best He that wears a Head  
 ' was for to go for to offer for to say such  
 ' an affronting Word to me, I would never  
 ' give him my Company afterwards, if  
 ' there was another young Man in the  
 ' Kingdom. And as I was a saying, to be  
 ' sure, there is young Mr. *Blifil*—Name  
 ' not his detested Name,' cries *Sophia*. ' Nay,  
 ' Ma'am, says *Honour*, if your La'ship  
 ' doth not like him, there be more jolly

' handsome young Men that would court  
 ' your La'ship, if they had but the least  
 ' Encouragement. I don't believe there  
 ' is arrow young Gentleman in this Coun-  
 ' ty, or in the next to it, that if your  
 ' La'ship was but to look as if you had a  
 ' Mind to him, would not come about to  
 ' make his Offers directly.' ' What a  
 ' Wretch dost thou imagine me,' cries So-  
 phia, ' by affronting my Ears with such  
 ' Stuff! I detest all Mankind.' ' Nay, to  
 ' be sure, Ma'am,' answered Honour, ' your  
 ' La'ship hath had enough to give you a  
 ' Surfeit of them. To be used ill by such  
 ' a poor beggarly bastardly Fellow.' ' Hold  
 ' your blasphemous Tongue,' cries Sophia,  
 ' how dare you mention his Name with  
 ' Disrespect before me? He use me ill?  
 ' No, his poor bleeding Heart suffered  
 ' more when he writ the cruel Words, than  
 ' mine from reading them. O! he is all  
 ' heroic Virtue, and angelic Goodness. I  
 ' am ashamed of the Weakness of my own  
 ' Passion, for blaming what I ought to ad-  
 ' mire. — O Honour! it is my Good only  
 ' which he consults. To my Interest he  
 ' sacrifices both himself and me. — The  
 ' Apprehension of ruining me hath driven  
 ' him to Despair.' ' I am very glad,  
 ' says Honour, ' to hear your La'ship  
 ' takes that into your Consideration: for

' to be sure, it must be nothing less than  
 ' Ruin, to give your Mind to one that is  
 ' turned out of Doors, and is not worth a  
 ' Farthing in the World.' ' Turned out  
 ' of Doors!' cries *Sophia* hastily, ' how!  
 ' what dost thou mean?' ' Why, to be sure,  
 ' Ma'am, my Master no sooner told Squire  
 ' *Allworthy* about Mr. *Jones* having offer-  
 ' ed to make Love to your Ladyship, than  
 ' the Squire stripped him stark naked, and  
 ' turned him out of Doors.' ' Ha!' says  
*Sophia*, ' have I been the cursed, wretched  
 ' Cause of his Destruction?—Turn'd naked  
 ' out of Doors! Here, *Honour*, take all  
 ' the Money I have; take the Rings from  
 ' my Fingers.—Here my Watch, carry  
 ' him all.—Go, find him immediately.  
 ' For Heaven's Sake, Ma'am,' answered  
 Mrs. *Honour*, ' do but consider, if my  
 ' Master should miss any of these Things,  
 ' I should be made to answer for them.  
 ' Therefore let me beg your Ladyship not  
 ' to part with your Watch and Jewels.  
 ' Besides the Money, I think, is enough of  
 ' all Conscience; and as for that, my  
 ' Master can never know any thing of the  
 ' Matter.' ' Here then', cries *Sophia*,  
 ' take every Farthing I am worth, find  
 ' him out immediately and give it him.  
 ' Go, go, lose not a Moment.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Honour* departed according to Orders, and finding *Black George* below Stairs, delivered him the Purse which contained Sixteen Guineas, being indeed the whole Stock of *Sophia* : For tho' her Father was very liberal to her, she was much too generous herself to be rich.

*Black George* having received the Purse, set forward towards the Alehouse ; but in the Way a Thought occurred to him, whether he should not detain this Money likewise. His Conscience, however, immediately started at this Suggestion, and began to upbraid him with Ingratitude to his Benefactor. To this his Avarice answered, ' That his Conscience should have considered that Matter before, when he deprived poor *Jones* of his 500 l. That having quietly acquiesced in what was of so much greater Importance, it was absurd, if not downright Hypocrisy, to affect any Qualms at this Trifle. In return to which, Conscience, like a good Lawyer, attempted to distinguish between an absolute Breach of Trust, as here where the Goods were delivered, and a bare Concealment of what was found, as in the former Case. Avarice presently treated this with Ridicule, called it a Distinction without a Difference, and

' abso-

absolutely insisted, that when once all Pretensions of Honour and Virtue were given up in any one Instance, that there was no Precedent for resorting to them upon a second Occasion. In short, poor Conscience had certainly been defeated in the Argument, had not Fear stepped in to her Assistance, and very strenuously urged, that the real Distinction between the two Actions, did not lie in the different Degrees of Honour, but of Safety : For that the secreting the 500 *l.* was a Matter of very little Hazard ; whereas the detaining the Sixteen Guineas was liable to the utmost Danger of Discovery.

By this friendly Aid of Fear, Conscience obtained a compleat Victory in the Mind of *Black George*, and after making him a few Compliments on his Honesty, forced him to deliver the Money to *Jones*.

#### C H A P. XIV.

*A short Chapter, containing a short Dialogue between Squire Western and his Sister.*

MRS. *Western* had been engaged abroad all that Day. The Squire met her at her Return home ; and when she enquired after *Sophia*, he acquainted her that he had secured her safe enough. ‘ She is locked

' locked up in Chamber,' cries he, ' and  
 ' *Honour* keeps the Key.' As his Looks  
 were full of prodigious Wisdom and Saga-  
 city when he gave his Sister this Infor-  
 mation, it is probable he expected much  
 Applause from her for what he had done ;  
 but how was he disappointed, when with  
 a most disdainful Aspect, she cry'd, ' Sure,  
 ' Brother, you are the weakest of all Men.  
 ' Why will you not confide in me for the  
 ' Management of my Niece ? Why will  
 ' you interpose ? You have now undone  
 ' all that I have been spending my Breath  
 ' in order to bring about. While I have  
 ' been endeavouring to fill her Mind with  
 ' Maxims of Prudence, you have been  
 ' provoking her to reject them. *English*  
 ' Women, Brother, I thank Heaven, are  
 ' no Slaves. We are not to be locked up  
 ' like the *Spanish* and *Italian* Wives. We  
 ' have as good a Right to Liberty as your-  
 ' selves. We are to be convinced by Rea-  
 ' son and Persuasion only, and not go-  
 ' verned by Force. I have seen the World,  
 ' Brother, and know what Arguments to  
 ' make Use of ; and if your Folly had not  
 ' prevented me, should have prevailed with  
 ' her to form her Conduct by those Rules  
 ' of Prudence and Discretion which I for-  
 ' merly taught her.' ' To be sure,' said  
 the Squire, ' I am always in the Wrong.'  
 ' Brother,'

‘ Brother,’ answered the Lady, ‘ you are  
 ‘ not in the Wrong, unless when you  
 ‘ meddle with Matters beyond your Know-  
 ‘ ledge. You must agree, that I have  
 ‘ seen most of the World; and happy had  
 ‘ it been for my Niece, if she had not been  
 ‘ taken from under my Care. It is by  
 ‘ living at home with you that she hath  
 ‘ learnt romantic Notions of Love and  
 ‘ Nonsense.’ ‘ You don’t imagine, I hope,  
 cries the Squire, ‘ that I have taught her  
 ‘ any such Things.’ ‘ Your Ignorance,  
 ‘ Brother,’ returned she, ‘ as the great  
 ‘ *Milton* says, almost subdues my Patience.\*  
 ‘ D——n *Milton*,’ answered the Squire,  
 ‘ if he had the Impudence to say so to my  
 ‘ Face, I’d lend him a Douse, tho’ he was  
 ‘ never so great a Man. Patience! an you  
 ‘ come to that, Sister, I have more Occa-  
 ‘ sion of Patience, to be used like an over-  
 ‘ grown School-boy as I am by you. Do  
 ‘ you think no one hath any Understand-  
 ‘ ing, unless he hath been about at Court?  
 ‘ Pox! the World is come to a fine  
 ‘ Pass indeed, if we are all Fools, except a  
 ‘ a Parcel of Roundheads and *Hannover*  
 ‘ Rats. Pox! I hope the Times are a com-  
 ‘ ing that we shall make Fools of them,  
 ‘ and every Man shall enjoy his own.  
 ‘ That’s all, Sister, and every Man shall

\* The Reader may perhaps subdue his own Patience, if he searches for this in *Milton*.



‘ enjoy his own. I hope to see it, Sister,  
‘ before the *Hannover* Rats have eat up all  
‘ our Corn, and left us nothing but Tur-  
‘ neps to feed upon.’ ‘ I protest, Brother,’  
cries she, ‘ you are now got beyond my  
‘ Understanding. Your Jargon of Tur-  
‘ neps and *Hannover* Rats, is to me per-  
‘ fectly unintelligible.’ ‘ I believe,’ cries  
he, ‘ you don’t care to hear o’em; but  
‘ the Country Interest may succeed one  
‘ Day or other for all that.’ ‘ I wish,’  
answered the Lady, ‘ you would think a  
‘ little of your Daughter’s Interest: For  
‘ believe me, she is in greater Danger  
‘ than the Nation.’ ‘ Just now,’ said  
he, ‘ you chid me for thinking on her, and  
‘ would ha’ her left to you.’ ‘ And if you  
‘ will promise to interpose no more,’ an-  
swered she, ‘ I will, out of my Regard to  
‘ my Niece, undertake the Charge.’ ‘ Well,  
‘ do then,’ said the Squire, ‘ for you know  
‘ I always agreed, that Women are the  
‘ properest to manage Women.’

Mrs. *Western* then departed, muttering  
something with an Air of Disdain, concern-  
ing Women and the Management of the  
Nation. She immediately repaired to *Sophia*’s  
Apartment, who was now, after a  
Day’s Confinement released again from her  
Captivity.







UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 05679 5316



